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MEMOIRS

OF THE

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

BY

MARK NAPIER.

VOLUME SECOND.

"As Truth does not seek corners it needeth no favour: My resolution is to carry along fidelity and honour to the grave."

Montrose to the Scotch Parliament, 1641.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER XX.—Results of the King's Settlement of Scotland in 1641—His Correspondence with Montrose—The Queen's Reception at Burlington—Montrose's Conference with Her there, and at York—His Counsel Rejected for that of Hamilton—His Epitaph on the Earl of Newcastle's Dog, Slain by Hamilton—Position of Montrose in Scotland—Argyle's attempt to Entrap Him—The Queen's Correspondence with Him—His Conference with the Moderator of the Kirk—Outwits Argyle—Result of the Scotch Convention—The Covenanters March against the King—Disgrace of the Hamiltons—The Reverend Robert Baillie's Grace before Meat, Page 369–384

CHAPTER XXI.—Montrose Commissioned by Charles I. to Raise the Standard in Scotland—Nature of His Scheme—Jealousy of the Scottish Loyalists—Sets out on His Adventures—Letters to President Spottiswoode Reporting Progress—Montrose's Interview with the Marquis of Newcastle at Durham—Incites the Marquis to give Battle to the Scots—Montrose's Estimate of the Commander-in-Chief for the King in the North of England—Mrs Piersons, alias Captain Francis Dalzell—Jealousy of the Earl of Carnwath—Battle of Bowdenhill—The Family Party of Plotters—Montrose Foiled in the Attempt to Enter Scotland—His Operations in the North of England—Siege of Morpeth—Battle of Marston-Moor—Prince Rupert—Montrose's Desperate Resolve—His Written Instructions to Lord Ogilvy for the King—Ogilvy Defeated, Taken Prisoner, and his Dispatches sent by Lord Fairfax to the Covenanting General—Montrose Disappears, 385–411

CHAPTER XXII.—Montrose Passes into Scotland in Disguise—Remains Concealed at Tullibelton—Ascertains the State of Parties in Scotland—Descent of M'Coll Keitach on the West Coast—His Proceedings—Tidings of His Arrival reach Montrose, who hastens to join Him—Montrose Raises the Stand-

ard in the Blair of Athole—Is Joined by some of the Clans —Determines to Lead them against the Army in the Low Country—Reasons for not Turning upon Argyle at this time —Different Armies of the Covenant—Inferior condition of the Forces under Montrose—Extraordinary Transitions in his Loyal Career—Marches upon Perth—His Challenge to Argyle—His Declaration to the Country, Page 412–425

Chapter XXIII.—The Battle of Tippermuir—Baillie's Lament —Proceedings of Montrose in Perth, as Deponed to by the Civic Authorities—Marches into Angus—Lord Kilpont Murdered by Stewart of Ardvoirlich—Baillie Applauds the Deed, and Argyle Promotes the Assassin—Argyle Sets a Price on Montrose's Head—Montrose Defeats Burleigh at Aberdeen —Repulses Argyle and Lothian at Fyvie—Shakes them off at Strathbogie—Chases Argyle from Dunkeld—Baillie's Apology for Argyle—He obtains the Approbation of the Committee of Estates, ... 426–469

Chapter XXIV.—The Battle of Inverlochy, and its Antecedents, ... 470–488

Chapter XXV.—The Covenanting Parliament Thanks Argyle —The General Assembly Petitions for Blood—Lord Gordon Joins Montrose—Seaforth submits, and Signs the Kilcummin Bond—Death of Lord Graham—Death of Donald Farquharson—Capture of James Lord Graham—Lord Airlie Invalided—Burning of Dunnottar—Montrose Challenges Baillie in Angus—Storms Dundee—His Brilliant Retreat to the Hills—Escape of Aboyne and the Master of Napier to Join Montrose—The Battle of Auldearn and its Antecedents, 489–506

Chapter XXVI.—Argyle's Revenge—His Triumph over Old Men and Maidens, Matrons, and Young Children—Battle of Alford—Death of Lord Gordon—His Admiration for Montrose—Battle of Kilsyth, and its Antecedents—General Baillie's Account of the Battle—Covenanting Commanders— View of the Battle on the Side of the Royalists—Modern Calumnies, ... 507–551

Chapter XXVII.—Results of the Battle of Kilsyth—Montrose Encamps at Bothwell, and Protects Glasgow—Complimentary Addresses and Offers of Service to Him there—Cruel Treatment of the Imprisoned Loyalists—The Plague of 1645— Montrose's Orders for the Protection of Linlithgow and Edinburgh, and the Release of the Prisoners—Lord Graham a Prisoner in the Castle, Declines the Condition of being Ex-

changed—Montrose and the Poet Drummond—President Spottiswoode Arrives at Bothwell with a Higher Commission to Montrose—Aboyne Deserts the Standard, and takes with him the Northern Horse—Ogilvy's Letter to Aboyne—Allaster Macdonald Knighted by Montrose—Forsakes the Standard, and Carries off the Highlanders—Montrose, as Ordered by the King, Marches to the Borders—Deserted and Betrayed by the Border Nobles—Spottiswoode's Letter at Kelso to Digby—Montrose at Selkirk—The Skeleton of his Army Surprised and Surrounded by Six Thousand Calvalry, under General David Leslie, at Philiphaugh, Page 552–580

Chapter XXVIII.—Montrose Defended from the Calumnies of his Enemies, and the Blunders and Mistakes of Modern Historical Writers—His Conduct contrasted with that of the Covenanters—Immediate Results of the Triumph of the Covenant and the Government of Argyle—the Covenanting Kirk Revels in Blood, ... 581–604

Chapter XXIX.—Montrose and Huntly, . . 605–630

Chapter XXX.—The King Places Himself in the Hands of the Covenanters—Delusive Hopes of being Allowed to Join Montrose—Is compelled to desire Montrose to Disband his Forces and Quit the Country—Correspondence between the King and Montrose—Montrose and Middleton—The New Position of Hamilton—Burnet Controverted—Design to Seize the Person of Montrose—Frustrated by his Escape in Disguise—Condition of His Family Circle—The Lord Advocate of the Troubles applies to the King for a Renewal of his Office—Sings the Twenty-third Psalm, and Dies, 631–651

Chapter XXXI.—New Conjunction of Hamilton and Argyle—Renewed Attempt of Montrose to Unite the Loyalty of the North—Transmits His Scheme to Henrietta Maria—Her Cold Reception of it, under Evil Counsels—Her Correspondence with Montrose—Affecting Letter from the King to Montrose abroad—Hamilton Prevails in Parliament against Argyle, and with the Queen against Montrose—Argyle Colleagues with Cromwell—Montrose withdraws from the Court of the Queen—His Letter to the Laird of Keir—De Retz and Montrose—Letter from Lord Napier with an Account of Montrose's Reception and Movements Abroad—Hamilton's Patronage of King Charles—Argyle's Patronage of Cromwell, ... 652–673

CHAPTER XXXII.—Montrose Corresponds with the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, the Prince of Wales, and the Chancellor Hyde—Clarendon Corrected—Murder of the King—Effect upon Montrose—His Letter on the subject to Sir Edward Hyde, ... Page 674–693

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Montrose at the Hague—His Correspondence with Queen Henrietta Maria—A Foul Scandal Refuted—Virulent Enmity of the Covenanting Commissioners—Montrose's Letter to Charles the Second at the Hague—Royal Letters to Montrose, ... 694–707

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Montrose and the Queen of Hearts, 708–722

CHAPTER XXXV.—Preparations for Montrose's Last Crusade against the Covenant in Scotland—The Earl of Kinnoul's Letter to Him from Orkney—Sudden Deaths there of Kinnoul and the Earl of Morton—Pressure upon Montrose at Home and Abroad—Dr Wishart to Lord Napier—Montrose and Seaforth—Ogilvy of Powrie's Letter from Orkney, 723–736

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Defeat and Capture of Montrose, 737–747

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Montrose and Charles the Second, 748–768

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—The Last Days and Doom of Montrose, ... 769–796

CHAPTER XXXIX.—The Execution—The Retribution—Lady Napier and the Heart of Montrose—Epitaph, . 797–818

APPENDIX.

I.—Sequel to the Story of Montrose's Heart, . 819–824

II.—Ceremony of Collecting the Remains of Montrose, and Taking Down His Head from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, on Monday 7th January 1661, . . 825–829

III.—The "True Funerals of Montrose," 1661, . 830–837

IV.—M. Guizot's Contribution from the Archives of France, ... 837–839

V.—Jenny Geddes's Recantation, . . 840–841

VI.—Lord Frendraught, *Redivivus*, . . 841

VII.—Lord Mahon's Theory of Montrose's Last Speech, 842–844

VIII.—The Public Estimate of the Covenant, and of Argyle, in 1661, ... 844–847

INDEX, ... 849

ILLUSTRATIONS,

IN VOLUME SECOND.

1. Portrait of Montrose by Dobson, 1644, . *Frontispiece.*
2. Portrait of Sir George Stirling of Keir, by Jameson, ... *Page* 381
3. Portrait of Lady Stirling of Keir, by Jameson, 511
4. Portrait of Archibald, Second Lord Napier, by Jameson, 667
5. Portrait of Montrose by Honthorst, 1649, . 711
6. Portrait of Argyle, ... 489
7. Facsimile of Crown and Motto attached to Montrose's Proclamation, 1644, ... 425
8. Seal of Montrose, ... 506
9. Facsimile of the Autograph of the Queen of Bohemia, 711
10. Seal of Montrose, ... 747

CHAPTER XX.

RESULTS OF THE KING'S SETTLEMENT OF SCOTLAND IN 1641—HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH MONTROSE—THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION AT BURLINGTON—MONTROSE'S CONFERENCE WITH HER THERE, AND AT YORK—HIS COUNSEL REJECTED FOR THAT OF HAMILTON—HIS EPITAPH ON THE EARL OF NEWCASTLE'S DOG, SLAIN BY HAMILTON—POSITION OF MONTROSE IN SCOTLAND—ARGYLE'S ATTEMPT TO ENTRAP HIM—THE QUEEN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIM—HIS CONFERENCE WITH THE MODERATOR OF THE KIRK—OUTWITS ARGYLE—RESULT OF THE SCOTCH CONVENTION—THE COVENANTERS MARCH AGAINST THE KING—DISGRACE OF THE HAMILTONS—THE REVEREND ROBERT BAILLIE'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

THE fact is, Montrose was floored, and his head broken with his own stick. "King Campbell's" crown was not to be cracked by a classical couplet. What cared he for Ovid? His readings from the book of Jonah were more to the purpose. "And God be thanked," piped Lord Napier to those who would not dance, —"God be thanked I see his Majesty there; I am confident we shall find the gracious effects of his presence." It was reckoning without his host, and being thankful for small mercies. How Argyle must have chuckled, at this melancholy crow of the old courtier from "the stage appointed for delinquents." And how "auld Durie," and "young Durie," and brothers Balmerino and Burleigh, Hope and Humbie, *et hoc genus omne*, who had been tickled with his joke against "Signior Puritano," must have winked knowingly at each other, as who should say, "he had better have taken the clean bill we offered him." Montrose, too, must have felt giddy as he gathered his legs again, and gazed at the departing shadow of Scotland's King.

After a convulsive struggle, Charles had agreed not to name his own Privy-council, nor to appoint the Officers of State, or

Lords of Session, except with the *advice* of Parliament. The anticipated result was, that such a Parliament as Scotland then had, altered the lists which his Majesty presented, according to their own pleasure and particular objects. Of course they sanctioned the re-appointment of Sir Thomas Hope, as his Majesty's Advocate, for *the country's* interest. Hamilton had not a word to say against him now, although on the 27th of November 1638 he had written to Charles, "The Advocate should be removed, for he is ill disposed." The poor King could more easily have removed Arthur's Seat. Then the "little crooked old soldier, inferior to none but the King of Sweden," who had so cunningly constructed, and so successfully led the armies of the Covenant against the Throne, fell with mercenary tears upon the hand of his injured Sovereign, vowing "that he would not only never more serve against him, but that, when his Majesty would require his service, he should have it, without ever asking what the cause was,"—and rose, Lord Balgony and Earl of Leven. Lord Amond, who was second in command to Leslie, and, strange to say, also second in command to Montrose, in the matter of the "Band that was brunt," had been petted like the prodigal son, by Argyle—to whom he had peached—and now obtained his reward in the earldom of Callendar. The Dictator and his friend Lord Lindsay emerged, the one a Marquis, and the other an Earl. Argyle fought viciously against the King's nomination of Morton for the seals, or the white staff. But the distracted Monarch, well knowing the drift of that storm, steadied upon his own determination to ignore his great rival in Scotland, for either office, like a drunk man at the prospect of death. His choice of Morton, however, was not suffered to stand; so, amid a contention which made the oaken rafters of the Parliament hall rattle again, the seals fell next door to the Dictator, in the lap of Loudon. This last also obtained the barony which he represented through his wife, erected into an earldom in his own person, with precedence from 1633. The Treasury was put into commission; but Argyle, and his devoted friends Loudon and Lindsay, were commissioners. Warriston's great ambition was to be Lord Register. Well that rogue knew how to hoard, cook, and quote records, and "auld practiques" against the monarchy. Baillie's

confession of this worthy's imperfect success in the scramble is *naif*. His competitor was Durie the younger. "The body of the *well-affected* Estates thought that place the just reward of Mr Johnston's great and very happy labours; many papers run against Durie; notwithstanding, by Argyle his means most, whereat many wondered, Durie got the prize, and Mr Archibald was made content with knighthood and a place in the Session, and two hundred pounds of pension."[1] The Advocate's second son, our friend "A. B.," was rewarded, for his readings in Buchanan, by a seat on the Bench beside his brother Craighall, and by conferring upon him the additional dignity of Justice-General,—"to the indignation of the nobility," says his own friend Baillie. Clerk Humbie, too, was placed on the Bench, and knighted to boot. The King's list of the Privy Council was ruthlessly pruned of his best friends, to make way for such as Balmerino and Burleigh. Argyle, Lindsay, and Balmerino, were made Extraordinary Lords of Session; Mr Alexander Henderson, the Kirk's Moderator, obtained the rich gift of the revenue of the chapel royal. But the inferior clerical factionists were disappointed as usual; for Argyle and others seized the richest spoils of the bishoprics. There was no blood going upon this occasion, so "thou seditious preacher" wert fain to lick the platter. Hamilton did not yet accomplish his dukedom. But he now obtained that which he better deserved—a character from the Covenanters. They bestowed upon him the highest grade of that most grinning of honours. On Thursday 30th September 1641, "The whole house, by their act, in one voice, does clear the Lord Marquis of Hamilton of all scandals and disloyalties to his King and country, and declares him to be a true patriot, and faithful and loyal servant to his Majesty."

Thus, by force, and fear, and fraud, was the deed of gift accomplished, and the Kingdom of Scotland transferred to a designing, avaricious, and, as we shall presently see, a merciless faction. In all probability this was the crisis at which Mon-

[1] He did become Lord Register at last, and shewed the ruling passion strong in death. When his turn came to be hanged, he horrified the beholders, in pleading for his life, by the abject intensity of his alarm; and offered to "do the King (Charles II.) great service, if he would give him his life, by putting the registers in good order, and *settling the King's prerogative from old records*."—Sir George Mackenzie.

trose penned the desponding lines,—for his political lucubrations to some "noble Sir" having utterly failed, what had he now to do but write poetry?

"Then break afflicted heart, and live not in these days,
When all prove merchants of their faith, none trusts what other says:
For when the Sun doth shine, then shadows do appear;
But when the Sun doth hide his face, they with the Sun reteir.
Some friends as shadows are, and *fortune as the Sun*,
They never proffer any help till fortune hath begun;
But if in any case fortune shall first decay,
Then they, as shadows of the Sun, with fortune pass away."[1]

But scarcely had our hero time to breathe in his retirement, or to know that his head was safe on his shoulders, from the charge of corresponding with his Sovereign, when those autograph letters reached him which we have disclosed in the last chapter. It was not the ambitious Montrose agitating to force himself into the counsels of the King. It was the harassed and cheated Monarch commanding counsel and aid, in these complimentary missives, from the discarded and isolated nobleman. Matters soon came to a crisis with the Parliament in England. Upon the 25th of August 1642, the royal standard was erected at Nottingham. Two days thereafter, on the 27th of August, Charles, from that place, wrote again with his own hand to the hero of "the Plot," as follows:—

"MONTROSE,

"I send Will Murray to Scotland to inform my friends of the state of my affairs, and to require both their advice and assistance. You are one whom I have found most faithful, and in whom I repose greatest trust. Therefore I address him chiefly to you. You may credit him in what he shall say, both in relation to my business and to your own; and you must be content with words while (until) I be able to act. I will say no more but that I am your loving friend, "CHARLES R."[2]

[1] "Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit damnatos."—*Juvenal*, Sat. x. iv. 73. The coincidence between Montrose's lines, and a sentence in his letter to the King, will be observed: "They are flatterers, and therefore cannot be friends; they follow your fortune, and love not your person." See before, p. 313.

[2] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room.

Credit him, indeed! The goblin groom whom the infatuated Charles sent on this confidential mission, was the tool of Hamilton, and the agent of the Kirk.[1] Hamilton at this very time was in Scotland, caballing with Argyle against his royal master. So suspiciously was the minion regarded by all who yet rallied round the throne, that the whole gentry of loyal Yorkshire were about to petition the King to remove him from Court. Hamilton met the danger by volunteering his services to keep Scotland in order. He gave the King, says Clarendon, "many assurances and undertakings that he would at least keep that people from doing anything that might seem to countenance the carriage of the Parliament." Unfortunately, Charles again trusted him; and this ruinous minister was in Scotland, with special instructions to that effect, when the General Assembly sat down at St Andrews, on the 27th July 1642. Baillie, in his account of that Assembly, exults in the aid they received from him. "The Marquis of Hamilton and Argyle's *intimate familiarity*," he says, "kept down the *malecontents* from any stirring." The malecontents were Montrose, and about a score of loyal noblemen and gentlemen, who were simply petitioning the Privy Council, in the most respectful and conservative terms, to stand to their loyal pledges, and not to join the Parliament in arms. We have here Baillie's own assurance, that Hamilton, at the very time when he was expressly commissioned and pledged to support, with all his power and energies, such friends of the King, kept them down, and did so by means of his intimate familiarity with Argyle. Nay, another "Incident" was invented for the nonce. The life of no human being of that party was in jeopardy, or threatened. But, upon the occasion of these loyal and most temperate petitions, "there was a *great rumour raised*," says our credulous chronicler, "of a wicked design upon Argyle's person." This had the desired effect. A storm of fanatics, flocking from the county of Fife, drove the good and the loyal away. The King's messenger, with that letter to Montrose in his pocket, found the chief of the Campbells, and the King's prime minister for Scotland, feasting together at Hamilton. It was on the 27th November 1638 that

[1] See before, pp. 136, 272. Also, "Montrose and the Covenanters," vol. ii. pp. 93, 97, 99, 100.

Hamilton had written to the King,—"The Earl of Argyle must be well looked to; for it fears me he will prove the dangerousest man in the State." Had he less doubt of that now? It was in the same letter that he exclaimed, "I wish *my daughters* be never married in Scotland;" which, his native country, he added, "I hate next Hell." How had it improved? Now, in the autumn of 1642, we find him domesticated with Argyle, and cooking a marriage-contract between his own eldest daughter, and the eldst son of King Campbell![1] Not a whole Bench of Bishop Burnets could extricate Hamilton from these, which are only a few of the damning facts of his secret history.

Whatever had been confided to Will Murray by the King, was of course revealed to Hamilton and Argyle, even before it reached Montrose. The immediate result was curious. Notwithstanding the monarchical principles so boldly announced by our hero, both in and out of Parliament; notwithstanding his consequent arraignment as for a capital offence against the State; notwithstanding all the bitterness of abuse with which he had been so recently assailed in that libel, which, in his judicial defence, he declared to be a "rhapsody of forethought villany,"—the leaders of the movement, already preparing a rebel army in aid of the Parliament, sought him, like another Cincinnatus in his retirement, and endeavoured to bribe him to become their Lieutenant-General.

"Now that they (the Covenanters) might the better secure their affairs at home, they labour tooth and nail to draw Montrose, of whom almost only they were afraid, again to their side. They offer him, of their own accord, the Lieutenant-Generalship in the army, and whatever else he could desire and they bestow. He, seeing a mighty storm hovering over the King's head, that he might give an account of it, whereby it might be timely prevented, undertakes a journey into England, taking the Lord

[1] This pregnant fact has been disclosed by the recent publication of an illustrated Catalogue of the Hamilton papers. No. 191 is thus described: "Contract of marriage betwixt the Marquis of Hamilton on the part of his *eldest daughter*, Lady Ann; and the Marquis of Argyle on the part of his *eldest son*, the Lord Lorn, when they should be of age: The marriage portion is an hundred thousand marks; the yearly jointure fifteen thousand marks; and the penalty to him who resiled, thirty-six thousand marks, all remeid of law excluded; 1641–1642."—*Maitland Club Miscellany.*

Ogilvy into his counsel and company. At Newcastle he receives news that the Queen, being newly arrived out of Holland, was landed at Burlington in Yorkshire. Thither he makes haste, and relates unto the Queen all things in order."[1]

Henrietta Maria arrived in Burlington Bay in the month of February 1643. In a letter, dated 18th February 1643, Baillie says: "Our heartburnings increase, and with them our dangers; so much the more as Montrose, Ogilvy, and Aboyne, who this long while have been *very quiet*, are on a sudden to the King, for what we cannot tell." The reception which the Queen of Charles the First met with, when setting foot at this time upon the soil of England, must have stirred the deepest indignation even in bosoms less chivalrous than the chief of the Grahams. She was bombarded, while in her bed-room on the quay, with cross-bar shot, by Vice-Admiral Batten; and, adds Clarendon, "forced out of her bed, some of the shot making way through her own chamber, and to shelter herself under a bank in the open fields."[2] Such was the state of matters when our hero first came into contact with the consort of his Sovereign; and, be it remembered, at the time when he was receiving letter after letter from the King himself, claiming his counsel and his aid. That counsel he now imparted to her Majesty, with the truth and energy characteristic of his nature. The broad question was, how to prevent the "contented people" from aiding the rebellion in England. Montrose felt assured, and the result proved how accurate were his anticipations, that everything was in train for a military combination with the English Parliament. Even as the King quitted Scotland, the

[1] From the English edition of Wishart's Commentaries, published in 1648 at the Hague, while Montrose was resident there, and in the lifetime of all the parties.

[2] Spalding narrates it thus:—"Her Majesty, having mind of no evil, but glad of rest, now wearied by the sea, is cruelly assaulted; for these six rebel ships sets their broadsides to her lodging, batters the house, dings down the roof, or (before) she wist of herself. Always she gets up out of her naked bed, in her night waly-coat, bare foot and bare leg, with her maids of honour, (whereof one through plain fear went stark mad, being ane nobleman of England's dochter), she gets safely out of the house. Albeit the stanes were flisting about her head, yet courageously she goes out, they shooting still, and by providence of the Almighty she escapes, and all her company, except the foresaid maid of honour, and goes to ane den, which the cannon could not hurt, and on the bare fields she rested, instead of stately lodgings, cled with curious tapestrie."

army was revived, if it could ever be said to have been disbanded. Its ostensible object and immediate destination was Ireland. But the whole state of the covenanting councils clearly indicated that Argyle was to rule its destinies, and that its leader in the field, instead of being the King's Earl of Leven, was still the old obedient covenanting mercenary, Alexander Leslie. Though in Ireland with their commander, these forces, our hero foresaw, would be ready to return in support of the movement, whenever King Campbell gave the nod. That potentate only paused for a convention of the Estates, and a General Assembly, the fields, we cannot say bloodless, in which he was ever courageous and successful.

This critical state of affairs Montrose unfolded to the Queen at Burlington, from whence her Majesty immediately proceeded to York. When somewhat recovered from the fatigues of her journey, and the alarms of that brutal reception, she invited the Earl to renew his conference with her there. But Hamilton had rushed from Scotland to counteract Montrose, all other ideas in his mind being absorbed by the one anxiety to defeat his rival. So manifestly, the instant before, had he been devoted to the interests of the Covenanters, that Baillie describes this sudden flight to her Majesty as "Hamilton's *falling off*;" and "the *new acquisition* of the Hamiltons" by the Court party.

Montrose was no match for a practised diplomatist and plausible double-dealer, who had been domesticated with the royal family from his youth. In vain he urged immediate and energetic action, before the new army of the Covenant was a-foot in Scotland. "There are many loyal hearts there," he said, "ready and anxious to rally round the King's standard on Scottish soil; the support of the royal countenance, and the royal commission, with such supplies of money and arms as can be afforded, will crush the cockatrice in its egg; but there is not a moment to lose."—"No," exclaimed Hamliton, "that stout and warlike nation is not to be reduced by force of arms, but with gentleness and courtesies; civil war is ever to be avoided; I deny that there is any danger from the army of Ireland; and I undertake and pledge myself to keep Scotland quiet, and in fealty to the King." The Marquis was believed, and promised

a dukedom. Montrose was dismissed with courtesy by the Queen, who announced that the matter must be determined by his Majesty.

The following anecdote will serve to illustrate the degree of respect which our hero entertained towards his successful rival. A wrangle between two dogs, at the time of this conference, happened to occur in her Majesty's garden at York. Hamilton, whose stroll in the garden seems to have been disturbed by the canine collision, drew his sword, and coming behind one of the combatants, thrust it through the animal's body. Perhaps the other dog was his own; but this summary justice appears to have been administered without even the preliminary question to his victim, "Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?" It was neither Montrose's dog, nor "the Prince's dog at Kew;" yet, probably, a dog of high degree; for it belonged to William Cavendish, Earl, and at this time created Marquis of Newcastle, who commanded the royal forces in the north of England, and with whom we shall presently find our hero in contact. Not admiring the action, and entertaining the same contempt for the actor's "continual discourse of battles and fortifications" that Clarendon did, Montrose, not in the most placid of moods at the moment, wrote the slaughtered dog's epitaph:—

"Here lies a dog whose *quality* did plead
Such fatal end from a *renowned* blade;
And blame him not that he succumbed now,
E'en Hercules could not combat against two;
For, whilst he on his foe revenge did take,
He *manfully* was killed *behind his back*.
Then say, to eternize the cur that's gone,
He *fleshed the maiden sword* of HAMILTON."[1]

The uxorious Charles confirmed at Oxford what Henrietta Maria had decided at York. The Marquis, created Duke of Hamilton by patent dated at Oxford 12th April 1643, was pledged once more to suppress the power of Argyle; to keep

[1] The above anecdote rests on the authority of Sir James Balfour, among whose manuscripts in the Advocates' Library the above pasquil has been preserved, in his own handwriting, and is entitled by him,—"Some lines, on the killing of the Earl of Newcastle's dog by the Marquis of Hamilton, in the Queen's garden at York; written then by the Earl of Montrose."

Scotland—which he had characterised to the King as that "miserable country," which next Hell he hated—from rising; and that no covenanting army should again cross the borders. Thrice within a few months had the King written to Montrose, claiming his counsel and his aid. The champion of the Throne was now for the time bowed off, having dutifully offered the advice and the aid which certainly he had not presumptuously volunteered.

An able historian of the Kirk condemns Montrose's advice to the Queen, as a "feeble effort to save Charles from the degradation that awaited him." The only degradation that befel Charles was in Scotland, in 1641, when Montrose was a prisoner. The absence of physical resources was not feebleness in Montrose; nor was the loss of his throne any degradation to the character of the King. Not informed as to his real history, or position at the time, polishing a sentence instead of probing history, Dr Cook then issues his fiat, that this illustrious loyalist's "sentiments respecting the state of the public mind were *well founded;* but the counsel which he gave he had taken no prudent method to carry into effect: Bold and ardent in his resolution, and disgusted at the popular faction with which he had once acted, he was deficient in that calmness and solidity of judgment which the critical period at which he lived so much required." These fine words are a cheap mode of writing history. What was the *prudent method* which Montrose at this time could have adopted, and yet omitted? How had he failed in *solidity* of judgment? Did Hamilton's *calmness* save the King from "degradation?" The great cavalier of his age,—whose dissertation on Sovereign power Dr Cook had never heard of,—may be excused if he were not absolutely calm at such a crisis. Neither was there any want of solidity of judgment in suggesting the royal sanction and commission, for a levy of ten thousand loyalists in arms, as the best Scotch recipe against that temper of the times which had just been illustrated by Admiral Batten's cross-bar shot crashing through the bed-chamber of a weary and way-faring Queen.

The eye of the *Vehm Gericht* of Scotland was at this time intently fixed on Montrose. He moved in his own kirk-ridden country with as little security as a traveller among Thugs. The

abused power which sent him, without a crime, to the castle in 1641, and all but to the scaffold, could have done so with the same ease in 1643. The private offers, to induce him to become second in command to Leslie, were renewed after it became known that Hamilton had superseded him in the councils of the Queen. We have the authority of Baillie for the fact, that this strange temptation emanated from Argyle himself, and that the clique were mortified at its failure. Taken along with the information afforded by Wishart, and Guthrie, there is no mistaking Baillie's meaning in this splenetic sentence, occurring in a letter written to his cousin, in the month of July 1643:—"*Argyle* and *our* nobles, especially since Hamilton's *falling off*, would have been content, for the peace of the country, to have dispensed with that man's (Montrose) bypast demeanours; but private ends mislead many: He, Antrim, Huntly, Airlie, Nithesdale, and more are ruined in their estates; public commotions are their private subsistence." It is amusing to find this self-sufficient chronicler of the Covenant reducing his estimate of our hero from "that most valorous and happy gentleman," to, "that man"; and accusing him of gaining his livelihood by public commotions, because he refused their insidious bait. Baillie does not insinuate that he was a waverer; he only accuses him of duplicity. He had thus come into contact with some of the most respectable emissaries of the Kirk, and these he kept for a time in play, that he might discover from themselves what Hamilton had so peremptorily denied to the Queen at York, that the determination was, at the ensuing Convention, to decree an army from Scotland to co-operate with the Parliamentarians in England. What was the nature of this command offered to him, he desired to know? Was it in support of the King and the throne? Then of course he had no objection. But the offer never deceived him for a moment. How could it, seeing that it emanated from Argyle? His every movement at the time proves that it drew him not for an instant from his allegiance. They offered to pay his debts! Faugh. Before the meeting of the Convention, in the month of June 1643, which Hamilton had undertaken to control with his new strawberry-leaved coronet, Montrose wrote to the Queen, assuring her of the storm brewing in Scotland, and lamenting the rejec-

tion of his advice at York. That letter we have not recovered, but here is her Majesty's reply. Her allusions to some rumours in England that he was wavering in his allegiance, will now be understood; and it will be seen that, however Hamilton had prevailed with her at York, she still claimed and expected from Montrose the most energetic action in defence of the Monarchy, and had never doubted his honour.

"COUSIN,—I have received your letter, and learn therefrom that you consider affairs in Scotland to be in a very bad state, as regards the interests of the King; and this owing to *my own neglect* of certain propositions submitted to me when I first arrived. In that I have followed the commands of the King. But still I am of opinion that, if his Majesty's faithful servants would only agree among themselves, and not lose time, all the evil to be dreaded from that quarter, may be prevented. For my own part, I shall contribute to the utmost of my power. When the arms that are coming from Denmark, and which I daily expect, have arrived, *you shall have whatever of them you require*, and every possible assistance from myself, who have always greatly confided in you, and in the *generosity of your character*. And this confidence, be assured, is not in the least diminished, although I, no less miserable about these affairs than yourself, have been given to understand that you have struck up an alliance with *certain persons* that might well create apprehension in my mind. But my trust in you, and the esteem with which I regard you, are not built upon so slippery a foundation as mere rumour; nor is it to be shaken by an event, which, if it be as reported, could only have been occasioned by your zeal for his Majesty's service. Be assured, moreover, that neither shall I fail in my promise to you; and that I am, and ever will be, your very good friend,

"HENRIETTA MARIA, R."

"*York, ce.* 31 *May*" (1643).[1]

Before this letter could have reached Montrose, he was in the north with Huntly, during the first days of June, exerting all

[1] *Original*, written in antiquated French, *Montrose Charter-room*. See the author's "Memorials of Montrose," vol. ii. p. 77.

In the possession of Wm Purling Esqr at Kew

R C Bell

his energies to form a loyal coalition in arms with that nobleman, Airlie, and Marischal. In this he appears only to have failed through the unsteadiness and caprice of the last mentioned Earl, who never rose throughout the troubles above the capacities of a wayward boy. Our hero had no sooner returned south from this fruitless expedition, than the poisoned chalice was again presented to him from Argyle. "When the diet of the Convention (22d June 1643) drew near," says Guthrie, "they dispatched Mr Henderson to wait upon the Earl of Montrose for solving of his doubts; who being advertised by Sir James Rollo of Mr Henderson's coming the length of Stirling for that end, did meet him at Stirling bridge: They conferred together by the water-side the space of two hours, and parted fairly, without any accommodation."

At this conference, the celebrated Moderator of the Kirk, a clerical agitator much superior to his class, was accompanied by a gentleman who stood in a singular position with regard to Montrose and Argyle. We have already recorded the marriage of Lady Dorothea Graham to Sir James Rollo of Duncruib, in the year 1628, and her untimely death. The laird of Duncruib married secondly Lady Mary Campbell, the sister of Argyle. Thus he was brother-in-law both to Cæsar and Pompey, as Clarendon so fancifully characterized Montrose and Argyle.

Our hero took care to secure an unquestionable guarantee of his own integrity in the companions whom he brought with himself. His relatives, Lord Napier and Sir George Stirling, along with Lord Ogilvy, being all together at Keir, he made partakers of this strange and somewhat picturesque conference beside the river Forth. Saluting the Moderator of the Kirk with a respectful frankness, less difficult to assume than if he had been constrained to address some others of the cloth, he referred to the late process against "the Plotters," and to his own consequent seclusion from public affairs. He then begged to be fully and freely informed of the designs of the Convention, in reference to the army question; and especially with what precise object they now proposed this important military command for himself, who had so recently been brought under their highest penal displeasure. Thrown off his guard by the frankness of this address, the reverend diplomatist, to use a contem-

porary expression, proceeded to "open his pack." He admitted that an army from Scotland was immediately to cross the Borders, in aid of "their Brethren in England." This was the design which Montrose had predicted to her Majesty, and of which he was now desirous to be assured, from authority which no plausibility on the part of Hamilton could gainsay. Henderson further complimented him with a high estimate of the value of his services, declaring how proud he would be to bring him over, and to negociate the terms of his apostacy! Montrose had learnt all he came to discover. Turning to his old friend and relative Sir James Rollo, he took him unawares with the question,—"Are these offers made to me from the Convention of Scotland, or are you negotiating privately?" Rollo declared his understanding to be, that the Moderator of the Kirk had the authority of the State. Henderson contradicted this, but said, that certainly he had the confidence of Government, which would be sure to ratify whatever he concluded. During the wrangle that ensued between these two emissaries of Argyle, they were bowed off in a very stately manner by Montrose, who closed the conference with this sarcastic observation, that he could come to no conclusion without the security of *the public faith*, especially as the messengers were not at one on the subject of their powers.[1]

The result of the Convention, which Hamilton, by his miserable juggling, neither could nor cared to prevent, is well known. In conjunction with the General Assembly, which sat down thereafter in August 1643, it gave birth to the two measures that may be said to have turned the scale against the Monarchy. It decreed that army, which, under the command of the Earl of Leven, once more entered England, *as auxiliaries of the Parliament*, on the 15th of January 1644. And that Assembly, at which, of all the fish in the sea, his Majesty's Advocate, Hope, was Commissioner, repeated, in a form deprived of the only creditable feature, its nationality, their Covenant of the year 1638, under the infamous name of "the Solemn League

[1] "*Montisrosanus nihil certi statuere posse se asserit, absque publicâ fide, dissentientibus præsertim inter se internunciis.*" The whole scene is graphically described by Wishart (Cap. II.), probably from Montrose and Napier's account of it.

and Covenant." This was embraced, by its pretended proselytes in England, with all the fervour of puritanical democracy, in the month of August 1643, and returned in October following, to be rebaptized with the precious tears of covenanting Scotland. As Montrose watched this rapid fulfilment of his own predictions, the fruit of Hamilton's magnificent promises and solemn pledges, his blood boiled within him; and he became more and more bound to the desperate resolution of expending every drop of that blood in defence of the Throne, though he were left alone in the contest with its destroyers. "The Covenant," he said with his dying breath, "The Covenant I took; I own it, and adhere to it: Bishops, I care not for them; I never intended to advance their interest: But when the King had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his own vine, and under his fig-tree, that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand, and entered into a league and covenant with them against the King, was the thing I judged my duty to oppose to the uttermost. That course of yours ended not but in the King's death, and overturning the whole of the Government."

Charles now ordered a court of inquiry to sit upon the conduct of the Hamilton brothers. They had hurried to Oxford, "to tell," says Sir Philip Warwick, "a fair though lamentable tale." They were followed at the heels by the hostile army which they had promised to prevent. The court of inquiry was composed of the highest and most unimpeachable functionaries of the kingdom. The witnesses were Montrose, Kinnoul, Nithsdale, Aboyne, Ogilvy, and others of the highest minded noblemen in Scotland. "There appeared," says Clarendon, "too much cause to conclude that the Duke had not behaved himself with that loyalty he ought to have done." The inquiry was most deliberate, and conducted with the utmost dignity and fairness. Lanerick himself, whom the King had made Secretary of State for Scotland in 1641, had applied the privy seal to the proclamation which called together the very army now on its march against the King. Charles, though it tore his heart-strings, sent his long cherished favourite to Pendennis Castle, and never pronounced an order for his release. The

fact outweighs the folio of a Bishop. Lanerick he exiled from Court, and placed under arrest. The keeper of the King's signet broke his arrest, and immediately joined the covenanting faction, heart, soul, and *seal*. "Since he came here," writes Baillie, then with the Commissioners in London, "he has had my chamber and bed." "So," he also writes, in ill-disguised glee, "the *play is begun*—the good Lord give it a happy end—the Lord be with you—your cousin, Robert Baillie." Thus closed the year 1643.[1]

[1] See the details sifted in "Montrose and the Covenanters," vol. ii. c. viii. Baillie's Letters alone, in many passages, suffice to settle the question of whether Hamilton was true or false. In reference to his late disgrace, he writes,—"I think all Scots hearts must pity him, and pray for him, and make for either a speedy rescue of him, if living, or a severe revenge of him, if dead." We know what Baillie means by Scots hearts, Scots prayers, and Scots revenge. But *did* the Scots revenge his death?

It is painful to read, in Lord Mahon's too flattering *extrait* of our previous researches to illustrate the character of Montrose, the following paragraphs from so accomplished an historian:—"The offers which about this time were more formally made to Montrose, were to free him from embarrassment by the discharge of his debts, and to give him a command in the army second only to Lord Leven's. It appears that the vague and indecisive answers which Montrose for some time returned raised a suspicion against him in some of the Scottish Royalists. We must *own ourselves doubtful*, (although Mr Napier, in his zeal as a biographer, will not for an instant harbour such a thought,) whether the ill reception of Montrose at York did not at first make him *waver in his attachment to the King*. If so, however (and we do not express any *positive* opinion on the subject), his wavering was neither publicly evinced, nor long continued. By *no overt act*, by *no authentic declaration*, can Montrose *be shewn* to have swerved from his principles of loyalty—from that *better part* which he had *deliberately* chosen, and was destined to seal with his blood."—*Lord Mahon's Essay on Montrose.*

Here is a sentence, highly polished we admit, the tail of which, like the scorpion, pierces its head. This oddly supported surmise would make Montrose the meanest, if not the most insane of men. The only suspicions against him arose at a distance, and out of ignorant rumours that were immediately dissipated. As for the zeal of a biographer, the character of Montrose could no more have been extricated, without such zeal, from the "*quisquiliæ volantes et venti spolia*" which had settled on it throughout two centuries, than the heights of Alma could have been taken by smoking a Turkish pipe at them. "Zeal as a biographer" is sometimes of more value to the truth and justice of history, than the calmness of a critic, or the polish of an historian.

CHAPTER XXI.

MONTROSE COMMISSIONED BY CHARLES I. TO RAISE THE STANDARD IN SCOTLAND—NATURE OF HIS SCHEME—JEALOUSY OF THE SCOTTISH LOYALISTS—SETS OUT ON HIS ADVENTURES—LETTERS TO PRESIDENT SPOTTISWOODE REPORTING PROGRESS—MONTROSE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MARQUIS OF NEWCASTLE AT DURHAM—INCITES THE MARQUIS TO GIVE BATTLE TO THE SCOTS—MONTROSE'S ESTIMATE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FOR THE KING IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND—MRS PIERSONS, ALIAS CAPTAIN FRANCIS DALZELL—JEALOUSY OF THE EARL OF CARNWATH—BATTLE OF BOWDENHILL—THE FAMILY PARTY OF PLOTTERS—MONTROSE FOILED IN THE ATTEMPT TO ENTER SCOTLAND—HIS OPERATIONS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND—SIEGE OF MORPETH—BATTLE OF MARSTON-MOOR—PRINCE RUPERT—MONTROSE'S DESPERATE RESOLVE—HIS WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS TO LORD OGILVY FOR THE KING—OGILVY DEFEATED, TAKEN PRISONER, AND HIS DISPATCHES SENT BY LORD FAIRFAX TO THE COVENANTING GENERAL—MONTROSE DISAPPEARS.

THE play began, so far as our hero is concerned, by Charles sending for him at Oxford, and taking his advice when too late. At least the case was far more desperate now than when Hamilton superseded him with the Queen. Still he offered his sword, and his blood. Still he pledged himself to cast an effectual stumbling-block in the path of this unprincipled raid from the north, or perish in the attempt. His Majesty, "much encouraged," says Wishart, "by the constancy and fearless magnanimity of the man," now listened with the interest of a last chance to the details of his scheme. His *sine qua non* was, to be invested with a commission, bestowing the royal countenance and authority upon the undertaking, to draw the weight of the covenanting arms from the King upon himself. But the garrisons and passes of Scotland were in possession of the Covenanters. He requested therefore an order upon the Marquis of Newcastle, now opposed to Leven in the North of England, for a detachment of his troops, or at least a sufficient escort of horse

to enable him to cross the borders. Even with these slender resources, he undertook to reach the Highlands of Scotland, and to make such head there as would ere long encourage the loyalists of that kingdom to rally round the standard. He further proposed that the Earl of Antrim should be commissioned to raise what forces he could in Ireland, and to effect a descent on the coast of Argyle; that Denmark should be applied to for cavalry, and intelligent emissaries employed to procure arms and warlike stores from abroad.

There was no wildness in this scheme. It was only frustrated in the end by the adverse turn of circumstances, upon the support of which Montrose most unquestionably was entitled to rely. To create a powerful diversion in Scotland, to hold back the "contented people," was all that he undertook to do at this crisis. He saw, on the instant, that if the monarchy fell, it would be mainly owing to this league and covenant with the Parliamentarians. As instantaneously he conceived the proper counterplot, which was, to give the Covenanters hot work at home. The prowess in arms of the Kirk-militant, the martial prestige of Argyle, he knew to be a bugbear, and a cheat. He proposed to prove this. He proposed to do battle with the "Solemn League and Covenant," in the usurped and ruined country where it was hatched. He denied that there was no loyalty among the people of Scotland. It was stunned and bewildered. It wanted a rallying point and a leader. And the spirits which had sunk under the tyranny of a seditious preachhood, required to be roused and animated by the standard of the King.

Two conditions he relied upon as certain; fixed quantities, as it were, in the calculation. The great loyalists of both countries were crowding round the King at Oxford. Could he doubt that the noble refugees from Scotland would support with heart and hand the standard when there unfurled? Could he imagine that instead of doing so, they would all, with a very few honourable exceptions, ignore the royal commission in his person, jealously withhold their aid, and yet more meanly attempt to counteract his devoted and marvellous exertions? Then, was it within the compass of rational speculation to figure such a state of matters as this? While the spirit of one man, in one awful

campaign from the north to the south of Scotland, was sweeping the armies of the Covenant from the face of the earth, in the collateral campaign of the King, thus relieved from the northern wolf, the Cavaliers of England could do nothing whatever to save him from Colonel Cromwell! In the warrior court, our hero was slightingly regarded as an adventurer who had yet to win his spurs. What was the military fame of Montrose when weighed in the balance of the regal camp at Oxford? There the highest blood, the proudest chivalry of England, was arrayed in defence of the Monarchy. What was the legend of "Graham's dyke" to all the blood of all the Howards, some of whom might entertain but vague and hudibrastic ideas of Wallace wight himself? Which of them ever heard how Montrose and Major Middleton had won the brig o' Dee? Was it within the legitimate bounds of contingency, that while this isolated adventurer was carrying all before him, never would Victory sound her trump from the ranks of the Rupert Cavaliers?

> Gay was the Court at Oxford,—proud were its haughty Peers,
> Who vaunted high *their* chivalry, and slighted *his* with sneers;
> Proud were those knights of England,—a spell in every name
> To rouse the soul of loyalty, and rebel hearts to tame;
> What swords flew out at Percy's shout, or high Newcastle's look,
> What mounting at the very name of hot Sir Marmaduke!
> And it was, 'hey a Vavasour!' and 'ride for Rupert, ho!'
> The whirlwind upon every spur, and death in every blow;
> And proud their limned lineaments, all eterniz'd alike
> With those airs of grace and glory—that were vended by Vandyke!
> But out on painted panoplies, and popinjays in steel,—
> Shame to Newcastle's heartless head, and Rupert's headless heel;
> Say, how did princely Cavendish fulfil his promise high?
> Did Byron's boast, or Howard's blood, produce one victory?
> Once and again at *Newbury*, why fell the double blight
> On loyal laurels all but lost at *Edgehill's* doubtful fight?
> No red revenge at *Naseby*, for the shame at *Marston Moor?*
> Why on his lonely laurell'd brow the curse of kindred gore?

As if to make up for deficiency in every other material, the very highest commission was immediately conferred upon our hero. He was in fact made Viceroy over his own country. A commission was actually prepared for the royal signature, in which he is styled Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General

of Scotland. With great tact and foresight he declined that commission. He well knew the withering jealousy even of some of the most loyal of the Scottish peers. Accordingly, he himself suggested that the King's own nephew, Prince Maurice, must be invested with that supreme command, while he, Montrose, should serve under him as Lieutenant-General in Scotland. New commissions were made out in accordance with these suggestions; and that bestowed upon our Earl bears date at Oxford, the first day of February 1644.

All the loyal peers of Scotland were startled by this sudden elevation of a young nobleman who had nothing but his sword to offer; who could have no hold of the domestic affections of the sovereign; who was a stranger to his social circle, and had scarcely been admitted within the circle of the Court; whose martial eclat in his own country rested on the *covenanting* compliment, "*Invictus armis verbis vincitur;*" and who was chiefly famed for having imposed the Covenant upon loyal Aberdeen, at the point of that sword he now offered to Charles. Not one of them had ever proposed or conceived the daring adventure his high commission was intended to sanction. Not one of them ever dreamt of crushing the power of Argyle in Scotland. They truckled to him, or they fled. Yet of all those whose capacities were about equal to the planning of a petty intrigue, or drawing a wavering sword, there was scarcely one who did not cherish the ridiculous and ruinous feeling that Montrose had robbed them of their birth-right. It soured the old courtier Traquair into a miserable and vicious retirement. It caused the incapable, impracticable Huntly, for ever lurking in the caves of Strathnaver, to hug and mumble the old bone of his "Lieutenancy benorth the Granbean," till every loyal tooth in his head was worn to the gums. Even Ludovick Lindsay, called the "loyal Earl of Crawford," who in the previous year had dealt a blow on Sir William Waller that Clarendon deigned to signalize, shrunk jealously from a like chivalrous support of the standard in Scotland, because committed to the hand of a younger nobleman whose genius he envied, but could not reach. And so it was with many others of the Scottish nobles who professed loyalty. Carnwath, Morton, Callendar, Southesk, Hartfell, Nithsdale, Annandale, Roxburgh, and Home, all in

various degrees refused to minister to the glory of Montrose, and left the King to ruin. We say not this in the spirit of magnifying our hero at the expense of his noble contemporaries. The accusation is not dictated by what Lord Mahon calls "zeal as a biographer." It is the real state of the fact, as we learn it from Montrose himself. And, indeed, without particularly regarding an element in his fortunes which history almost entirely overlooks, we can neither understand his position, nor appreciate his career.

Having attempted to reduce to order the chaos of Scottish loyalty, with which the King was nearly smothered at Oxford, by means of a new conservative bond, which proved like the former a rope of sand, our hero set out on his adventures early in the month of March 1644. The title of Marquis had not yet been conferred upon him; but he went on his way rejoicing in that high commission, and bearing instructions from his Majesty to the Marquis of Newcastle, which he hoped would procure for him the nucleus of an army. Meanwhile he was accompanied by the Lords Crawford, Nithsdale, Reay, Ogilvy, and Aboyne; the two latter youthful noblemen acting as his Aids-de-Camp. An insubordinate, heterogeneous band of cavaliers and retainers, with some desultory troops bound for Newcastle's leaguer, composed his present array, and gave eclat to his departure. The earliest reports of his progress received at Oxford, were addressed to his dear friend President Spottiswoode, who had been the last to take leave of him. On the 15th of March a Scotch cavalier, who signs himself John Macbrayre, thus writes from York:—

"My very much Beloved Lord,—As I know you are acquainted with our present condition here by a more able as a more honourable pen than this, yet, for satisfaction of my promise, take this much more. We arrived safe here upon Monday was a seventh night, after eight several removes from the place where we parted with your Lordship. My Lords of Crawford and Reay, with a strong squadron of our brigade, went off the way to Shrewsbury. The latter of these two lords came hither from thence yesternight with Colonel Innes, and some

other officers: The former, I doubt, shall not come here so soon as we could have wished. This day we are upon our remove towards Durham; in which place, and near unto it, my Lord Marquis his Excellency[1] hath had his army quartered now these ten or twelve days bygone; and *our cursed countrymen* theirs in Sunderland, and some paltry places close by that. They are said to match him in number, not in goodness, of foot; but he triples them in horse, by means whereof they are closed in, as in a pinfold. Some provision they get by sea to themselves; but their horses keep Lent a great deal better than their masters; who, ere long, will have no flesh except *thews* to break it upon, either. The country, both here and there, is in a very good posture, and a great alacrity in all our men to fight. We are in hopes to get good store of officers here; but for the other thing—you know what—how notably we have been abused somewhere, I will not write."[2]

Montrose, as here indicated, had thus written from York two days previously:—

"GOOD PRESIDENT.—At our arrival here, being uncertain of all business, I directed along Colonel Cochrane to my Lord Newcastle, to learn the condition of affairs, and inform himself particularly of what we had to expect; which necessarily occasioned our stay here for some days: His return to us was, that, for supplies he could dispense none for the present; for monies he had none, neither was he owing my Lord Germane (Jermyn) any; for arms and ammunition, he had not to the two parts of

[1] William Cavendish, first Earl of Newcastle, had been created Marquis a few months before.

[2] *Original*, in the charter-chest of Mr Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode. It is addressed "For my very much honoured and singular good friend, Sir Robert Spottiswoode of Dunipace, Knight; Lord President of Scotland, *etc.* These, at Oxford; Mr Gregory's Chambers, Christ Church;" and endorsed by the President, "John Macbrayre, received 29 March 1644, letter to Sir Robert Spottiswoode with news from the north: York, 15 March."

There is more in the letter, but not of historical importance. I cannot trace the writer of it; although seemingly an intimate friend of the President's. He appears to have considered himself entitled to the reward of a baronetcy, for which he urges his claim.

his own, but had been so long expecting from beyond sea, that he was now out of hopes: So these are the terms we stand on. However, since it is not a *non putarem*—for we resolved with it, although we expected better[1]—it shall be no matter of discouragement to withhold us from doing our best. To-morrow we are to go to the army, which is looked daily to fight. But I hope we shall come in time to bear them witness. Argyle, upon the rumour of our coming, is returned to Scotland in haste; but we intend to make all possible dispatch to follow him at the heels, *in whatever posture we can*. So, this is all I can show you for the present; but as further occurs, you shall from time to time know it, from your most affectionate and faithful friend to serve you, "MONTROSE.

"York, 13th March 1644.

"I much admire my cousin Sir William Fleming's stay, and am heartily sorry both for the business and himself; but I know it's none of his fault.

"Let this, I pray, remember me to all friends; and I intreat you will keep particular good intelligence with them all, and chiefly Mr Porter:[2] For the General,[3] be pleased to let him know still all generals; and make you fitting use.

"For the Right Worshipful Sir Robert Spottiswoode."

Immediately he followed up his despatch to the Marquis of Newcastle from York, with a personal interview at Durham. That commander told him that there was a scarcity of every thing in his army; that the Scots had unexpectedly broke in upon him and spoiled his recruiting; that they were now quartered within five miles of his camp, and greatly outnumbered him; in short, that he could not part with any of his cavalry without manifest hazard to his whole army. The result of the King's orders, and his champion's urgency, was, that his Excellency bestowed an escort of ill conditioned and ill appointed horse, with two small brass field-pieces, upon the Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces in Scotland.

[1] This is obscurely expressed; but seems to mean that Montrose had not allowed himself to be too sanguine of receiving the aid he was empowered to claim.

[2] That old and faithful servant of Charles I., Endymion Porter.

[3] General Ruthven, afterwards Earl of Brentford, and of Forth in Scotland.

The nature of Montrose's own commission precluded him from taking a command under the General at Durham, or any charge of the tactics which were there holding Leven in check. He was merely a bird of passage; or, to compare great things with small, he paused to see sport, like some critical recorder of the hunting fields of England, enjoying a mount from the master of the hounds. But it was no idle curiosity that caused him to linger. His genius at once led him to the conclusion that the illustrious lord of Bolsover was at a crisis, the energetic seizure of which was of vital importance. To defeat and scatter the great army of the Covenant under Leven, would at this time have been ruin to the government of Argyle. Then, the royal arms thus victorious in the north of England, would have been relieved of all pressure from the "contented people," and Marston-moor have told another tale.

On the 15th of January 1644 Leven had crossed the Tweed. On the 28th of February he passed the Tyne without opposition.[1] On Saturday the 2d of March he was over the Wear. On Monday the 4th he entered Sunderland. On Wednesday the 6th, the Marquis of Newcastle, at this time nearly fourteen thousand strong, including twelve troops of well-appointed horse under Sir Charles Lucas, approached within three miles of Leven, as if to give him battle. The Gustavus Adolphus man, an ugly customer no doubt, is said to have commanded a larger army, but not so well provided, and especially inferior in the arm of cavalry. During the forenoon of the following day, heavy snow showers were falling, in the midst of which the Marquis drew up near the enemy on Bowdenhill. Magnificent as was this tapestry General in all his ways and means,—greatly as he delighted in the pomp and pageantry of martial life,—his was not the genius to exclaim upon an occasion such as this, "*Je tiens donc.*" His Excellency, it seems, was shy of the intervening ground, intersected by many enclosures. So, after some feeble demonstrations, he fell back upon Durham, followed by the crowing blue-caps. The latter, however, finding little to eat,

[1] "That very day, and these hours, when our army was passing the Tyne, the 28th of February, were we all here (London) fasting and praying; and, amongst the rest, *I was praying and preaching to the Parliament:* Blessed be his name that gave us at the same hour so gracious an answer."—*Baillie.*

soon retired in the direction of Newcastle, where they took a fort at the mouth of the Tyne, having previously possessed themselves of the castle of Morpeth. Both of these strongholds were ere long wrested from them by Montrose, after his first unsuccessful attempt to enter Scotland. Such was the position of matters when he joined the royal leaguer at Durham, about the middle of March 1644.

A sight now greeted his eyes that was worth seeing, had it not been suggestive of the idea that this military magnate was only playing at soldiers. At the head of a troop of horse, complete in all its appointments, rode a lady in command of it, armed to the pearly teeth. She showed like the destroying angel; for her cornet carried a black banner, that seemed to bear the insignia of death. On that sable field was displayed the ghastly image of a naked man suspended from a gibbet, with the motto, "I DARE." Gentle reader, this was not "Mrs Magdalene Carnegie," Countess of Montrose. It was "one Mrs Piersons, who had the charge of a troop, whom Carnwath *called his daughter;* which troop was levied on Carnwath's charges; and the arms, and prices of the horses, were paid by my Lord Carnwath; but the commission, granted by the Earl of Newcastle for levying of that troop, was granted to Mrs Piersons, and in her name; she was designed in her commission *Captain Francis Dalzell.*"[1]

The Earl of Carnwath, who had attached himself in this singular manner to the leaguer under Newcastle, became bitterly

[1] This strange and striking fact is new to history. Our latest researches, among the archives of Montrose, brought to light for the first time many original depositions taken before the Committee of Estates, in 1644 and 1645, preparatory to their processes of forfeiture and excommunication, against Montrose, Crawford, and other loyalists, in their absence, for being in arms against the armies of the Solemn League and Covenant. The depositions were taken from Lord Kirkcudbright, Major John Erskine, Major James Leslie, Captain John M'Culloch, the Master of Maderty, the municipal authorities of Perth, Sir John Graham of Braco, Master William Forrett, (Montrose's first tutor), and various others of inferior note. These original documents, which were not known to exist, contain many minute particulars relative to Montrose's career in arms, of which there is no other record; and we shall frequently refer to them. We can find no other trace of the gallant lady mentioned above, who was never heard of before. The incident would have been valuable to Sir Walter Scott. Carnwath's name was Dalzell, and the lady had assumed his legendary banner. The quotation is from Major Erskine's deposition.

jealous when he heard our hero there styled, and treated, by his own staff, and by all the officers of the camp, as "Lord Lieutenant-General of the northern expedition." Major John Erskine, from whose deposition before the inquisitorial committee of 1644 we derive the above anecdotes, further "depones, that he heard Carnwath say, that there was a letter sent to him with a commission to be Lieutenant of Clydesdale, by Montrose, from the King's Majesty; and the said letter being delivered to him by Montrose, he (Carnwath) said himself he *refused to read it*, but did *cast it by;* which was the ground of discord betwixt him and Aboyne."[1]

The Marquis of Newcastle, at the entreaty of Montrose himself, and the loyal nobles who accompanied him, again marched from Durham towards Chester, to give battle to the Scots, on Saturday the 23d of March. On Sunday he drew up at a place called Hilton, near Bowdenhill, on the north side of the Wear, two miles and a half from Sunderland. Old Leven disposed his forces on a hill to the east of the royal army, towards the sea. All that day they faced each other without moving, although the word of battle given out for the royalists was "Now or never;" while that for the Scots was, "The Lord of Hosts is with us." The inaction was characteristic of Newcastle. The battle cry savours of Montrose, and his accurate appreciation of the importance of the crisis. Indeed, Major John Erskine also "depones, that the Earl of Montrose, Nithsdale, Aboyne, and Ogilvy, were at Bowdenhill; and that *he heard* the said four lords allege that the Marquis of Newcastle, and Lieutenant-General King, *were slow;* and that to his best knowledge they were *inciters and stirrers up* of the Marquis of Newcastle, and Lieutenant-General King, to fight against the Scots army at Bowdenhill."

It was of no use. In vain was Carnwath's pet troop "joined to General King's regiment two days before the conflict at

[1] The young Viscount, acting as Montrose's aid-de-camp, had probably been the bearer of the letter to Carnwath, who is chiefly noted in history from having rudely seized the bridle of the King at Naseby, as Charles was about to charge at the head of his guards, when, says Clarendon (who attributes the loss of the battle to the incident), "swearing two or three full-mouthed Scottish oaths, he said, '*Will you go upon your death in an instant?*'" And so caused the royal guards to wheel in confusion. The barony of Carnwath is in Clydesdale.

Bowdenhill." In vain "the cornet of that troop was black, and the motto was *I dare*, and Mrs Piersons rode *always* on the head thereof." Late on Sunday night the cannon opened; and parties of musqueteers on either side began a struggle to drive each other from the intervening hedges. On Monday the same scene was repeated; when Newcastle suddenly drew off towards his old quarters, and thus enabled the Scots to fall with some effect on his rear. A vigorous charge from Sir Charles Lucas, inspired, we may assume, by "Captain Francis Dalzell," compelled Leven to retire; but he was entitled to all the glory that field afforded. So ended the two days skirmish at Bowdenhill, which, more vigorously conducted, would have saved Marston-moor. But it was otherways destined. The "gentleman of base birth born in Balveny," was born under a braver star than the illustrious lord of Welbeck and Bolsover. The seed of the serving-maid bruised the heel of a Cavendish. Being a *coup manqué*, the incident has scarcely entered history; but Sir Philip Warwick thus shortly notes it: "At a place called Hilton, a considerable loss befell the Marquis of Newcastle's foot, and he immediately thereupon marched back to York." It was a false and fatal move.

The assistance which our hero obtained from this inefficient commander was so slender,—there was so little cohesion in the scanty force he could collect on the spur of the moment,—that although he contrived to cross the borders with the semblance of an army, and to "take in" the town of Dumfries "with troops of horse, and displayed cornets and trumpets," he was soon compelled to forego the attempt to carry the war into Scotland in that manner. The Scots nobles deceived, and the English militia of the northern counties deserted him, at the most critical moment. Tidings at the same time reached him, that his old but most unstable friend Callendar, with whom he had recently been in confidential correspondence on the subject of supporting the King, had accepted, almost without the expression of a scruple, the command of a new army, directed, at the instigation of Argyle, against Montrose himself on the borders. This first check must have been a bitter moment to him; for he now received, by the hands of a trusty messenger, "a

well-known token" from his niece the Lady of Keir, with a pressing invitation to come and take possession of Stirling.[1]

At this time, the house of Keir was still the scene of many an anxious consultation amongst his relatives and dearest friends. These awaited, with breathless expectation, the result of his success with the King at Oxford, which, they hoped, would appear in the form of a loyal army at "the bulwark of the north," the neighbouring town and castle of Stirling. The venerable Lord Napier, about seventy years of age, still presided over the family party of plotters, which included three ladies, who took the deepest interest in all that concerned the fate of Charles I.; namely, Napier's eldest daughter, married to Keir; her younger sister Lilias Napier, who had not completed her eighteenth year; and the Lady Elizabeth Erskine, the same who obtained the heart of Montrose after his execution. The husband of this last, the Master of Napier, a youth under age, was burning to join his uncle; but he was restrained by the vindictive jealousy with which the Committee of Estates condescended to watch this interesting group. But the interest is sadly marred by the fact, that Montrose's own Countess evinced no sympathy with his three devoted nieces. Southesk, who once was more loyal than Montrose, now truckled to the government of Argyle, and took his daughter along with him.

Montrose himself appears to have considered, as we shall

[1] Montrose's college friend, Lord Sinclair, who had been so active in the discreditable employment of breaking open his private repositories, was now in command of a covenanting regiment quartered in the castle of Stirling, near Keir. His major was the noted Sir James Turner (the prototype of Sir Dugald Dalgetty), and the following passage occurs in his memoirs:—

"Meanwhile, my lieutenant-colonel and I had our several consultations with my Lord Erskine, my Lord Napier, the Master of Napier, the Master of Maderty, and laird of Keir; all of them very loyal persons; with whom we concluded it was fit to send two, one from them and another from us, to Montrose, who was then in the Border, to invite him to come to Stirling, where he should find castle, town, and regiment at his devotion, and St Johnston (Perth) likewise. And least he might think we meant not honestly—in regard there had been no good understanding between him and my Lord Sinclair formerly—his niece, the Lady Keir, sent him a *well known token* with Harry Stewart, who was the man we sent, and this he received. The messenger they sent was young Balloch, Drummond, (Lord Napier's nephew), then very loyal, whatever he was afterwards. I believe he got not to him. But Montrose, having a little too soon entered Scotland, met with a ruffle near Dumfries, and upon it retired to England."

presently find, that his retreat, even with that remnant of a force, from Dumfries to Carlisle, was a false move, and that he ought rather to have pushed on at all hazards to Stirling. Yet scarcely had he quitted Dumfries when that border town was occupied for the Covenant by the forces under Callendar, including Lord Sinclair's regiment, which he had been told would join his standard at Stirling. Whether it really would have done so, or whether Callendar himself would have gone over to him at Dumfries, it is difficult to say. Never did the peerage of Scotland shew so contemptible in every respect, and on every side. Well might the muse of Montrose exclaim,—

> "Then break, afflicted heart, and live not in these days,
> When all prove merchants of their faith, none trusts what other says."

On the 3d of May 1644 the excited Baillie writes: "Argyle, I hope, by this time has gotten order of Huntly, and Callendar of Montrose." But this most equivocal "Bander" was either unwilling directly to oppose, or afraid to meet our hero, who kept watching his movements on the borders, and preventing his co-operation against Newcastle. To relieve that town, and harass the rebels in the north of England, was the object to which Montrose now directed his efforts, with resources somewhat recruited, but still meagre, and miserably precarious. Yet he created the greatest alarm, by his energetic and masterly movements, both in the minds of the Covenanters at home, and of the English commissioners of the Solemn League and Covenant. Disappointed in all his best hopes of military resources and loyal support, foiled in his attempt to enter Scotland, and compelled to retreat upon Carlisle, that he should so manage his semblance of an army as to cause Baillie to write, on the 31st of May,—"Montrose *ravages at his pleasure* in all Northumberland and the Bishoprick,"—is no bad illustration of his military genius, and indomitable energies. Indeed he now undertook, and successfully, an adventure which is not among the least of his performances, though it has scarcely been recorded. In the vicinity of two great armies of the Covenant, Leven's and Callendar's, he set himself deliberately to wrest from the Covenanters the strongly garrisoned castle of Morpeth. Some ori-

ginal documents, hitherto unpublished, enable us to illustrate that exploit.

In great alarm for the fate of this important stronghold, Sir William Armyne, and other English commissioners, thus write to Callendar, evincing that they at least considered him wedded to their cause :—

" My Lord,

" We are still desirous to take all opportunities to acquaint your Lordship with the state of affairs in these parts. The Earl of Montrose, and the rest of those that lately made an inroad into Scotland, are now returned into these parts, with what forces they could get or bring along with them ; and have joined themselves with Colonel Clavering's horse and the forces of Newcastle, with intent to fall upon Morpeth, where some well-affected gentlemen of Northumberland have gathered together some considerable force, with a purpose to raise more, for the defence of themselves and the country. And we greatly apprehend that they may be interrupted in it (notwithstanding Colonel Welden, with his regiment of horse and some few dragoons, is gone over to their assistance), unless some more succour come timely to them ; the rather because the regiment at Blythe Nook, and the most part of that at Morpeth, is come to Durham. All which we refer to your Lordship's consideration, and rest,

" Your Lordship's most humble Servants,

" Will: Armyne. Tho: Hatcher.

" Ri: Barwis. Rob: Goodwin."

" Sunderland,

" 8th May 1644."

The alarm was not groundless. Montrose had just been made a Marquis, and seemed bent upon signalizing his elevation. The new patent is dated at Oxford, 6th May 1644. Immediately thereafter he commenced the siege of Morpeth castle with such materials as he could command at the moment. This fortress, an important support to the army of the Covenant in the operations against York and Newcastle, Leven had garrisoned with five hundred men, under the command of

Lieutenant-Colonel James Somerville of Drum (tenth lord of that name), whom he had also supplied with artillery, and other means of placing the castle in a formidable posture of defence. Our hero, whose head-quarters at this time were at Newcastle, collecting, for the nonce, a considerable force of English troops from the garrison there, marched upon Morpeth about the 10th of May, accompanied by the Earl of Crawford. This was a bold move, considering the proximity of Leven with the great Scots army, and that Callendar was hovering on the borders, at the head of about seven thousand auxiliaries. Moreover, this siege was undertaken without a single great gun; and, consequently, the first attempt failed, with severe loss to the assailants. The mode of assault was simply by means of scaling ladders, twenty-four of which had been provided of the requisite length; each ladder being carried by six soldiers, accompanied by the forlorn hope appointed to scale the walls. At day-break, on the first morning after their march from Newcastle, this daring attempt was made. But Colonel Somerville, ably seconded by Captain John M'Culloch, and bravely supported by the garrison, received the assailants with so hot a fire, and a resistance so resolute and well sustained, that, although they succeeded in planting many of their ladders, and even in mounting them, they were tumbled over and driven back, after a fierce struggle of two hours, with the loss of one captain, three lieutenants, three ensigns, six serjeants, and forty soldiers, left dead under the walls; and double that number of officers and men placed *hors de combât* by wounds; while the garrison only lost two serjeants, five soldiers, and one drummer, killed, and a few wounded. Taught prudence by this severe repulse, the new Marquis set more deliberately to work. That same night, when darkness favoured the operations, ground was broken within half musket shot of the walls, a trench cut, and a breastwork thrown up all round the castle; a mode of beleaguring it which thereafter brought on various desperate struggles with the garrison, and some successful encounters with Welden's horse, which Leven had sent out by way of relieving the place. In the midst of these attacks in front and rear, Montrose contrived, by means of detaching some of his forces, to bring up six pieces of artillery from Newcastle, which he placed so judiciously, and defended from all

attacks so obstinately, that in a few days the castle was nearly reduced to ruins, and a breach accomplished through which it might be easily stormed. The Marquis then humanely offered the shattered garrison the alternative of a capitulation. The white flag at length appeared on the ruins of Morpeth Castle; and the gallant Captain M'Culloch, somewhat in ruins himself, having been severely wounded in the neck by the thrust of a pike, was deputed by the governor, also suffering from a wound on his head, to hold a parley with their noble assailant. What passed between them we are now enabled to record from the gallant Captain's own deposition, emitted, not many days after the event, before a committee of Estates in Edinburgh. On the 8th of June 1644, Captain John M'Culloch—

"Declares, that, he being sent out of Morpeth Castle to parley with Montrose, in the argument used by the said Earl of Montrose to the deponer, to move him to give up the house, he said that the deponer need not expect help from the General, and Scots army about York, because they were surprised by a sally out of York, and eight thousand men killed to them; and that they had more need of men themselves, than to send their men to them; that as for Waldoun, he should *take order with him;* as he did indeed that night;[1] and as for supply from Scotland, they need expect none; for the Marquis of Huntly was eight thousand men in the fields; and four thousand men rising in the Isles; and that they had sent Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who was adjutant, to Ireland, to bring over fifteen thousand men, to be landed either in the west of Scotland or in Cumberland; and as for the Earl of Callendar's approach, we need not expect help from him; for he was only engaged to be Lieutenant-General within the kingdom of Scotland, and would not advance to England; and the reason of his acceptation of that place was *only for saving of his estate;* and yet for all that, when he saw his own time, he was confident he would prove *an honest man.*[2]

"Having questioned the Earl of Montrose the reason of his incoming to Dumfries, and invasion of this kingdom, the said

[1] Probably the Colonel Welden mentioned in the foregoing letter, p. 393. Montrose successfully defeated all attacks on his rear.

[2] Callendar, in fact, accepted what Montrose had rejected. See before, p. 382.

Earl declared to the deponer that he had assurance from the Earl of Hartfell of his assistance, and raising of the country in his favour; but the said Earl of Hartfell deceived him, having promised from day to day to draw up his men, and yet did nothing, but proved the traitor; and further, he said he thought to have betrayed him, by drawing him to his house.

"And the deponer having ended his discourse with the Earl of Montrose, the Earl of Crawford came to him and said, that the Scots army, and soldiers, and the deponer himself, were blinded upon a *specious pretext of religion;* but that Hamilton and Argyle intended nothing but the ruin of the King and his posterity; and this was also affirmed by the Earl of Montrose; and they both affirmed that all this business was plotted by Duke Hamilton fourteen years ago, and spoke something of *Germany* to that effect:[1] And declares, that, the deponer opposing Crawford in his affections, Sir James Leslie came to them, and did swear a great oath that the Marquis of Argyle was *absolute King of Scotland;* and that his cousin, General Leslie, was *Prince:* And this he declares to be of verity, as he shall answer to God."[2]

The result was, that the governor of the castle, after defending it to extremity, capitulated on these honourable terms;—that the officers were to be allowed to march out with their arms and baggage; the soldiers in like manner, only bearing staves instead of their arms; and all on their parole "never again to take up arms against the King." These articles being subscribed, Morpeth Castle was delivered into the hands of the Marquis towards the end of May, after a severe siege, which lasted many days, and occasioned more loss to Montrose than he ever experienced upon any other occasion.[3] On the day of

[1] Alluding to Lord Reay's impeachment of Hamilton in 1631, which was quashed by Charles himself, in order to save him. See before, p. 361.

[2] *Original;* Depositions taken before a Committee of Estates at Edinburgh, in the months of May, June, and July 1644: *Montrose Charter-room.*

This same Captain John M'Culloch was executed for high treason, in 1666, after the battle of Pentland.

[3] Montrose lost in this affair, besides many wounded, one major, three captains, three lieutenants, four ensigns, and a hundred and eighty soldiers; and expended two hundred cannon shot. This on the authority of the governor's son, who wrote a prolix account of the siege in his "Memorie of the Somervilles."

the capitulation he entertained the governor and four of his captains at dinner within the dilapidated fortress; and with the utmost rigour enforced against his English troops, who had commenced to pillage the soldiers of the garrison, his own humane stipulations in their favour. He then destroyed what remained of the fortifications, having no means of holding the place for the King, and returned in triumph to Newcastle, after an exploit which, although very slightly noticed by Dr Wishart, is certainly not among the least of his performances. The covenanting authorities in Edinburgh were much exasperated by the news; and within a very few days after the fall of Morpeth, the governor and his principal officers were rendering an account of their proceedings to the usual inquisitorial committees there. Meanwhile the victorious Marquis proceeded to reduce another smaller but important fortress at the mouth of the Tyne, and to provision Newcastle, while still holding the faithless Callendar and his seven thousand men in check, and watching his own opportunity to raise the standard in Scotland. Baillie, writing from London in the month of June 1644, says, "The *delay* of Callendar's incoming so long, has given time to the Marquis of Montrose to *make havoc* of the northern counties, which will make the siege of Newcastle the harder."

It was in the midst of these energetic and successful operations, and while constantly struggling against difficulties cast in his way by those jealous loyalists who ought to have aided him to the uttermost, that an event occurred which threw both York and Newcastle into the hands of the Solemn League and Covenant, and hastened the crisis of that career in Scotland, which has rendered the name of Montrose so famous in the history of human conflicts. At the close of the month of June, two peremptory orders, not from his own superior, Prince Maurice, but from "*Robert le Diable*" himself, compelled him to forego all his own plans, and hasten to join the hot-spurred prince. If Prince Rupert, says Guthrie, "had lingered till Montrose's arrival, who hastened towards him with the men he had drawn together in the north of England, he had been much the stronger; but, before Montrose could reach him, he engaged in battle." It was the battle of Marston-moor, fought on the 2d of July 1644. Rupert and Newcastle dispute the honour of

having occasioned that fatal defeat. Montrose had already pronounced the latter to be "slow." The hero of the English cavaliers has been accused of being too fast. Between those opposite qualities they contrived to ruin the King. The selfish, luxurious Cavendish lost heart with that battle, if he ever had one, and immediately provided for his own personal safety by quitting the kingdom. A meaner retirement does not discredit the peerage of England. In a subsequent reign he contrived to obtain a dukedom, nobody cares how. Apologetic memoirs were compiled for him by a great lady, nobody cares who. Perhaps it was "Captain Francis Dalzell, whom Carnwath called his daughter." The Lord of Welbeck and Bolsover is now best remembered by a treatise on horsemanship, a type of himself, imperial, gorgeous, and useless, which nobody reads, and by which nobody rides.

The game was up in the north of England, and Montrose knew it. "Give me a thousand of your horse, and I will cut my way into the heart of Scotland," he said to Rupert, whom he joined the day after the great disaster. The fiery prince stripped him of all the troops he brought, and, to use the noble adventurer's very words, "left me abandoned." We shall presently have his own account of the whole affair. Meanwhile, his high-hearted endurance, his indomitable dispositions, we are enabled to illustrate by some recently recovered scraps of his correspondence, both with friends and enemies, at this particular crisis. The following is to his well-beloved President Spottiswoode, at Oxford,—the pith lying in the postscript.

"RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND MOST LOVING FRIEND: We have been so particular in our information, that I have left myself nothing to say, excepting that I must still declare unto you, under my hand, how far I am

"Your most faithful and affectionate

"Friend and Servant,

"MONTROSE."

"Preston, 15 July 1644."

"I pray remember me to all friends, and in particular good Mr Porter; and shew from me all that has passed. I hope,

with God's grace, you shall hear some *good news from us anon.*
" *Turn the leaf.*"

" The Marquis of Huntly was once very strong; and, as I am certainly informed, above five thousand horse and foot: But business was unhappily carried; and they all disbanded as misfortunately as heretofore, without stroke stricken.[1]

" Traquair is coying upon the border; but takes no notice of me, nor none of the King's party; and, as I am certainly informed, has solicited for his peace; and his son (Lord Linton) has undertaken a regiment with the rebels."[2]

The next letter is addressed " For the right honourable the Lord Fairfax," who commanded at this time for the Parliament in Yorkshire, having under him his son, Sir Thomas Fairfax, now just rising into his melancholy distinction. This last had recently routed and captured, at Selby, Colonel, afterwards Lord Bellasis, son of Lord Falconbridge, a soldier highly esteemed among the ranks of the cavaliers. In exchange for this valuable prisoner, Montrose is here offering a Mr Darly, whom we find mentioned by Baillie as one of the English commissioners to the General Assembly. The ingenuity with which he enhances the value of his article of exchange, and the graceful *bonhommie* with which he intimates his willingness still to be considered debtor, and his intention to clear scores with interest " ere long," is very characteristic :—

" My Lord :—I received your Lordship's return; wherewithal you must pardon me not to rest satisfied, since I conceive no such disproportion as your Lordship is pleased to pretend; Mr Darly being *a parliament man*, and one that hitherto has been much employed, and very useful to your party; and the other only in the degree of a colonel. But admit the odds: If your Lordship will dispute it, the difference shall be made up:

[1] This refers to the ill-directed and worse than useless rising of Huntly in the north of Scotland at this time, which sacrificed the gallant Gordon of Haddo. He was executed, by the Kirk Government, four days after the date of the above letter, namely, upon the 19th of July 1644.

[2] *Original*, Spottiswoode Charter-chest. The " information," alluded to in the letter, if written, has not been discovered. It was probably of the nature of the Instructions given to Lord Ogilvy, which will be found in another page.

If, otherwise, you will be rather gallantly pleased to make it *a courtesy*, a very *thankful and acceptable return* shall, I hope ere long, be rendered by, my Lord, your Lordship's very humble servant,

"MONTROSE."[1]

"22 July 1644."

In less than a month after the date of this letter, Fairfax thus writes to Leven, enclosing Montrose's intercepted dispatches, which tell a very different tale as to his resources and prospects. It is remarkable that the writer does not name the distinguished enemy with whom he had so recently been in communication, and whose noble friend and aide-de-camp it was who had thus unfortunately been made prisoner.

"MY LORD:—I did yesternight receive some letters from Sir John Meldrum, and some of my officers in Lancashire. They shew that God continues his mercy and favour to our cause, in giving a defeat to the forces under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the Lord Byron, and my Lord Molyneux; the latter of which is thought to be slain, or wounded dangerously. The victory seems to be got upon Thursday last, about Halford. He conceives the enemy lost about one thousand horse, three hundred and sixty troopers, besides a colonel of horse, two or three captains; and twelve gentlemen of great estates in that country, and all of them papists, taken prisoners. The Lord Ogilvy, and Colonel *Mintis* or *Innes*,[2] are on their way to Hull. He conceives Sir John Hurry killed; Colonel Tillesley also. I hear by Colonel Schuttilworth, a very gallant young gentleman who took the Lord Ogilvy, that a thousand pounds is promised by the Estates of Scotland for reward.[3] He hath sent to me

[1] *Original*, British Museum; Sloane MSS. That Colonel Bellasis was the subject of the correspondence, is sufficiently proved by the Instructions to Lord Ogilvy, at p. 409.

[2] It was *Colonel Innes*, who is mentioned in the letter from John Macbrayr, quoted before. As for Sir John Hurry, he lived to join the Covenanters; to be drubbed back into loyalty by Montrose; to become his major-general; and (the highest honour he attained) to be hanged along with him. Neither was Sir Thomas Tillesley killed upon this occasion; he fell when Lord Derby was defeated at Wigan, in 1651.

[3] This was Argyle's doing. See before, p. 246.

to desire your Excellency's favour to procure it for him. I have herein enclosed some papers found about the Lord Ogilvy. They are the copies of them; the originals I keep for some safe hand. He writes that twelve colours of horse were taken in the fight. Prince Rupert is drawing all his forces out of Wales, to make a strong body against us. My son takes care for sending troops with the cloth and money.—I remain, my Lord,

"Your Excellency's most humble Servant,

"FERDINANDO FAIRFAX." [1]

"York, 15 August 1644."

Along with this letter, very recently recovered, we are also so fortunate as to be able to produce three documents which had been enclosed in it for the covenanting commander, being the copies of the papers to which Lord Fairfax alludes, as having been found on the person of Lord Ogilvy. They contain, for the information of the unfortunate King, who never received them, Montrose's own account of the chief causes of his present failure, which he had written in haste on three separate scraps of paper. Even his faithful chronicler, Dr Wishart, seems not to have been aware that the Marquis ventured to commit to writing his instructions to Lord Ogilvy; and their re-appearance now, for the first time after the lapse of more than two centuries, was hardly to have been expected.

I.

"*Instructions for the Lord Ogilvy.*

1. "Your Lordship is to make the narrative of your repair to his Majesty; to make him acquainted, from us, of the whole

[1] The following, from Rushworth's Collections, vol. v. p. 745, seems to prove that Lord Fairfax, in the above letter, had referred indiscriminately to two different affairs, occurring in Lancashire about the same date:—

"The Lord Ogleby (a Scotch Lord) and Lieutenant-Colonel Huddleston, marching towards Latham-house, August 15th 1644, with about four hundred horse, fell upon a party of the Parliament's, under Colonel Doddington, at Ribble-bridge, near Preston in Lancashire, and had utterly routed them, had not Colonel Shuttleworth (who quartered near) come to their assistance, who then charged the Lord Ogleby so desperately with their united strength, that his troops were broken, his Lordship and Lieutenant-Colonel Huddleston, and several others, taken prisoners. But of Doddington's men, twelve only carried away prisoners, and several slain."

track and passages of the occasion of his service touching Scotland, and our endeavours in it; that his Majesty may be truly informed of our diligence, and that nothing has holden at us: Nothing has been performed to us, neither in what was promised nor otherwise.

2. "You are to inform his Majesty of all the particulars that stumbled his service; as of the carriage of Hartfell, Annandale, Morton, Roxburgh, and Traquair; who refused his Majesty's commission; and debauched our officers; doing all that in them lay to discountenance the service, and all who were engaged in it.

3. "Your Lordship is seriously to represent the notable miscarriages of the Earls of Crawford and Nithsdale; how often they crossed the business, and went about to abuse us who had undertaken it, to the great scandal and prejudice of the service.[1]

4. "You are to shew his Majesty the course we have taken, as the only probable way left for his service,—though *very desperate for ourselves:* And let him know, that, if the conveniency of his affairs could suffer it, with a very little supply of force, much might be done, if not all that his Majesty desired: But therein you are to carry yourself according as you find the condition of affairs when you come there, and press it less or more.

5. "Your Lordship will make all your addresses by the Lord

[1] The Scotch peers, here so unfavourably reported to their Sovereign, are,—1. James Johnston of Johnston, created Lord Johnston of Lochwood in 1633, and Earl of Hartfell in 1643. See the lecture read him by Warriston, p. 229. Between such tuition and much royal favour, he proved treacherous to Montrose, worse than useless to the King, and yet so little useful to the Covenanters that he was imprisoned by them for seeming to incline too much to the royal cause. 2. James Murray, second and last Earl of Annandale of that race. 3. William seventh Earl of Morton. 4. Robert first Earl of Roxburgh. 5. John first Earl of Traquair, of whom before, p. 323. 6. The "loyal Earl of Crawford;" whose honours were usurped by Lord Lindsay of the Byres. 7. Robert, eighth Lord Maxwell, and first Earl of Nithsdale. Montrose had attempted to organize a powerful scheme, for recovering Scotland, by means of royal commissions, subordinate to his own, to these and other noblemen in their respective localities; but their ruinous jealousy induced them for the most part to reject these commissions in a disrespectful and disloyal manner; as we shall immediately find was done by Lord Carnwath, with regard to Clydesdale.

Digby,—on whom you must seem absolutely to rely,—and so to the King.[1]

6. "You are to desire some blank commissions to use upon occasion; and represent the injustice done to Haddo, and to those who have suffered in that kind.[2]

7. "Your Lordship will inform and ply those about the King, friends and others, very particularly, touching all that has passed in the business.

8. "You are to do in this, or further, as occasion may require, and as your Lordship shall think fit; and be advised by Sir William Fleming,[3] and Sir Robert Spottiswoode.

9. "You are to call Sir William Fleming as witness still to that you are to represent to his Majesty.

10. "You are to represent, particularly, our base usage by these counties.[4]

11. "Whatever shall befal, your Lordship is to make all possible haste and dispatch, and to stay for nothing; but be sure within a month, or five weeks at furthest, to fall in with what force, less or more, that possibly you can; direct two or three confidential persons before you; *severally*, lest some be intercepted; that may give us notice how all has gone, and

[1] George Lord Digby was Secretary of State; and it was principally with him that Montrose had arranged his scheme at Oxford.

[2] Gordon of Haddo and some others were mercilessly executed at the fiat of Argyle, upon the 19th of July 1644, because of their rising with Huntly, to whom Argyle was opposed in the north.

[3] Brother to the Earl of Wigton; and Montrose's cousin. See before, p. 391.

[4] This refers to the counties in the north of England, wherein, even among professing loyalists, Montrose declares he "could not so much as find quartering for our own person." He had particularly to complain of Sir Richard Graham of Esk; who was not a scion of his own house, but had risen, through royal bounty, from being an obscure retainer of Buckingham, into wealth and distinction, in Cumberland. Wishart tells us that he was one whom his Majesty's "mistaken bounty had raised *out of the dunghill*, to say no worse, unto the honour of knighthood, and an estate even to the envy of his neighbours." Wishart's expressions might be thought too severe; but we find the very same used by the Earl of Nithsdale, in a letter dated from Carlisle, 2d May 1643, in which he speaks of the treacherous disloyalty of "good Sir Richard Graham, and a number of round-heads in these parts;" and adds, that he had become head of the puritans there, "as in acquittal to your Lady for raising him *out of the dunghill*." This letter is to the Earl of Antrim, whose Countess was widow of the favourite, Buckingham.—*Ormond Papers.*

what we have to expect, that we may put ourselves in some frame to be *all aloft at once*, against your return.

"MONTROSE."

II.

1. "You will be pleased to use all means with the Lord Digby, the Earl of Forth, Master Porter, Master Ashburnham, and all other friends, for the release of Colonel Bellasis.[1]

2. "That his Majesty be solicited particularly for Prince Maurice's repair to Scotland; and that the Lord Digby be seriously dealt with all; and all means be used for that effect."

III.

1. "The *possibility* of the business, had it been done in time, evidently does appear by that, at the least, which we have done; which shews clearly that his Majesty hath formerly been but betrayed by those whom he trusted.

2. "With what good reason we did undertake it; since, if any point of the capitulation had been observed to us,—as money, supplies from Newcastle, arms and ammunition from Denmark, Antrim fallen in the country himself with a thousand men, and much of that kind,—we could *easily* have done the business. Nay, though *nothing* was held good to us, yet we could easily have effected it notwithstanding, had either we not staid at Dumfries, or had we retreated towards Stirling; whereas we went to Carlisle: And (show) by *whose means* all that befell.[2]

3. "That till we were called away by the Prince (Rupert), by two peremptory orders, from off the Borders, Callendar did not come in; nor *could not*, so long as we had stayed. And how, when we came to the Prince, his occasions forced him to make use of the forces we brought alongst with us, and would not suffer him to supply us with others; so that we were left altogether abandoned; and could not so much as find quartering *for our own person* in these counties.

[1] See before, p. 404.

[2] Referring particularly to the manner in which he had been deceived by the border Earl of Hartfell, as he also complained to Captain M'Culloch.

4. " Forget not to shew how feasible the business *is yet*, and and the reason thereof, if right courses be taken."[1]

And now Montrose, so recently at the head of an army sufficient to hold Callendar at bay on the borders, to destroy the castle of Morpeth and the fort of Tyne, and to " make havoc" in the northern counties, suddenly disappeared, army and all, as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. No sooner had he placed these ill-fated dispatches into the hands of Lord Ogilvy, to whom was also confided the secret of his immediate plans, than, to the great anxiety of his friends, and somewhat to the alarm of his enemies, he seemed to vanish. Meanwhile his noble aid-de-camp, and a few Scottish cavaliers made prisoners along with him, were first sent to Hull, and from thence to the leaguer of old Leven. This last, recovered from the false alarm which tarnished his ancient fame with an inglorious flight from the battle-field of Marston-moor, had retraced his steps to lay siege to Newcastle. No sooner was Montrose withdrawn, than Callendar—but still " only for saving of his estate"—joined forces with the covenanting General-in-chief. To their united strength Newcastle submitted, in the month of October 1644. Within its walls were found the Earl of Crawford, who had commanded in the castle; Lord Reay, the original impeacher of Hamilton; Lord Maxwell, Nithsdale's eldest son; and the celebrated chaplain of Montrose. These, along with Lord Ogilvy, were all consigned to a wretched and squalid incarceration in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, with excommunication, forfeiture, and death in prospect. Against the far-descended Earl of Crawford, whose long coveted honours Lord Lindsay of the Byres was about to assume (as his reward from " the Dic-

[1] Montrose's career in Scotland, from September 1644 to September 1645, without aid from the King, or any support, or even fair dealing, from the peers of Scotland who professed to be loyal, is the best commentary on this last article. These very interesting Instructions, so germane to the matter of Montrose's great adventure, have never entered history, and were only recently brought to light. Mr M'Kinlay of Whitehaven, an intelligent historical antiquary, kindly transmitted to me a *contemporary* copy of Lord Fairfax's letter to Leven, with a copy of Montrose's Instructions annexed. I afterwards discovered a somewhat fuller contemporary copy of the same, seemingly more accurate, among the MSS. of the Advocates' Library.

tator"), the further indignity was perpetrated, of being conducted on foot, and bare-headed, through the High Street of Edinburgh to the tolbooth. In that durance vile they remained, their lives not worth an hour's purchase, until unexpectedly released by Montrose himself after the battle of Kilsyth. This, while it affords a striking commentary upon the sadly disappointing demeanour of "the loyal Earl of Crawford," proved a noble revenge for him whose brighter loyalty he had aided to neutralize. It was in no acrimonious spirit, in sorrow more than in anger, that Montrose had thus reported to the King. His was not the disposition, and certainly it was the reverse of his interest, to calumniate the loyal peers of Scotland. Nor would the rising hope of the house of Airlie, the gallant and high-minded Ogilvy, have condescended to be the bearer of such tales to his Sovereign, had they not been true. And here may be said to commence the epoch of unflinching self-sacrifice in the life of the deserted nobleman who had been constrained to prefer such bitter complaints. He hints at the only course remaining for his Majesty's service, so far as entrusted to him; a course from which he will not turn aside, "though very desperate for ourselves." The fearful ruin in which he and all whom he loved, were ere long involved, seems mirrored in that sentence. That which otherwise might have ranked no higher than the vain ebullition of a Quixotic spirit, must now strike the mind as belonging to the sublime in the history of human achievements. We have only to trace the hero through six remaining years of his life,—very desperate indeed for himself, but rendered for ever famous by his sword, and thus glorified by his pen,—

"As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign *alone;*
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

CHAPTER XXII.

MONTROSE PASSES INTO SCOTLAND IN DISGUISE—REMAINS CONCEALED AT TULLIBELTON—ASCERTAINS THE STATE OF PARTIES IN SCOTLAND—DESCENT OF M'COLL KEITACH ON THE WEST COAST—HIS PROCEEDINGS—TIDINGS OF HIS ARRIVAL REACH MONTROSE, WHO HASTENS TO JOIN HIM—MONTROSE RAISES THE STANDARD IN THE BLAIR OF ATHOLE—IS JOINED BY SOME OF THE CLANS—DETERMINES TO LEAD THEM AGAINST THE ARMY IN THE LOW COUNTRY—REASONS FOR NOT TURNING UPON ARGYLE AT THIS TIME—DIFFERENT ARMIES OF THE COVENANT—INFERIOR CONDITION OF THE FORCES UNDER MONTROSE—EXTRAORDINARY TRANSITIONS IN HIS LOYAL CAREER—MARCHES UPON PERTH—HIS CHALLENGE TO ARGYLE—HIS DECLARATION TO THE COUNTRY.

It was on or about the 18th of August 1644, that a retainer of Sir Richard Graham's met some of Leven's troopers, as he supposed, travelling in Cumberland towards the border. The party consisted of three individuals, one acting as groom, mounted on a very sorry nag, and leading another which might well be called a spare horse. The Cumberland man, having satisfied himself that these were soldiers of the Covenant, told them in confidence, and by way of apology for his close inspection, that he was employed to watch the borders, and furnish intelligence of any royalists passing into Scotland—a spy, in short, upon the movements of the missing Montrose. Shaking off this inquisitor, the three travellers soon thereafter encountered a Scotch soldier who had served under the Marquis of Newcastle. Passing those in front without notice, this individual at once addressed their follower, with great respect, and by a very imposing title, which the latter did his best to disown. However, says the contemporary narrator of the anecdote, "the too officious soldier would not be so put off; but, with a voice and countenance full of humility and duty, began to cry out,—'What! do I not know my Lord Marquis of Montrose well enough? Go your way, and God be with you wherever you

go.' When he saw it was in vain to conceal himself from this man, he gave him a few crowns and sent him away; nor did the soldier betray him afterwards."[1] It was in fact Montrose disguised as a groom. But the "quick and piercing grey eye," and the "singular grace in riding," could not escape the observation of the old campaigner.

His two companions, in this most perilous adventure, were Major, afterwards Sir William Rollo, and Colonel Sibbald. The former, a brave and excellent soldier, but afflicted with lameness from his birth, was a younger brother of the laird of Duncruib, to which last our readers have been already introduced in his double character of brother-in-law to Montrose, and the same to Argyle. When our hero first addressed himself to the Marquis of Newcastle at Durham, he there found his present companion rejoicing in the title of "Captain Mr William Rollock, captain of General King's life-guard of horse." But the style of that commander being too "slow," even for a cavalier with a club-foot, the captain was easily induced to transfer his services, and become "Major with the Earl of Montrose."[2] His other companion was Colonel Sibbald, the same whom he once placed in command of Airlie castle, from whence he was so unceremoniously ejected by the Dictator.

Montrose now hastened onwards through the south of Scotland, passing his own homes and territories, in the shires of Perth and Angus, without disclosing himself to his countess, his children, or any of his relatives, until he reached the house of Tullibelton, near the Tay, between Perth and Dunkeld. "He spared not horse-flesh," says his chaplain, until he attained that comparatively safe quarter, which he did on the 22d of August, after four days hard riding from Carlisle, providentially without detection. "It may be thought," says his friend Patrick Gordon of Ruthven, "that God Almighty sent his good angel to lead the way; for he went, as if a cloud had environed him, through all his enemies." The place of his temporary concealment was a country mansion belonging to his old curator, Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, the elder. This distinguished cadet of his house we have already recorded

[1] Wishart, who must have had the story from Montrose himself.

[2] *Original*, Deposition of Major John Erskine: *Montrose Charter-room.*

in a previous chapter; where he is disclosed, about eighteen years before this fearful crisis, arranging the ingenuous youth's cherished library of history and romance, in his then peaceful and joyous castle of Kincardine, " in my Lord his Lordship's cabinet;" doubtless one of those so rudely handled by Lord Sinclair. Inchbrakie's eldest son, Patrick the younger, who went by the name of " black Pate," had been his companion in boyhood, and was now selected for his confidant, and most active aid-de-camp, in this daring and romantic adventure. The situation of Tullibelton, not far from his own domains to the south, and his favourite haunt of " ancient Keir,"—where some anxious hearts had long been looking for his advent,—with that stronghold of loyalty, the braes of Athole, a little to the north, was the best he could have chosen, both for information from all quarters, and for immediate action in either direction, as the star of his fortune might lead.

Even in this retreat, however, he was obliged to keep himself closely concealed; haunting the lonely hills while darkness prevailed, and returning by daylight to hide in a small cottage near the mansion of his host, or to wander in the wood of Methven, which lay to the south, between Tullibelton and Perth. Meanwhile he had sent his two travelling companions on a mission, to acquaint Lord Napier, and the rest of his family circle who could be trusted, that he had reached the north in safety; also to gather intelligence of the present state of parties, ever changing, and especially as to the strength of Huntly benorth the Grampians. These returned to him after a few days, with tidings by no means encouraging. Ruinous fines, imprisonment, and death, was the certain portion of every honest and active loyalist that fell into the hands of the Committee of Estates. That vicious institution was now wielding the whole powers of the executive, under the military despotism of Argyle; who, moreover, was affecting a martial character in proportion to his political success, and powerful following. Huntly had fled before him, as Montrose truly said, " without a stroke stricken," into the wilds of Strathnaver, the western portion of Caithness, and the most inaccessible district of the Highlands. There the chief of the gay Gordons sought refuge in the deserted house of Lord Reay, chief of the Mackays, himself at this time besieged in

Newcastle along with the Earl of Crawford and other friends of Montrose, including his chaplain Dr Wishart. Family circumstances had aided in placing Huntly's gallant son, Lord Gordon, under the control of his uncle Argyle, from whom he had been constrained to accept of a military command; Haddo was executed; Irvine of Drum in exile, and his sons in prison; in short, the "barons' reign" in the north was completely broken, and all the loyal spirits there depressed and discomfited.

Such were the deplorable tidings with which his emissaries returned to their anxious leader, at the latter end of August 1644. But his heart failed him not, and his spirit soared as his fortunes seemed to sink. He looked to the Grampians, and bethought him of the Gael. No chieftain, of the purest breed that ever wore a badge of brackens, was a better mountaineer than the Graham. His own romantic estates, and those of the nobleman who had been to him as a father, had rendered his boyhood familiar with mountain and flood:

> "Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
> He knew through Lennox and Menteith;
> Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
> And not a sob his toil confess;
> And scarce the doe, though wing'd with fear,
> Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer."[1]

He well knew, moreover, the history and habits of those independent tribes who had obtained the characteristic appellation of "Redshanks." Disorganized as the clans had become, he could yet appreciate the value of their combined ardour in such a cause as the support of their native King, dethroned by an ungrateful and oppressive subject. Charles was by them regarded as the chief of Scotland; and MacCailinmhor was but the head of that once inferior race of the Gael, the vast encroachments of whose selfish policy had done, and was doing, so much to destroy the independence of the Highlands. Accordingly, when Montrose found that the chivalry of the Gordons had utterly failed him, and, by the arts of Argyle, was

[1] Lord Napier inherited one-fourth of the whole Earldom of the Lennox, with the fishings, and some of the islands of Loch Lomond; and also the great barony of Rusky in Menteith.

even in some measure turned against the Sovereign, his indomitable spirit addressed its hopes towards those who were wont to rise, and rush like their torrents, at the summons of the cross of fire.

Nor was he long condemned to lead the life of an outlaw. It was the 18th of August when he disappeared from Carlisle, and that month had not elapsed ere circumstances occurred which determined him to be up and doing.

Early in the month of July 1644, while Montrose was still lingering in the north of England with Prince Rupert, after the battle of Marston-moor, Alexander Macdonald, better known by the corrupted patronymic *Colkitto*, effected a descent upon the west coast of Scotland, at Ardnamurchan. He had gathered from Ireland and the isles, a small fleet, and about twelve hundred Scoto-Irish, miserably appointed. This was the whole result of Antrim's promises at York, and negotiations in Ireland. But Macdonald brought with him the prestige of an herculean frame, well tried in war, and the stoutest of hearts intensely set against Argyle, who was at deadly feud with his family. He was the son of Coll Keitache MacGillespick Macdonald of Colonsay; *Keitache* being a word indicating the accomplishment of using the sword with equal dexterity in either hand. This quality was inherited by old Coll's more celebrated son, whose proper name was Allaster, or Alexander MacColl, Keitache, Macdonald. Moreover, he was a near cousin of the Earl of Antrim, who had put him up to this mode of at once serving the King, and avenging his family against the oppressor. Upon landing, however, he found himself rather in a scrape. Montrose had not entered Scotland. Huntly was not to be heard of. Seaforth (the *Signior Puritano* of the Plot), lord of Kintail and chief of the Mackenzies, although a great loyalist, was at this crisis doing as Callendar had done,—"but only for saving of his estate." He had most unexpectedly joined the covenanting party of Sutherland and Forbes, instead of preparing to support the royal standard. This was a severe cross; for the power of the Mackenzies prevailed in the north-west of Scotland, from Ardnamurchan to Strathnaver, and was only second to that of Argyle. Neither was the name of Allaster

Macdonald, with all its imposing adjuncts, of itself sufficient to rouse to action the enthusiastic loyalty of the clans. That was an achievement reserved for the name and presence of Montrose. Then the wily ruler of Scotland suddenly pounced upon the invader's little fleet, and left him without a boat in which to re-embark. Argyle was also commissioned to raise an army at the expense of the country, and to go in person to crush this daring adventurer. At a most respectful distance was the ambidexter warrior watched, with a far superior force, by the chief of the Campbells. Foiled and hemmed in, Macdonald attacked Argyle's country with the desperate bravery for which he is celebrated rather than for the higher qualities of a military leader. He did more, however, than take a few strongholds, and waste the districts of the enemy. Aware of Montrose's high commission, though disappointed in the expectation of joining him, he tried to rouse the country in his name. To the covenanting committee of Moray, he sent a charge, commanding all subjects capable of bearing arms, within that country, to rise and follow the King's Lieutenant, Montrose, under the usual penalty of fire and sword. This was eloquently enforced by means of a swift messenger bearing the fiery cross; that is to say, a cross of wood, every point whereof was seamed and scathed with fire. When the committee received this significant symbol, they passed it on in haste and terror to the committee of Aberdeen, who staid its further progress, and transmitted the alarming intelligence to head quarters at Edinburgh. The Argyle government acted with great energy. The national summons by the fiery cross was turned against the invader; and, in name of the Estates, every man between sixteen and sixty, dwelling on the north side of the Grampians, was commanded to convene in arms at Aberdeen, before the end of August. With Argyle at his heels, or pretending to be so, and deprived of the means of escaping by sea, Macdonald and his band seemed in the very jaws of destruction, when fortune unexpectedly favoured the brave. The following incident we must give in the words of Patrick Gordon of Ruthven, since he tells us that it "came from the mouth" of Montrose himself.

"As he (Montrose) was one day in Methven wood, staying for the night, because there was no safe travelling by day, he

became transported with sadness, grief, and pity, to see his native country thus brought into miserable bondage and slavery, through the turbulent and blind zeal of some preachers, and now persecuted by the unlawful and ambitious ends of some of the nobility; and so far had they already prevailed that the event was much to be feared, and, by good patriots ever to be lamented; and therefore, in a deep grief and unwonted ravishment, he besought the Divine Majesty, with watery eyes and a sorrowful heart, that his justly kindled indignation might be appeased, and his mercy extended, the curse removed, and that it might please Him to make him, Montrose, an humble instrument, therein, to his holy and divine Majesty's greater glory:

"While he was in this thought, lifting up his eyes he beholds a man coming the way to St Johnston (Perth) with a fiery cross in his hand. Hastily stepping towards him, he enquired what the matter meant? The messenger told him, that Coll MacGillespick, for so was Alexander Macdonald called by the Highlanders, was entered in Athole with a great army of the Irish, and threatened to burn the whole country if they did not rise with him against the Covenant; and he (the messenger) was sent to advertise St Johnston, that all the country might be raised to resist him."

This hint, it is added, sufficed to direct Montrose's movements. But a more decisive one reached him about the same time, according to no less authentic contemporary authority. Macdonald had announced his condition to him, in a letter addressed to Carlisle. This, by a happy accident, was brought to his friend "black Pate," as the best post-man for the occasion; he who delivered it never dreaming that the object of that anxious missive was close at hand. Of course it was not sent to Carlisle.

Our hero hastened to share the fate of those whom he had been chiefly instrumental in bringing into their present predicament; and the plan he adopted was a stroke of genius. The loyal clans he knew to be capable of great deeds, when roused by a skilful application to their peculiar character. His first step, then, was to take the Highlanders by surprise, and in a manner that may be called dramatic, so as to communicate the electric spark to their ardent and romantic dispositions. Ac-

cordingly, he answered Macdonald's letter as if it had been received at Carlisle, and sent him orders to march without delay upon Athole, where the King's Lieutenant would meet him ere long. The rendezvous was well chosen. It was the district in which, as in the braes of Angus, the oppression of Argyle had been most severely felt, and where a corresponding admiration of Montrose was cherished. The order was immediately obeyed with renewed hope and energy. Macdonald made himself master of the castle of the Blair of Athole, and maintained himself in that stronghold, awaiting the event.

But the cancer of the Covenant had extended so far into the loyalty of the land, that the men of Athole were not ready to rise with the son of Coll Keitache. Montrose's friend, the loyal Earl of Athole, unfortunately had died in the month of June 1642; and the Stewarts, and also the Robertsons, were in arms professedly at least for "the country." This was under the pressure of the Argyle government, from which neither Huntly nor Montrose had as yet been able to relieve them. They had not much objection to the castle of the Blair being wrested from the covenanting government. But they looked askance at the warrior who had performed the feat, and were disposed to treat him as a foreign invader. So far did this feeling prevail, that the two little armies, despite their common cause, and so much of a common origin that they were like Bran and his brother, were drawn up in battle array on two opposing hills; and, notwithstanding the exertions of some of Huntly's men from Badenoch to bring them to accord, seemed about to fight, when a sudden apparition arrested the attention of all.

The imposing figure of a "very pretty man," with a single attendant, came stalking through the heather, in the garb of old Gaul, with an air that indicated the habit of commanding. He at once made his address to the gigantic leader of the forlorn Irish; and the wild halleluiahs, and salvos of musketry, with which the new comer was presently hailed by Macdonald and his followers, amazed the Athole men on the opposite hill, and made them stand to their arms. An angel it could not well be, for he had no wings; and a chief it was not, for he had no tail. It required, however, no very close inspection for these High-

landers to discover their old friend, the Graham, and his cousin "black Pate;" this last, indeed, being their especial favourite, and so christened by themselves. The two had walked together some score of miles across the hills from Tullibelton, to raise in Athole the standard of the Stuarts. The *bon accord* was complete. The men of Athole, Stewarts and Robertsons, eight hundred strong, and Huntly's broken men from Badenoch, about three hundred, regarded Montrose, with that royal commission in his hand, as God's vicegerent upon earth. The Scoto-Irish, consisting of twelve hundred caterans divided into three regiments, with a numerous and most melancholy camp-following of half-naked, half-starved, women and children, already hailed in extacies the promised land, when the representative of Majesty, in their own presence, formally confirmed his commission as Major-General of all the royal forces in Scotland, to their beloved commander, who had led them through the wilderness, and was Moses indeed to them.

Our hero, who piqued himself upon never stirring in the royal cause without the written commands, and express commission of his Sovereign, and who would never abate a single iota of the authority and etiquette of his high credentials, now proceeded to raise the Standard, with all the pomp and solemnity of which existing circumstances would admit. The place he selected was a conspicuous elevation called the *Truidh*, near the castle of Blair, and about three quarters of a mile behind the modern house of Lude. This classic spot, the last Robertson who was laird of Lude marked by the erection of a small cairn; and the knoll is now clothed with a thriving plantation of some thirty years growth. It overlooks the strath of Athole, all Glenfender, and part of Glentilt.

Great was the joy with which the royal commission had been acknowledged. But the wild outcries that saluted the oriflamme of a long line of kings, roused echo from an hundred hills, and startled the deer in Glentilt. Montrose knew the value of the moment. It would scarcely have become the critical warrior who once, on the eve of battle, pronounced Cavendish "slow," himself to have hesitated now. Without a pause, he cast the royal banner abroad upon the breezes of the Tummel and the Garry,—suffered not a doubt to cross the minds of his

followers, or his own,—but, pointing with his pike southwards, to Loch Tummel and the Tay, gave the joyful word that set his wild mountaineers in motion, after just such an oration as we may express in the words of one who has entwined his own immortality with the hero's,—

> "When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe,
> His heart must be like bended bow,
> His foot like arrow free."

But why did he not double back into the Highlands, or go westward into Argyle's country, to do battle with the King of the Kirk, who was said to be in hot pursuit of the marauding Islesmen? It was only a few months before that Montrose had written to President Spottiswoode, how he intended "to make all possible dispatch to follow him (Argyle) at the heels in whatever posture we can." The event, however, proved that he now better understood the great game he was about to play. He was encompassed on all hands with well-appointed armies of the Covenant. Benorth the Grampians, Sutherland, Forbes, Seaforth, the Frasers and the Grants, were banded together against him. Argyle was understood to be following the track of Macdonald with all his own claymores—a splendid body of mountain warriors—and a formidable array of militia which the Estates had authorized him to levy. Then, besouth the Grampians, another great levy had been ordered, by the covenanting government, to be drawn from Montrose's own districts, of Perthshire, Angus and the Mearns, and also from Fife and Stirling. That strange mixture of rampant fanaticism and crest-fallen loyalty, was now congregated in force at Perth, or St Johnston as it was more frequently called. All these armies, most advantageously placed so as to environ the "common enemy," were in arms expressly for the purpose of crushing Montrose's attempt to raise Scotland against the League and Covenant. He was not as yet more than two thousand three hundred strong. Their bosoms were one, but their swords scarcely a thousand. Rusty battered matchlocks,—to which the oldest brown-Bess now on her death-bed in Britain would be a beauty,—were the weapons carried by the Irish. A good claymore was a luxury. A motley collection of pikes, clubs,

bows and arrows, shewing like an antiquary's museum, in some measure supplied the deficiency. But one-third of his little army was utterly destitute of other weapons than the stones they picked up on the field of battle; which seem, by the way, to be coming into repute again contemporaneously with the Minie rifle. As for cavalry, he possessed three horses, which Dr Wishart describes as being *omnino strigosos et emaciatos*—altogether skin and bone,—probably the very same whose flesh he had not spared between merry Carlisle and Tullibelton. Artillery, of course, he had none; and the amount of ammunition was discovered to be not more than a single round for all the muskets they could muster. Money, not a stiver. He knew better than to hunt Argyle through the Highlands in such a pickle as this. His turn would come, and the sons of Diarmed remember it for ever! He had to take a walk to the Lowlands to complete his commissariat, to get patterns of army-clothing, and to fill his military chest. His thoughts at this time were probably somewhat similar to the strain which Davie Gellatley chaunted a century later,—

> "There's nought in the Highlands but syboes and leeks,
> And lang-legged callants gaun wanting the breeks;
> Gaun wanting the breeks, and without hose or shoon,
> But we'll all win the breeks when King Jamie comes hame."

A lion beset by the hunters, at a glance he judged where to make his spring. He lashed his ire for an instant on the *Truidh* of Athole, then dashed at the heart of the country. "We must lick them at Perth before Argyle can come up,"—was his tactic. It was Napoleon's two centuries later. "Follow me to victory, and you, your wives and babes, shall have arms, ammunition, meat, money, and clothing,"—was his bribe and battle word.

It was rare sport. What a game before him! "I never had passion on earth,"—he himself wrote to the Prince of Wales ere the King was murdered,—"I never had passion on earth so great as that to do the King your father service." His life was like a magic mirror. He who within the last four months had been altogether aggregated to the English cavaliers; demolishing garrisoned castles in the Bishopric; charging and routing the Roundheads with Clavering's horse; now, corre-

sponding with Ferdinando Fairfax for an exchange of noble English prisoners; anon, curvetting at the side of the fiery Rupert himself, and teasing and aggravating crest-fallen royalty with the hopeless demand for *sabres, sabres*, wherewith to cut his way through the Covenant,—that same Hotspur of Scotland, as if by the wand of an enchanter, was suddenly transformed into a tartan chief, "cled in Highland weed;" crowing at the base of Ben-y-Vrackie like the muircock among her heather; a target on his shoulder, a pike in his hand; marching at the head of an uproarious host of swelling plaids and naked Redshanks; pouring down upon the plains of Athole; burning through the braes of the Menzieses; thrilling their pibroch proudly in Glen Almond; hanging their bonnets on the horns of the moon; and already devouring, in the throat of their hopes, all the promised luxuries of the glorious, fertile Tay, and the sad fair city of St Johnston.

Yet he failed not even now to look over his shoulder at King Campbell. He sent him a retaining fee, or rather a stomach-pill, which doubtless neither improved the obliquity of vision, nor of martial gait, with which Gillespick Gruamach was troubled.

"My Lord:—

"I wonder at your being in arms for defence of rebellion; yourself well knowing his Majesty's tenderness not only to the whole country, whose patron you would pretend to be, but to your own person in particular. I beseech you, therefore, to return to your allegiance, and submit yourself, and what belongs unto you, as to the grace and protection of your good King; who, as he hath hitherto condescended unto all things asked, though to the exceeding great prejudice of his prerogative, so still you may find him like an indulgent father, ready to embrace his penitent children in his arms, although he hath been provoked with unspeakable injuries. But if you shall still continue obstinate, I call God to witness that, through your own stubborness, I shall be compelled to endeavour to reduce you by force. So I rest your friend, if you please,

"Montrose."[1]

[1] Possibly the original of this letter is yet preserved in the Charter-room at Inverary. I find it, without a date, in a rare volume printed at Oxford in 1661, and

But it was not to Argyle alone that he issued this manifesto of the integrity of his principles, and his mission. As he never attacked a town or a castle without a preliminary summons, and constitutional warning,—so he never commenced a campaign, without addressing the public in a declaration of the same kind, carefully penned by himself. The original draft of that which he prepared for the present momentous crisis, has been preserved in the Napier charter-chest; and the interesting manuscript is headed by the royal and loyal insignia, rudely drawn with the pen, of which a fac-simile is presented below. After pointing to the "invincible necessity" by which "his sacred Majesty hath been at last constrained to set his service a-foot here in this kingdom," and to the malice and "desperate calumnies" with which his enemies "tax his sacred Majesty and brand his service,"—the "Declaration of the Right Honourable James Marquis of Montrose, his Excellency," goes on to say:

"Wherefore, to justify the duty, and conscience of his Majesty's service, and satisfy all his faithful and loyal-hearted subjects, I, in his Majesty's name and authority, solemnly declare, that the ground and intention of his Majesty's service here in this kingdom,—according to *our own* solemn and *national* oath and covenant,[1]—only is for the defence and maintenance of the true Protestant religion; his Majesty's just and sacred authority; the fundamental laws and privileges of Parliament; the peace and freedom of the oppressed and thralled subject; and that, in thus far, and no more, doth his Majesty require the service and assistance of his faithful and loving-hearted subjects; not wishing them longer to continue in their obedience, than he persisteth to maintain and adhere to those ends.

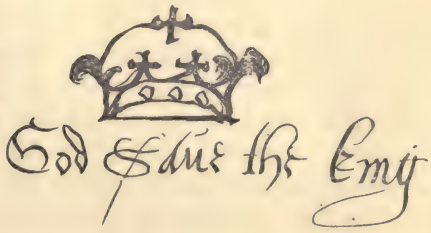
"And the farther yet to remove all possibility of scruple,—lest, whilst from so much duty and conscience I am protesting for the justice and integrity of his Majesty's service, I myself

entitled "Blood for Blood, or Murthers Revenged: by T. M., Esq." The letter is there stated to have been sent to Argyle by Montrose, before commencing his victorious career in Scotland. The context is consistent with that date. It has not been hitherto observed, or re-printed, that I am aware of.

[1] Montrose was always careful to distinguish between the Covenant which he took, and ever adhered to, and the Solemn League and Covenant with the Parliament of England, which so shamefully followed the King's settlement of Scotland in 1641.

should be unjustly mistaken, as no doubt I have hitherto been and still am,—I do again *most solemnly* declare, that, knew I not perfectly his Majesty's intention to be such, and so real, as is already expressed, I should never at all have embarked myself in this service: Nor, did I but see the least appearance of his Majesty's change from those resolutions, or any of them, should I ever continue longer my faithful endeavours in it. This, I am confident, will prove sufficient against all unjust and prejudicial malice; and be able to satisfy all true Christians, and loyal-hearted subjects and countrymen, who desire to serve their God, honour their Prince, and enjoy their own happy peace and quiet."

"MONTROSE."



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BATTLE OF TIPPERMUIR—BAILLIE'S LAMENT—PROCEEDINGS OF MONTROSE IN PERTH, AS DEPONED TO BY THE CIVIC AUTHORITIES—MARCHES INTO ANGUS—LORD KILPONT MURDERED BY STEWART OF ARDVOIRLICH—BAILLIE APPLAUDS THE DEED, AND ARGYLE PROMOTES THE ASSASSIN—ARGYLE SETS A PRICE ON MONTROSE'S HEAD—MONTROSE DEFEATS BURLEIGH AT ABERDEEN—REPULSES ARGYLE AND LOTHIAN AT FYVIE — SHAKES THEM OFF AT STRATHBOGIE — CHASES ARGYLE FROM DUNKELD—BAILLIE'S APOLOGY FOR ARGYLE—HE OBTAINS THE APPROBATION OF THE COMMITTEE OF ESTATES.

PERTH was not taken by surprise. The noblemen assembled in arms for its protection, chiefly great proprietors in the adjoining districts, were aware of the descent of Macdonald from Badenoch into Athole, and greatly feared he would not stop there. Jealous as some of them might be of the elevation of Montrose, they contemplated with anxiety the probable proceedings of the son of Coll Keitache, uncontrolled by the presence of that humane and high-minded nobleman, who was one of their own order and a neighbouring proprietor. They had taken the field, indeed, at the command of the Argyle government, and were understood to be in arms "for the country." But, sworn to no standard, they considered themselves merely in a necessary attitude of self-defence, incident to the revolutionary chaos in Scotland, and by no means compromised as regarded fealty to their Sovereign. So suddenly and secretly had our hero, by his presence and unquestionable credentials, added the essential element, of royal authority becomingly and safely represented, to this otherwise alarming invasion, that the noblemen at Perth knew not, until the last moment, that they were on the eve of being summoned to the royal standard by the Marquis of Montrose in person, in the name of King Charles. For many weeks King Campbell had been reported close at the heels of the marauder, whom the Estates termed "the common

enemy;" and already it was matter of surprise that their great home General, with his very superior forces, had not long ere this given a good account of Macdonald. But his destruction seemed now inevitable, with the potentate on his back, and this army *pro aris et focis* in front, all ready for him, if he ventured another day's march to the south.

The army of Perth was commanded in chief by Lord Elcho (son of the first Earl of Wemyss), colonel of the Fife regiment, and a sure card for the Covenanters. Lord Murray of Gask, who about this time succeeded his father, the Earl of Tullibardine, officiated as second in command. These had under them an imposing militia of countrymen and burghers, variously estimated, by the contemporary journalists, at six and eight thousand strong. James Lord Drummond, eldest son of the Earl of Perth, was at the head of from seven to eight hundred horse. All these troops were completely appointed, and amply supplied with arms and ammunition, including a good train of artillery.

While the noblemen named were thus holding Perth, a strong party was stationed in Glen Almond to watch the coming storm. Young Lord Kilpont, eldest son of the Earl of Menteith, Strathern, and Airth, that distinguished kinsman of Montrose whom we have had occasion to mention more than once, had been ordered by the Committee of Estates to bring into the field his father's retainers, and those of Napier, Stirling of Keir, and other "malignants" of the Lennox and Menteith, and to cooperate with Lord Elcho. Accordingly, this accomplished and loyal young nobleman, whom we shall presently find in the fangs of a fiend, had brought together about four hundred followers, principally bowmen, whom he stationed at the hill of Buchanty in Glen Almond, where for some days they remained anxiously on the look out. Along with him was David Drummond, the Master of Maderty, and Sir John Drummond, a younger son of the Earl of Perth.

Montrose meanwhile poured down from Athole, the moment he had succeeded in uniting the Highlanders and the Irish under the royal banner. Instead of marching on Dunkeld through the pass of Killiecrankie, he crossed the hills from the Blair to Loch Tummel, going south-westward to the country of the Menzieses. When near the castle of Weem, he sent

forward a trumpeter to proclaim his commission, and to request provisions, and other aids to his army, in the name of the King. But this chief being a sworn ally of Argyle, not only was the royal commission contemned, and all aid refused, but the messenger barely escaped with life. Then the Menzieses dogged the heels of the royalists, and harassed them greatly as they were crossing the Tay. Montrose, to satisfy his troops, and to enforce respect towards the royal standard, ordered fire to be put to some stooks of corn, and a few of the cottages of this hostile clan. By the morning of the 31st of August, however, he was safely across the Tay with all his men, about two thousand five hundred, and pursuing his course to the Almond. As they approached that river, young Inchbrakie, who had been sent in advance with some hundreds of the Athole men to reconnoitre, descried a large body of men on the hill of Buchanty, drawn up as if to oppose their progress. Surrounding the hill with his Highlanders, he reported in all haste to his chief, who soon came in contact with some of his most intimate friends and relatives, in the persons of these apparently hostile leaders. For such congenial scions of the nobility it sufficed that Montrose displayed his commission, and explained himself in terms of that declaration to the country with which our last chapter concludes. Under these circumstances it was, that Lord Kilpont, the Master of Maderty, and Sir John Drummond, joined the standard of the King with all their followers; thus augmenting the royal army to somewhat more than three thousand strong.

Having by this means also obtained precise information relative to the strength and position of the army of Perth, the King's Lieutenant, after marching a few miles in the direction of that city, halted his whole array, and encamped for the night on the moor of Fowlis, where he and his allies took counsel together, touching their next and most critical move. The result was, that the march commenced again by break of day; and after proceeding a very few miles, they found themselves in presence of the covenanting army, waiting to do battle with them on the wide plains of Tippermuir and Cultmalindy, between two and three miles westward from the city of Perth. This was about seven o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 1st of September 1644.

The sight must have startled even Montrose. Elcho was of the fanatic faction, strong in his Fife levies, burgher bullies, and fighting preachers. Whatever Grahams and Drummonds might do, there was no chance of his "coming over." There was the Kirk-militant in its most combative attitude. From six to eight thousand foot were extended so as to outflank the little army of royalists; and at either extremity of the line was placed a division of cavalry, each composed of between three and four hundred horse. In front were nine pieces of artillery, that "mother of the musket" so dreaded by the claymores. Their right wing was commanded by Elcho in person; the left by Sir James Scott, their most experienced officer; Tullibardine took charge of the main battle; and the cavalry was under Lord Drummond. Moreover, that army had just been blessed; a mode of bespeaking victory which the Czar in our own times cannot claim as an original idea. The apostles of the Covenant had christened it "the army of God;" and in their early devotions that morning, Frederick Carmichael, a Lancaster gun among them, declared in his sermon, "that if ever God spoke truth out of his mouth, he promised them in the name of God a certain victory that day." Montrose addressed himself to the awful crisis with perfect coolness and great skill. The order of his march upon Perth that morning we must give in the words of an Irish officer attached to Macdonald, who transmitted a dispatch to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, informing him of their movements, during the progress of this very campaign. He says,—"Our General-major with the Irish forces,"—after descending from Badenoch to Blair, and being there joined by Montrose,—"from thence marched to St Johnston, where the enemy had gathered together eight thousand foot and eight hundred horse, with nine pieces of cannon, his Majesty's army not having so much as one horse; for that day the Marquis of Montrose went on foot himself, with his target and pike; the Lord Kilpont commanding the bowmen; and our General-major of the Irish forces commanding his three regiments."[1] Perceiving at once the power of the enemy's position, our hero drew up his whole army in a line of three deep, in order to extend his front as far as possible, placing the Irish regiments in

[1] Carte's Ormond Papers.

the centre. These, being only provided with muskets, and the bayonet as yet unborn, would have been too much exposed to the cavalry, had they been placed on the flanks. The immediate command of this main body was of course confided to their gigantic leader, Macdonald. Lord Kilpont and his bowmen occupied the left flank; and Montrose, on foot with target and pike, placed himself, along with young Inchbrakie, at the head of the Athole men, who were directly opposed to the most formidable point of the enemy's battle, their left wing, commanded by that excellent soldier Sir James Scott. A few simple instructions were then given by him to his army. In the event of the Covenanters charging, he ordered the front rank to kneel, the second to stoop, and the third, in which he had placed the tallest men, to stand erect; so that each rank could fire, or use the pike, freely over the shoulders of those in front. Having but one round of ammunition, he cautioned them not to throw it away; but by reserving it for the very faces of the foe, to enable the deadly claymore to reap its harvest in the confusion. Those who happened to be without weapons at all, he reminded that the battle-field was thickly strewn with the debris of flinty rocks, as hard as a covenanter's heart, and probably harder than his head.

Having made these arrangements, he despatched the Master of Maderty to seek a personal interview with Lord Elcho; to put it to him whether the royal commission was not a sufficient warrant for Montrose in his present proceedings; and to assure him that his only desire was to re-establish the King's government, and to avoid bloodshed. Elcho, disregarding the flag of truce, instead of reply, sent the noble bearer to the Perth prison, in custody of two Forfar lairds, who afforded him the comforting assurance, that he would be hanged whenever the army of God had done its work. This was a new spur to Montrose, and another whet to his claymores. Young Maderty, who came not back, was his own brother-in-law, married to his youngest and favourite sister, "the bairn Beatrix." It was now do or die. The battle commenced by a skirmish with a party of Lord Drummond's horse, sent forth to allure the royalists from their ranks, while the armies were yet beyond musket range. Montrose, who saw the ruse, restrained the ardour of his men,

and ordered out some of the most active of the Redshanks to meet the horse, whom they soon drove back in disorder upon their own foot, and occasioned a visible confusion in their ranks. Seizing the advantageous moment, our hero took the initiative, and led his whole array forward to the charge, cheering, howling, and shrieking after a fashion to which the ears polite of Perth were but little accustomed. The nerves of the godly artillery-men, shaken by the immortal music of the Reel of Howlakin, discharged their great guns with very little idea of where the cannon-balls would go. On came the mountain speat. Not a highlander this time regarded the roar of the "musket's mother," more than if it had been the voice of his own. The cavalry charged; but the mountaineers met them fearlessly with their pikes and Lochaber axes. Then came the stony storm from many a bare and sinewy arm; more effective, perhaps, to create an immediate rout on such an occasion, than a thousand ill-directed bullets. The very horses could see the stones coming; and one cutting stroke from the flinty rock caused man and horse to shrink from encountering a second. Round they went at speed; and Perth beheld Drummond, Elcho, and Tullibardine in full flight, as a foretaste of her coming fate.

Meanwhile Macdonald and his Irish rushed close up to the main battle of the Covenant, delivered their volley, *sub ore;* and then clubbing the musket, dealt death around them, without the loss, it is said, of a single royalist. The issue was doubtful but for a moment; and that was on the wing where Montrose had engaged Sir James Scott, who obstinately maintained his battle, and made a desperate struggle to gain by speed of foot the advantage of a rising ground. Well was it then for those who could press up the mountain side, "and not a sob the toil confess." Montrose and his Redshanks outstripped their competitors like the deer, and came down upon them like the torrent. The rout was now complete. "Although," says the officer from whom we have already quoted, "the battle continued for some space, we lost not one man on our side, yet still advanced, the enemy being three or four to one; however, God gave us the day; the enemy retreating with their backs towards us, that men might have walked upon the dead corps to the town, being two long miles from the place where the battle was pitched.

The chase continued from eight o'clock in the morning till nine at night. All their cannon, arms, munition, colours, drums, tents, baggage,—in a word, none of themselves nor baggage escaped our hands but their horse, and such of the foot as were taken prisoners within the city."

It was a great stroke, and most extraordinary battle. Not a score of the Covenanters fell in the actual fight. But the best contemporary accounts have it, that, in the flight of six or seven miles from the field of battle, of course in other directions than into Perth, *two thousand* of that routed army perished! So small was the loss on the other side, as never to have been reckoned at all. Montrose did his best to stay the carnage. When the cannon were captured, he nobly interfered to prevent their being turned upon the confused masses of the unresisting fugitives. But he might as well have tried to arrest the torrent or the tempest, as the fleet-footed Gael pursuing with the avenging steel. His promise to that army was fulfilled. He had led them to victory, and there, amid the harvest of death, they reaped arms, ammunition, money, meat, and clothing. This well-applied lash *à posteriori* of the merciless Covenant, extorted a howl from the Kirk-militant that cannot fail to excite a smile. Our communicative friend Baillie dolefully describes the royal army as "but a pack of naked runagates, not three horse among them, few with either swords or muskets." In one of his letters he imputes the disaster to the "villany of Lord Drummond;" while in another, he assigns "Elcho's rashness" (with three to one!) as a cause. Certainly the merit of Montrose in this achievement was not that of having carried off the palm from a hard-fought field. "Our enemies,"—says the Reverend John Robertson, one of the ministers of Perth who had blessed that army,—"Our enemies, that before the fight were naked, weaponless, ammunitionless, and cannonless men, and so unable to have laid siege to the town, by the flight of our friends were clothed, got abundance of arms, and great plenty of ammunition, with six pieces of cannon." Speaking of the burghers who first fled into the town, he says,—"They were all *forefainted* and *bursted* with running; insomuch that nine or ten died that night in town, *without any wound*." Multitudes, he adds, broke open cellars,

in order to hide themselves therein. "The provost came into one house, amongst many, where there were a number lying panting, and desired them to rise for their own defence: They answered,—their hearts were away—they would fight no more —although they should be killed."—"For my Lord Marquis of Argyle, we knew not if he was come from the Highlands or not." My Lord Marquis was taking it leisurely, having as little heart for fighting as the bursting burghers themselves. Baillie's apology for his peculiar mode of pursuing, is not a little amusing. "Perth," he says, "rendered at the first summons; Argyle, after he had learned the way whither *the miscreants had run*, followed as *armed men might;* which was, *four or five days journey behind them*"! The hitherto triumphant Scotch fanatics in London were paralysed. "We spent," again writes Baillie, "two days or three on the matter of a remonstrance to the Parliament, of the sins which provoked God to give us this last stroke: And here we had the most free and strange parley that ever I heard, about the evident sins of *the Assembly*, the sins of *the Parliament*, the sins of *the Army*, and the sins of *the People*." One sin, however, Baillie himself ere long, as we shall find, took to his bosom, and was comforted. It was the sin of *assassination*.

Among the original depositions to which we have already referred, as having been only recently recovered from the family archives of our hero, and which had been taken by a committee of Estates appointed to prepare the processes of forfeiture against Montrose and his allies, we find those of the Provost, and the Sheriff-clerk of Perth, and of some others, who could speak to the conduct of the victor upon this memorable occasion. The minute and graphic facts which they afford being hitherto unknown, we shall give them as they were deponed to before the covenanting committee.

"31st January 1645.—ROBERT ARNOTT of Benchells, Provost of Perth, of the age of fifty-five years, married, being sworn and interrogated anent the Earl of Montrose his own carriage, and anent the carriage of those whom he did see with the Earl of Montrose and the Irish rebels in company, depones,—

"After the Earl of Montrose had summoned the town of

Perth to render upon the Sunday—the day of the fight at Tippermuir—after the fight, in the evening, the Earl and six hundred of his soldiers, or thereby, entered the town at night, and remained in the town three or four days. The Earl of Montrose, at his entry in to the town, took the keys of the port from the magistrates, at the port where he entered, namely, the high-gait port. About midnight, young Inchbrakie, called Patrick Graham, came to the deponer's house, and did expostulate with him, why he kept guards within the town, after the Earl of Montrose had entered the town: Whereupon the deponer was forced to discharge the ordinary guard of the town; and immediately after, the Earl of Montrose, and his adherents that were with him, put guards to all the ports. The deponer, passing by the market-cross of the town, heard a proclamation issued from the Earl of Montrose, but knows not the terms thereof.[1] Upon the Monday, in the afternoon, the Earl of Montrose, and the rebels that were with him, did imprison, within the kirk of St Johnston, three or four hundred, or thereby, of the Fife soldiers, and other soldiers that were fighting for the country, who were taken captives after the fight upon the Sunday and Monday; and that they were kept all night in the kirk, and were kept in prison and under guard till the Earl and the rebels left the town; and the rebels took them away as prisoners with them. The Earl of Montrose behaved himself as chief commander of all the rebels. Upon the Friday after the fight, when the deponer and certain townsmen went out to bury their dead men, he found that many slain men had been buried before he came; and he saw the number of three or four score slain, lying unburied upon the fields, all stripped naked of their clothes.

"The deponer saw the lairds of Braco and Orchill in St Johnston, when the Earl and the rebels were there; and saw them in the Earl of Montrose's gallery. He saw John Stewart of Innerchanochane, and Donald Robertson, Tutor of Strowan, with the Earl of Montrose and the rebels, in Perth the time foresaid. They were there after the fight at Tippermuir, and behaved themselves as commanders there. When the rebels entered the town, the whole suburbs, for the most part, were spoiled and robbed. Mr William Forrett was with the Earl of

[1] Probably the same we have given at the conclusion of the previous chapter.

Montrose in St Johnston;[1] and Mr William Forrett, as having commission from the Earl, commanded the magistrates to pay fifty pounds sterling for *Allaster Macdonald's* use. The magistrates got orders to deliver the money to Mr William Forrett, and Mr William desired the magistrates to deliver the same to *Margaret Donaldson*, and he would receive the same from her;[2] conform whereunto, the magistrates did deliver the money to the said Margaret Donaldson; and Margaret Donaldson assured the deponer that Mr William had got the money from her.

"The Earl of Montrose, and the rebels that entered the town with him, forced some inhabitants of the town to give them great quantities of cloth, to the number of four thousand merks worth; and he took some ammunition which pertained to the Fife soldiers, and was lying in their magazine.

"And all this he depones to be of verity, as he shall answer to God. *Causa scientiæ*, because the deponer was Provost, and saw and heard as he has deponed."

This, and all the other depositions of Montrose's covenanting enemies, taken before that inimical and unscrupulous tribunal, a packed committee of Estates, afford the best possible evidence that the victor had conducted himself with his wonted humanity, under very difficult circumstances. Such order did he contrive to preserve in the terrified and humbled city, that the Provost and other inhabitants appear to have been going freely and securely about the streets, while their conqueror's commission and commands were being proclaimed at the cross. They have no tales to tell the greedy committee of cruelties or frightful excesses, most likely to have occurred on such an occasion, and which would all have been directly imputed to Montrose himself. This appears yet more distinctly from the deposition of Mr Patrick Maxwell, the sheriff-clerk of Perth, whose nar-

[1] The Provost names the town, Perth and St Johnston indiscriminately. It is interesting to find Montrose's first instructor re-appearing at this time. The Earl had sent for him, as appears afterwards. See before, p. 18.

[2] Margaret Donaldson's house in Perth was Montrose's usual quarters there. She may have been the Dame Quickly of the town; but the reason of her intervention between the magistrates and Master William Forrett is not explained. I cannot find that mine hostess ever got into trouble with the Kirk on the subject.

rative forcibly reminds us of the stir created in Edinburgh, precisely a century later, by the victorious presence of Prince Charles Edward.

"On the day of the fight of Tippermuir," he depones, "I went out to the fields on foot, to see the event of the conflict. But, being beside the baggage of the Estates' forces, I had not a *perfect view* of the Irish rebels. That night of the conflict, I heard that the town was to be rendered in the morning, at nine hours; and in the morning, about eleven hours, I saw the Earl of Montrose in the town of Perth; and there came in with the Earl of Montrose three hundred men, or thereby, to my knowledge. The whole ports of the town, and the river likewise, were guarded by the Earl of Montrose's forces. The Earl of Montrose behaved himself, while he was in the town, as Lieutenant-General of the army; and I was forced, for fear of my life,—being brought, by David Graham of Gorthie and three highlanders with him, to the Earl of Montrose,—to write a *general protection* for the inhabitants of the town of Perth, and lands about the same; wherein the Earl of Montrose caused design himself, 'Marquis of Montrose, Lieutenant-General of the King's armies in Scotland;' and did subscribe the same. Thereafter the Lord Kilpont gave me the form of a letter, and compelled me to write several copies thereof, which was of the strain following, to my memory:—

'Right Honourable Sir,

'Being here in arms for his Majesty's just authority and service, these are to require you, in his Majesty's name, that you will repair here, or where I shall be for the time, with all the force possible you can make, as you will answer to his Majesty, and for what may ensue.

'So I am your most loving friend,

'MONTROSE.'

Several of these copies were directed to several gentlemen in the country.

"I saw John Drummond of Belliclone waiting upon the Earl of Montrose, in the outer room in Margaret Donaldson's house in Perth; but cannot affirm the same certainly. I saw Mr James Henderson of M'Carrastoune within the town of Perth, the time

when the Earl of Montrose was there; and did see him in highland weed there, upon the Tuesday after the conflict. I saw Sir John Graham of Braco, and John Graham of Orchill, in the Earl of Montrose's lodging in Margaret Donaldson's house in Perth, on the Tuesday after the conflict; and heard say that they brought in the Earl of Montrose's two sons with them. I saw the Master of Maderty in the foresaid gallery the said Tuesday; and I saw him brought into the town, upon the Sunday before, as captive, by Bachiltoun, elder, Balmedy, and his son. I saw Allaster Macdonald, called *Coalkittoch*, with the Earl of Montrose, at that same time in St Johnston; and I heard the Earl of Montrose speak to him, and design him 'General-Major.' I saw Patrick Graham, younger of Inchbrakie, with the Earl of Montrose, upon the Monday after the conflict, in Perth, in highland weed. I saw John Graham, younger of Balgown, in the gallery of Margaret Donaldson's house, where Montrose lodged, upon the Tuesday foresaid. I saw Robert Graham of Nethercairny, in the said gallery, the day foresaid. I saw James Chisholm of Cromlix in the said gallery, the said Tuesday. I saw Alexander Inglis, dean of guild of Perth, upon the Sabbath day, before the conflict, with ane two-handed sword upon his shoulder, for defence of the town when the townsmen were of resolution to keep the town; and I saw him go with the rest of the magistrates to speak to Montrose, after the town was rendered. I saw Andrew Reid[1] go in with the said magistrates to speak with the said Earl of

[1] Andrew Reid was the wealthiest citizen of Perth at the time, and no doubt was made to draw his purse-strings. He lived to see many changes, and died of an accident in 1658. In a note of the last century, by the Rev. James Scott, to his transcripts from the Presbytery Register of Perth (MS. Advocates' Library) I find the following:—

"When Charles II. was crowned at Scone, Andrew Reid advanced, towards defraying the expenses of the coronation, forty thousand merks, for which the King gave bond. After Oliver Cromwell had taken possession of Perth, Andrew Reid presented to him the King's bond, and craved payment. Cromwell replied: 'I am neither heir nor executor to Charles Stuart.' Mr Reid presently answered: 'Then you are a *vicious intromitter*.' Cromwell, turning to one of his officers, said that such a bold speech had never been made to him before."

It may be necessary to explain, that "vicious intromission" is the legal term for assuming the management of property belonging to another, without authority; and it renders the intromitter liable for debts.

Montrose. I saw the laird of Lude, Robertson, upon the Wednesday after the conflict, in highland weed, going out at the South Inch port, at the Earl of Montrose's back, when the port was opened.

" Being interrogated if he saw Donald Robertson, the Tutor of Strowan, with the Earl of Montrose in Perth, depones,—I know not the man; but I saw *ane man*, upon the streets of St Johnston, *going in ane furious way;* and when I speired (inquired) what he was, they said it was the *Tutor of Strowan.*" [1]

Another eye-witness, whose narrative on oath of Montrose's demeanour and following in the conquered city, we find among these curious papers, is " Sir John Graham of Braco, knight, of the age of thirty-one years." This was the Marquis's cousin-german, being the eldest son of his curator Sir William, the late Earl's only brother.[2]

" I came to St Johnston," says the knight of Braco,—one who was anxious both to preserve his loyalty and " save his estate,"—" upon Tuesday after the conflict at Tippermuir, *with the Earl of Montrose's two sons.*[3] Upon the Thursday thereafter I went out of St Johnston with the Earl's two sons, and followed the Earl of Montrose, who had left St Johnston upon the *Wednesday* before; and I came to the Earl, before the Earl and the Irish rebels came to Dundee Law, and abode with the Earl till the Monday thereafter, or Tuesday in the morning; at which time I came off from the Earl *without good night.*[4]

" When I was coming through the field of Tippermuir, upon

[1] The chief of that great and proud clan, the Strowan Robertsons, was at this time an infant; and Donald Robertson, his father's brother, being the nearest agnate, was at the head of the clan as " Tutor of Strowan." Donald was a great character in his day.

[2] See before, p. 28. Sir William Graham of Braco, Montrose's uncle and curator, had survived his brother, the Earl, only a few months; for his son, Sir John, served heir to him in 1627.

[3] Namely, John, Lord Graham, his eldest son, about fourteen years of age; and Lord James (the second Marquis) about eleven. A third son, Robert, being considerably younger, remained with the Marchioness, under the roof of her cautious and trimming father, the Earl of Southesk. These three boys were the whole of Montrose's family.

[4] Sir John Graham of Braco was now in the attitude of " saving his estate," if not his life.

the Tuesday after the fight, I saw several slain men upon the field, to the number of thirty or forty, all stripped naked.

"I saw Allaster Macdonald in the rebels' army, and heard the said Allaster named and termed General-Major of the Irish rebels. I saw John Graham younger of Fintry in the rebels' army, four miles beyond Cupar of Angus, or thereby, upon Friday after Tippermuir field; and upon the Monday I saw him at Brechin, in the rebels' army with the Earl of Montrose. I saw young Bonymone in the rebels' army, upon the said Friday, in the same field where I saw young Fintry. John Drummond of Belliclone went into St Johnston with me, and alighted when I alighted. I saw James Mushat younger of that ilk, upon the Tuesday or Wednesday, in St Johnston, after Tippermuir field, upon the long Inch; the Earl being upon the Inch at the time. I saw Mr James Henderson of M'Carrastoun at that same time in the town of St Johnston; and, as I remember, in highland clothes. I saw Mr William Hunter of Balgayes upon his own ground, when the rebels came through the same; and I heard that the said Mr William came to complain to the Earl of Montrose for certain *skeath* (damage) that the Earl's soldiers had done to his corns. John Graham of Orchill came to St Johnston with me at the time foresaid; and having met and spoken with the Earl of Montrose, he came off with me, *without good-night*."[1]

The picture of Montrose enacting the conqueror in Perth, which now for the first time enters his biography, from these contemporary depositions of eye-witnesses, is anything but painful or savage. It was, indeed, a bloody day that compelled the fair and trembling city to open to him her gates. But there were no such terrors within as might have been predicated from the carnage without. Nor does it require any great effort of imagination to call up, from these materials of the covenanting Inquisition, scenes illustrative of the doings in Perth upon that fearful occasion, which the mind would rather dwell upon than shun. While the neighbouring streams ran

[1] John Graham of Orchill, of the age of forty-one years, is also examined; and his deposition is just an echo of Braco's. Orchill was one of Montrose's curators. See before, p. 25.

red to the Tay, we see her streets only in a blaze with the variegated panoply of the clans,—

> "Fast they come, fast they come, see how they gather!
> Wide waves the eagle's plume blended with heather,"—

the scene diversified, too, with every variety of martial garb, stripped by the Irish from the yet unburied slain. We see the crest-fallen Provost, laird of Benchells, and him of the two-handed sword, and the facetious and sturdy Andrew Reid, the "jingling Geordie" of Perth, who was yet to beard the bloodier Cromwell, ruefully counting out the good coin into the lap of Margaret Donaldson, to be by her transferred to our old friend Master William Forrett. He, too, depones,—"I came in to the Earl of Montrose, within the town of Perth, upon the Monday at night, after the fight at Tippermuir, I being *sent for then by the Earl of Montrose;* and I staid in the town of Perth with the Earl till he departed out of the town; and being directed by the Earl to stay about some business there, I did not see the Earl thereafter till Sunday, when I came to the Earl at Forfar-moor: And when I was coming into St Johnston to the Earl of Montrose, I saw twenty or thirty slain men, lying upon the wayside, all stripped naked of their clothes." The still cherished *dominie* had been instantly summoned, ere the slain were cold, to occupy his old post of "purse-maister to my Lord;" and to tend his two boys, who arrived next day. And would the bewildered mind of the old tutor, as he passed the naked and gory dead by the wayside, not revert to the happy peaceful times, when he bestrode the brown horse,—"Maister William Forrett's naig,"—beside the graceful boy on his white courser, and clad in his "stand of mixed gray English cloth clothes, and a cloak with pasements"?[1] The boy, whose warrior form he now beheld, "cled in highland weed," the observed of all observers on the conquered and crowded Inch of Perth, or passing through its guarded port, with Lude for his henchman, saluted by the red-shanked sentinels,—Prodigious! We hear a yell, and a scream, and a smo-

[1] See before, p. 19.

thered groan, in the streets! But it is only Inchbrakie's piper struggling convulsively into a pibroch, or glorifying the victory, in dreadful competition with the piper of Strowan. There is a rustle and rush of tartans, and a flashing of the eagle's plume, as if the claymores were charging down the "high-gait" of Perth! But it is only "the Tutor of Strowan going in ane furious way,"—probably to see the good cloth meted out in ample measure, or to give directions about securing the precious store of ammunition left in magazine by the Lord Elcho for Fife. And yet, it must be confessed, the arm of oppression was not altogether withheld. Witness that most important functionary, a metropolitan sheriff-clerk, to whom the sheriff himself is a mere appendage, rudely seized by David Graham of Gorthie, brought into the presence of that "viperous brood of Satan," in his gallery at Margaret Donaldson's, and there, with three armed caterans at his throat, absolutely "forced, for fear of his life, to write *ane general protection for the inhabitants of the town of Perth, and lands about the same!*" Nay, compelled to copy that gentle courteous appeal to loyalty, in the very words which the laughing Lord Kilpont—whose own days, alas! were numbered—was pleased to lay before him. The scene of cruelty and oppression would scarcely have been more complete, had the clerk been the Dictator, Archibald Campbell himself. Then how the picture is adorned, and the interest heightened, and the humanities guaranteed, by the advent of "the Earl of Montrose's two sons," conducted by chiefs of the house of Graham, and alighting at Margaret Donaldson's door. What though with speechless wonder these innocent cavaliers had pricked their way into town, through scattered heaps of grim and naked corpses, they had tender tales of home to tell, and of their mother, and of the infant Robert remaining with the forlorn wife of Montrose. And how soldiers and citizens would gaze, and even Strowan stay his furious going, as the noble boys passed through Perth to their father's quarters.

"But on rode these young horsemen,
With slow and lordly pace,
And none who saw their bearing
Need ask their name or race:

On rode they to the Forum,
While laurel bows and flowers,
From house-tops and from windows,
Fell on their crests in showers."

And how the great ambidexter warrior, "Major-General of his Majesty's Irishes,"—who doubtless had fallen heir to the dean of guild's two-handed sword,—how *Colkittoch* would delight to explain to them in what manner it came to pass that the way-side was cumbered with naked corpses,—"thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,"—and the hoofs of their ponies dyed with human gore,—

"How thick the dead lay scattered
Under the Porcian height,
How through the gates of Tusculum
Raved the wild stream of flight!"

We have evidence, too, that the fray was followed by a feast. Ever since the days of the "Dyet of the Burial," when throughout eight mortal weeks of eating "wild meat," and drinking "Easter ale," the consignment to earth of the last Earl of Montrose "was accomplished," his illustrious successor seems to have considered that all great occasions ought, if possible, to be signalized in the same manner. While the ruins of Morpeth Castle were yet smoking from his hot assault, he feasted, within its broken walls, the broken-headed captains whom he had vanquished. He would now have done the same by Elcho, Tullibardine, and Drummond, had they stayed either for broken heads or to dine. However, Margaret Donaldson's gallery was not deserted, on the Monday and Tuesday after the fight. Grahams, of Braco, Inchbrakie, Fintry, Orchill, Gorthie, Balgowan, Nether-Cairnie, Monzie, and Claypots, crowded round the Marquis's board. The General-Major of the Irish, and the Tutor of Strowan, doubtless acted as croupiers "in ane furious way." The Master of Maderty, recovered from a prison, and saved to his Beatrix, was there. Young Lord Kilpont, endeared to Montrose, says Wishart, as "a man famous for arts, and arms, and honesty; being a good philosopher, a good divine, a good lawyer, a good soldier, a good subject, and a good man,"—supporting his chief, and little dreaming that his own murderer was

nigh! And there were Montrose's two schoolboy sons, along with the *dominie* of his boyhood, and the curators of his youth, in the midst of highland chiefs, lowland lairds, and Irish captains, —and a covenanting minister to say grace! Yes, unheard-of barbarity; the Reverend George Halyburton, minister of Perth, was "urged" to dine with the excommunicated Montrose; to eat and drink at his board; and even to *say grace* to such a heathen host as this; while the words of "the Brethren's" blessing were scrutinized by "rebels," owning such malignant patronymics as Ogilvy of Innerquharitie and Stewart of Innerchannoquhan.[1]

The fact is, our hero was ever anxious to shew his consistent adherence to the first Covenant, and respect for such of its clergy as came not under his category of "thou seditious preacher," and did not beat the devil's tattoo upon their pulpits. It is remarkable that the first house he entered, on the day of the battle of Tippermuir, was a minister's manse. There are, who have this opinion of Montrose and his wars, that he could not possibly have entered, that morning, the house of the minister of Tippermuir for any other purpose than to obtain his scalp. He came, probably after the rout had commenced and he saw that the day was his own, to ask for the hospitality of a cup of cold water, which he obtained. A curious tie, indeed, characteristic of those disjointed times, subsisted between

[1] From the Presbytery records of Perth it appears, that the Reverend Mr George Halyburton, one of her ministers, got into this sad scrape upon the above occasion, and was persecuted accordingly. Being arraigned for the backsliding, he was approved of, in all his former life and conversation, by the Presbytery; but "sharply censured for his conversing with Montrose during his being in Perth; also for eating and drinking with him, and *saying of grace to his dinner*, he being an excommunicated person; and for receiving of passes from him; which things Mr George ingenuously confessed, and declares that he was *surprised upon a sudden*, and that he was *uryed thereto*; for the which he was heartily sorry that he should have given so great offence." This saved him with the Presbytery of Perth. But the commission of the Kirk in Edinburgh took it upon them to depose him from the office of the ministry, as being guilty in terms of his own confession, on the 27th of November 1644. We learn from Guthrie, however, that the affair did not rest here. His relative, "Dame Margaret Halyburton, Lady of Cowper, came over the Frith, and, with oaths, vowed to my Lord Balmerino, that unless he caused her cousin to be reinstated, he should never enjoy the favour of the lordship of Cowper." So, "for saving of his estate," Balmerino got him restored.

that clergyman and the highland host who were strewing the waysides with the dead. In the previous year, the widowed mother of the infant chief of Strowan,—who was a daughter of Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie the elder,—greatly displeased her father by contracting a second marriage with Mr Alexander Balneaves, the minister of Tippermuir. Under no suspicion whatever of *malignancy* in his life or conversation, "Mr Alexander Balneaves," says the Presbytery register, "was charged with having conducted, and conversed with, the Earl of Montrose, at his own house, the day of the battle of Tippermuir; which he denies, and offers to give in his declaration thereanent under his own hand, for his clearing." They were fain to let him off easy, however. He was a man of a bold spirit, and brusque speech, and spoke his mind in a way that made them wince. They did not even venture to record what he said. A note of the last century, by the Reverend James Scott, to his transcripts from this register, preserved in the Advocates' Library, gives the true story: "His examination by the Presbytery, in the matter of Montrose, is delivered by tradition more full than is contained in the register. Montrose had called at his house, on the morning of the day of the battle. Mr Balneaves waited on him, and gave him at his desire a drink of water. When reproved by the brethren for this hospitality, he answered them in expressions more coarse than what were fit to be recorded in the register. The *purport* of his answer was, that, however they might *now* find fault with them who had shewn any civility to the Marquis, yet there was not one of them who, *about the time of the battle*, durst have refused to kiss,—*in the meanest manner*,—the Marquis, if he had commanded them so to do."

Montrose had now only two armies to deal with; that which held Aberdeen, and the yet more imposing array with which Argyle was understood to be coming up. He was known to be very strong in horse; while our hero could scarcely afford a mount for his lame friend, but invaluable aid, William Rollo. So, leaving the Dictator to his own peculiar mode of pursuing, he determined to prosecute his campaign northward, through the Carse of Gowrie, and the shires of Angus and the Mearns,

to the Grampians, on the other side of which he might haply find himself in a condition to dispose of the army of Aberdeen as he had done that of Perth. This route was his only chance of obtaining cavalry. In Angus he was sure of the Earl of Airlie, with all the horse he could muster; and he was still looking and longing for the chivalry of the Argyle-ridden Gordons, to rally round the Standard, at least benorth the Cairn-a-Mount.

Accordingly, on Wednesday 4th September 1644, he marched out of Perth, and encamped that night about seven miles to the north-east, near the kirk of Collace. His rear was not incommoded by Argyle. Indeed the royal Lieutenant understood his pursuer so well, that he hesitated not to leave his two boys behind him in Perth, along with Braco, Orchill, and the faithful Forrett. The latter was required to transact some business there, and had orders to join the army when he could; while those other old friends, distinguished branches of the house of Graham, were instructed to conduct the children with them to the camp, the day after their father had marched with part of his army to Collace.

It was not until the 10th of September that a fine body of horse, eight hundred strong, came pouring into Perth, commanded by the Earl of Lothian in person. This was the advance of Argyle's army, feeling the way for him; and, on the following day, the great man himself entered the desolate city with the rest of his forces, which, for a whole week, kept streaming through it, and crossing Tay in full cry after "the common enemy." Small comfort to the mourning maids and crippled glovers of Perth. The very Kirk was ashamed of her King. "For my Lord Marquis of Argyle,"—bitterly complains the Reverend John Robertson, in justification of the godly burgh having succumbed to the arm of flesh,—"we knew not if he were come from the Highlands or not: And so it proved; for the first friends that we saw was the *eleventh* day after the dismal fight." Although pursuing, he took more time to reach Perth, after the battle of Tippermuir, than Montrose had occupied in his expedition from Carlisle to Tullibelton, from that to Athole, and from thence to Perth. But he was working in another way. In no hurry to attack his quarry in the field, he

was doing his best to procure his death by assassination. Indeed, Montrose had narrowly escaped that fate at Perth; for one villain, at least, mingling with his suit there, was ready to have done the deed, had a favourable opportunity presented itself. Argyle it was who organized this system, upon the long established principle of religious reformation in Scotland. He had put a price of five thousand marks upon the head of Irvine of Kingcaussie, who had been out against him with Huntly's mismanaged rising in the north. One Forbes, a natural son of Forbes of Leslie, meeting him by chance on the road, first pistolled his victim, and then beat out his brains, for the sake of the reward. This he obtained at once, along with a proclamation in his favour, that he had "done good service to the public." The murder was perpetrated shortly before the battle of Tippermuir, on the 7th of August 1644, under the patronage of Argyle.[1] And now, in the month of September, an incident of a like kind occurred in Montrose's camp, prompted by the same evil genius of his country. While pausing at Collace, and just after he had been again joined by his children, fated in their tender years to witness such dreadful scenes, he was deprived of his much loved friend and relative, Lord Kilpont, by the hand of as cowardly a murderer as ever raised the assassin's knife against the innocent and unwary. But the crime of Stewart of Ardvoirlich must be narrated in the words of Montrose's own chaplain.

"Next morning by break of day (Friday 6th September 1644), before the *reveilliez*, there was a great tumult in the camp; the soldiers ran to their arms, and fell to be wild and raging. Montrose, guessing that it was some falling out between the Highlanders and the Irish, thrust himself in among the thickest of them: There he finds a most horrible murder newly committed; for the noble Lord Kilpont lay there basely slain. The murderer was a retainer of his (Kilpont's) own; one *Stewart*, whom he had treated with much friendship and familiarity; insomuch that that same night they lay both in a bed. It is reported that the base slave had a plot to dispatch Montrose; and, in regard of the great power he had with Kilpont, he conceived he might draw him in to be accessory to the villany: Therefore,

[1] Forbes was apprehended and hanged for the murder, after the Restoration.

taking him aside into a private place, he had discovered unto him his intentions; which the nobleman highly detested, as was meet: Whereupon the murderer, fearing he would discover him, assaulted him unawares, and stabbed him with many wounds, who little suspected any harm from his friend and creature. The treacherous assassin, by killing a sentinel, escaped; none being able to pursue him, it being so dark that they could scarce see the ends of their pikes. Some say, the traitor was *hired* by the Covenanters to do this; others, only that he was *promised a reward* if he did it. Howsoever it was, this is most certain, that he is very high in their favour *unto this very day;* and that Argyle immediately advanced him, though he was no soldier, to great commands in his army. Montrose was very much troubled with the loss of that nobleman; his dear friend, and one that had deserved very well both from the King and himself; a man famous for arts, and arms, and honesty; being a good philosopher, a good divine, a good lawyer, a good soldier, a good subject, and a good man. Embracing the breathless body, again and again, with sighs and tears, he delivers it to his sorrowful friends and servants, to be carried to his parents to receive its funeral obsequies, as became the splendour of that honourable family."[1]

This deed of darkness, at once so monstrous and so mean, was adopted, applauded, and rewarded by Argyle, and the degraded Parliament which submitted to his dictation. Nor was it from the agitating clergy who were ever proclaiming their Kirkdom "pure," that the people would learn how detestable was such an act, in the sight of God and man. The Reverend Robert Baillie, in a letter dated 25th October 1644, thus instructs his cousin, the Reverend William Spang, to embalm it, as a patriotic virtue, in his *Historia Motuum:* "Kilpont's treachery is *revenged* by his death, *justly inflicted.*"

[1] From the original translation of Wishart's Commentaries on the wars of Montrose, printed at the Hague in 1648, while Montrose was residing there. The story itself is completely verified by the Parliamentary Record of the rescinded acts, preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh; an extract from which will be found in the Appendix. The murderer went straight to Argyle, by whom he was received with open arms, rewarded with a military command, and obtained a parliamentary exoneration and approval of the murder.

With a mind oppressed by this dreadful shock, Montrose led his army to the Law of Dundee, beside which he again encamped, close to the town, on Friday the 7th of September. Here he was joined by the Earl of Airlie, a nobleman approaching seventy years of age, yet scarcely yielding in vigour and fire to his gallant sons, Sir Thomas and Sir David Ogilvy, who accompanied him. Their elder brother, Lord Ogilvy, was pining, in sickness and misery, in the vile tolbooth of Edinburgh; and all of his race and name were deeply pledged to avenge the "bonnie house of Airlie" against the cowardly oppressor. Having summoned Dundee, which refused to admit him, and finding it too well prepared to be easily taken by assault,[1] the royal Lieutenant, after pausing at Forfar and Brechin, pressed on to the Grampians, determined to strike another great blow, at Aberdeen, before Argyle could come up. Accordingly, he had reached his old friend the "Brig o' Dee," and was on the eve of another battle, about the very time that the Dictator was entering Perth, by way of pursuing "the miscreants, as armed men might." This last, however, had not been wanting in the use of those other resources for defeating an enemy which were more congenial to his nature. On the 12th of September there was printed and published at Edinburgh, a proclamation, offering a reward for the head of Montrose. This disgraceful state paper, one of the many stains inflicted upon the national character by the government of Argyle, accuses the King's

[1] Alexander, Master of Spynie, who was with Montrose at this time, fell into the hands of the Covenanters after the battle of Aberdeen, and was made to depone before a committee of Estates, on 31st January 1645. He depones: "I heard and saw Mr Peter Wedderburn and Mr John Fletcher, advocates, in discourse with the Earl of Montrose; and the Earl, seeing them in the fields, sent me to bring them to speak with him; and when they were come, the Earl inquired of them the affection of the townspeople, and strength of the town of Dundee; and they answered the Earl, Alaster Macdonald being present, that the townspeople were, for the most part, disaffectionate to the Earl, and that they had taken a covenant to stand to their defence to the last man; and that the town was made very strong, and that ordnances were planted in divers places, especially upon Corbie-hill: Immediately after that discourse the Earl of Montrose convened a council of war, where I was present; where, in respect of the foresaid discourse, it was concluded that the town should not be stormed, but that they should pass by the town."—*Original Depositions*, Montrose Charter-room. This shews how deliberately Montrose prosecuted his plan of the campaign.

Lieutenant of treason, treachery, murder, *popery*, and "unheard-of cruelties;" and after an order to the heralds to excommunicate him at the market-cross of Edinburgh,—"the *Committee* does hereby declare, in name of this kingdom, that whoever will take and apprehend the said Earl of Montrose, and *exhibit him alive* before the Parliament, or their *Committee*,—or, if he should happen to be slain in the taking, shall *exhibit his head*, that every such person shall not only be pardoned for their bygone concurrence in this rebellion, and *all other crimes* formerly committed by them, not being *treasonable*, but also they shall have the sum of twenty thousand pounds Scots, delivered to them in present and ready payment."[1]

Unfortunately, it was a characteristic even of the most loyal and trusty of the Claymores, to return, after each victory, to their mountain homes with the spoil, instead of adhering to their standard, and following up their success. Montrose had no means of compelling their stay; and he might have found himself without an army at all, had the poor Irish known their way home. These, of necessity, were now his unfailing adherents; for without him, even though led by the great MacColl, they must have speedily degenerated into a rabble rout of miserable fugitives, hunted to the death, with their starving train of women and children, like vermin, or beasts of prey. To keep as he did such an army well in hand, in excellent fighting order, and so often victorious against the best conditioned troops that Scotland could send forth, indicates great powers of command, and mental resources, in their illustrious leader. But he must have felt sad, as he regarded their forlorn condition, and thought how few of them were likely to see their native shores again. Even in the happy days of his college life, his sympathies for the ever light-hearted miseries of these ragged wanderers, had

[1] An original printed copy of this proclamation has only recently been discovered among the Montrose papers. It bears to have been printed and published, by order of a committee of Estates, at Edinburgh, on the 12th of September 1644, "by Evan Tyler, printer to the King's most excellent Majesty"! The date is the day before Montrose's victory at Aberdeen; the day after Argyle's entry into Perth, in pursuit of him; and six days after Argyle's receiving into his sanctuary the murderer of Lord Kilpont.

been moved by "some *poor Irish women* at the gate of Braco," —and "*ane Irish man begging* at the gate of Glammis,"—and not begging in vain.[1] The murder of Lord Kilpont, too, had deprived him of a valuable section of his little army, in those dejected retainers who accompanied the body of their young master to the family mausoleum. As a set-off against these misfortunes, Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, the very *beau ideal* of a cavalier, had joined the Standard with thirty well mounted followers: Thus, including the Ogilvys, he could now boast of a cavalry brigade consisting of nearly fifty horsemen. It was, however, with a diminished force of less than two thousand in all, and the field-pieces taken at Perth, that he again found himself in front of a formidable foe, just twelve days after the battle of Tippermuir.

The northern Covenanters were in considerable force at Aberdeen. Argyle was by way of conferring upon his nephew, Lord Gordon, the military command of Scotland benorth the Grampians, superseding the commission with which the King had invested his father. For Huntly was considered an outlaw, and enacted the part of one, so far as hiding is concerned, rather too well. But the gallant hope of his house, who, with good reason, detested his tyrannical uncle, declined to place himself at the head of a Lieutenancy controlled by Argyle, and in which he was expected, instead of commanding, to be subservient to such covenanting Lords as Forbes, Fraser, and Burleigh. His youngest brother, Lord Lewis, a gallant, but wild, unprincipled youth, was too fond of the ploy of commanding cavalry, on whatever side, to absent himself from the covenanting leaguer at Aberdeen. He came there with a score of Huntly's horse; although, it is said, having received injunctions from his brother not to be too forward in action against the royalists. The command in chief had been entrusted to Lord Burleigh, the father-in-law of Lord Elcho whose star had fallen at Perth. He was best known as President Burleigh; being frequently in the chair of those anomalous secret tribunals, the covenanting committees, and having for a time also presided over the Parliament that bade Montrose "go up into the place

[1] See before, p. 62.

appointed for delinquents." It was now his turn to be made a greater delinquent of, by Montrose. But he was not alone. A cluster of that now unhappy order, the peerage of Scotland, was with him there, by way of "standing for the country;" but standing, in fact, for the committee government of Argyle, and doomed, as usual, to defeat and disgrace. While Lord Marischal ensconced himself in Dunottar, and refused to shew, Lords Fraser, Forbes, and Frendraught, were acting under President Burleigh at Aberdeen. Dr Wishart rates his army at two thousand foot, and five hundred horse, covered by a train of artillery.[1] Elcho's Fife regiment had rallied there. But neither he nor Tullibardine appeared upon this occasion, having had enough at Perth to place them in abeyance for a time.

The bridge of Dee was strongly fortified; and our hero, remembering what trouble it cost him before, when on a very different mission, and being well acquainted with the localities, crossed the Dee higher up, and summoned his covenanting friend, Sir Thomas Burnet of Leys, in his stately castle of Crathes, about fifteen miles above Aberdeen. He had too strong an argument at his back to be denied, and the laird was a man of sense. "The royal Lieutenant," says Spalding, "himself, with guard, supped with the laird of Leys, after he had summoned him to render his house: He did no harm, but took some arms and horse, and the *promise* of some men: Leys offered him five thousand merks of money, which he *nobly refused*." The Earl of Airlie and his two sons, Lord Duplin, and the Master of Spynie, were also of the party at Crathes.[2] The Marquis had left his second son James in his house of Old

[1] Patrick Gordon says that Burleigh's army, including the garrison and citizens of Aberdeen, amounted to three thousand foot, and six hundred horse. Guthrie estimates Montrose's forces at fifteen hundred foot, and forty-four horse; which are also the numbers given by Wishart. It is impossible to ascertain the precise numbers on either side, at any of these battles, owing to the variation in different contemporary accounts. But the great inferiority, generally, of Montrose's army, both in numbers and appliances, is unquestionable.

[2] The Master of Spynie's deposition, quoted before. He says that he himself, "with the Earls of Airlie and Kinnoul," was with Montrose at Crathes. But his deposition is dated 31st January 1645. On the 5th October 1644, George, *second* Earl of Kinnoul, had died at Whitehall; when he who was *Lord Duplin* at Crathes on the 11th of September 1644, became *third Earl of Kinnoul*. We shall hear of him again.

Montrose as he passed through Angus, because of his extreme youth, and for the sake of his education. Braco and Orchill, who conducted the interesting boys to these scenes of blood and horrors, and "came off from Montrose without good night" at Forfar on the 10th of September, doubtless had their cue to look after young James Graham, who was placed at school in Montrose, under the charge of a tutor. We shall hear of him again. But John Lord Graham, now about fourteen years of age, unquestionably was still with his father, and attended by good Master William Forrett. Picturesque must have been that curious *symposium*, on the eve of the attack upon Aberbeen, at Crathes, one of the finest old castles in the north of Scotland, whose sturdy Flemish towers are standing to this day. Their host, Sir Thomas Burnet, we are told by Spalding was "ane faithful lover and follower of the house of Huntly, ane *great Covenanter also*."

From Crathes, Montrose led his army down the north bank of the Dee, on Thursday 12th September 1644, until he arrived at the two-mile cross from Aberdeen, where he took up his position, in order to summon the town. Early on Friday morning he dispatched a flag of truce with the following letter, all written with his own hand. It is addressed, "To my loving friends, the Provost, Bailies, Council, and Burgh of Aberdeen;" and runs thus:—

"Loving Friends:—

"Being here for the maintenance of Religion and Liberty, and his Majesty's just authority and service, these are, in his Majesty's name, to require you, that, immediately upon the sight hereof, you render and give up your town, in the behalf of his Majesty; otherwise, that all old persons, women, and children, do come out and retire themselves; and that those who stay expect no quarter.

"I am, as you deserve,

"MONTROSE."

A gentleman, whose name has not transpired, was made the bearer of this letter, accompanied by a drummer to announce the flag of truce in due form. It was delivered to the Provost

in a house at the end of the town, where, with Lord Burleigh and the other military leaders, he was holding a council of war. An answer was forthwith penned; not framed without difficulty, as is manifest from the various corrections and interlineations appearing on the face of the original draft. It is addressed, "For the Right Honourable and Noble Lord, the Earl of Montrose," and dated "Aberdeen, the 13th September 1644, at eleven o'clock." The most amusing correction occurs in the subscription, where the words, "your Lordship's faithful friends to serve you," have been scored out, and, "your Lordship's *as ye love us*," substituted.

"Noble Lord:—

"We have received yours, with a gentleman and a drummer, whereby your Lordship signifies to us that you are for maintenance of Religion, Liberty, and his Majesty's just authority; and that we should render our town, otherwise no quarter except to old persons, women, and children. We acknowledge likewise our obligation to maintain the same which your Lordship professeth you are doing; and shall be most willing to spend the last drop of our blood therein, *according to the Covenant*[1] subscribed and sworn by us. Your Lordship must have us excused that we will not abandon or render our town so lightly; seeing we think that we deserve no censure as being guilty of the breach of any the aforesaid points; and specially of that latter article; but have been ever known to be most loyal and dutiful subjects to his Majesty; and, by God's grace, shall to our lives' end strive to continue so; and in the mean time to be,

"Your Lordship's as ye love us,
"Provost and Bailies of Aberdeen,
"in name of the Burgh."[2]

[1] The words printed in italics had been substituted for these words, scored out,—"without prejudice of the *first* and *latter* Covenant," &c. They had thought it best not to be too particular.

[2] These curious and interesting missives are yet preserved in the archives of Aberdeen. Facsimiles of them are given in the last edition of Spalding's history, printed for the Spalding Club, 1851.

While this epistle was in preparation, " they caused," says Spalding, " the commissioner and drummer to drink hardly ;" the covenanting forces being all under arms, and ready to march against the King's banner. The flag of truce was fired on while quitting the town, and as they passed the Fife regiment. The commissioner escaped, but the poor drummer was shot. It was a dastardly act, characteristic of the Covenant; and dearly did Aberdeen pay for it. No wonder Montrose was exasperated. Every flag of truce he had as yet sent forth in the name of the King, had been treacherously dealt with. Spalding declares, that, " finding his drummer, against the law of nations, most inhumanly slain, he grew mad, and became furious and impatient." It could not yet be said of him, however, *quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat!* He ordered his battle with judgment and skill. Putting his forces in motion as the Covenanters were marching out of Aberdeen, the armies encountered each other at a place " between the Crabstane and the Justice-milns," hard by the town. Protecting either wing with a portion of his small body of horse, which afforded about a score to each, he entrusted his right to Nathaniel Gordon and James Hay of Dalgetty. William Rollo had charge of the left. To make up for the deficiency in cavalry, he cunningly intermingled with the horsemen his best and most active Irish musketeers, commanded by Captain Mortimer; and also some armed with bows, the weapon of his college sports, and which did good service this day. He caused his foot soldiers to distinguish themselves by a bunch of oats, stuck in their bonnets; which must have brought devastation to more than one harvest field. It was " Montrose's whimsy." He himself was clad in coat and trews, like the Irish, with a rip of oats in his bonnet; but well mounted, that he might better superintend the operations of the field. By his side was old Lord Airlie; while Sir Thomas and Sir David Ogilvy, and Alexander Ogilvy younger of Innerquharity, a beautiful youth of eighteen fresh from college, were acting on his staff, and ready to lead a charge against any point, as the turn of battle might require. Nor can it be doubted that Lord Graham was there too; for his safest place at this time, while with the army, would be somewhere near his father.

The battle commenced with the artillery on both sides; of which that attached to the covenanting army did the most execution, being better placed. This enabled the Covenanters to seize upon a cluster of cottages and garden walls lying between the combatants. From this post, however, they were speedily dislodged, by a body of the Irish musketeers, who drove a troop of lancers before them like sheep. Four hundred of Burleigh's foot, and a hundred horse, were then ordered out to retrieve this first check; and these, by a skilful detour, contrived to turn the left flank of the loyalists, and even gained a height in the rear of Montrose's main battle. Captain Mortimer, seeing the peril, rushed with his rapid musketeers to hold them in check; while Nathaniel Gordon, reporting the danger to Montrose, was ordered to unite all their cavaliers, with another hundred of the Irish, and storm that position as speedily as possible; an order executed so promptly, and with such vigour, that the covenanting horse were again driven off, and the four hundred foot soldiers cut to pieces. In this charge young Innerquharity distinguished himself, and returned with abundance of grinning honour, being run through and through the thigh with a lance.

Meanwhile, the right wing of the royalists was twice charged with great gallantry by the Lords Fraser and Frendraught, commanding another detachment of their foot. But these were also repulsed with great loss, having received no support from their cavalry; while, on the other hand, Colonel Gordon and Major Rollo, returning on the spur from their brilliant dash in support of the left, were in time to complete the success which the right flank had so well commenced, and thus to cry victory on both wings.

At this time the main battles of the opposing hosts were put in motion to join. Lord Lewis, at the head of his score of gay Gordons, was the first to make a showy flourish at the advancing royalists, which Patrick Gordon,—with whom the wild boy is a great favourite, even when stealing his mother's jewels,—describes imposingly, as "charging with pistols, discharging in ranks, and retiring in caracole." This is like a leaf out of the Marquis of Newcastle's book on horsemanship; but was too "*slow*" for a Gordon,—at least for a young one. It was the

last charge Lord Lewis made that day; until his horse's tail was streaming to the Dee, and his nostrils straining for Strathbogie. Emulous of the caracoling Gordons, Sir William Forbes of Craigievar launched his troop with a will against the main body of the Irish musketeers; really intending, as the old song says, "to ex-tir-pate the vipers;" who evinced, however, the coolness and cunning of the primeval serpent. The wary son of Coll Keitache was not to be caught. At his word of command, back on either side fell the boys with the rip of oats in their bonnets, and Craigievar thundered between. It was all over with the fiery Forbeses. The troop seemed to be swallowed up by the swarming, overlapping musketeers, as if it had charged down the crater of a volcano. Sir William himself had his horse killed under him, and Forbes of Largie, brother to the tutor of Pitsligo, were made prisoners; but few or none of that troop ever came again.

The eagle eye of Montrose caught the turning point of the battle. His handful of horse, having worked marvels for two hours, were well nigh exhausted. The enemy's cavalry, though cut up, and driven to a distance, were still in force, and seemed inclined to rally. The mother of the musket, too, was playing at long bowls with them, in a manner that sufficed to make a highlander very uneasy. The never-failing gaiety and humour of the poor Irish, indeed, evinced itself upon this occasion. A cannon-ball having taken off the leg of one of the active musketeers who accompanied the horsemen, he was found separating the piece of skin by which it was still attached, and exclaiming with apparent glee, that, as he could no longer fight on foot, the noble Marquis would be sure to mount him in the cavalry. In the midst of such incidents, the voice of Montrose (says Wishart) was heard,—"Come on, claymores—come on, musketeers—to close quarters,—we do no good at this distance,—down upon them with your broad-swords, and club your muskets,—make the cowards pay for their treason, and their treachery." The Redshanks at Alma were not more responsive to the call. On came kilts and trews with their Reel of Howlakin; and the bonnets of oats,—

"Like reapers descend to the harvest of death"!

The rush was irresistible, the rout irretrievable, the slaughter immense. Old Burleigh, who never appeared during the fight at all, scuttled away across the Don, because headed at the Dee. He went up into some place of safety, but had very nearly gone down into "the place appointed for delinquents." Every man who had a horse was safe. So no covenanting coronets were found among the carrion. A thousand covenanters bit the dust. Not a score of royalists. Aberdeen was decimated. Aye, and the aged, and the women, and the babe unborn, suffered death that day. Is it not all written in the book of lamentations by Spalding! But why did Patrick Leslie, the covenanting Provost, since fight he would, not take time and pains to save the aged, the women, and the children, as Montrose desired him? Aberdeen fared, as Sevastopol will fare, when the allied armies of civilized and chivalrous France and England take it by assault. The outraged flag of truce was avenged. The *manes* of him who accompanied it was appeased. And the old castle of Crathes is not haunted by a drummer.[1]

[1] The details of the battle I have taken from Patrick Gordon, whose history affords the most circumstantial of all the contemporary accounts. A few incidents are preserved in the depositions taken from some of the actors, who soon afterwards were brought before a committee of the Estates. James Ramsay of Ogill, who appears to have been a medical man pressed for a time into the service of Montrose, depones: "I saw the Earl of Airlie with the Irish rebels at *Crathes* upon Dee; and saw him at the conflict of Aberdeen, and his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir David Ogilvy, also; who all three were upon the fields in action the time of the conflict; and I left them all with the rebels when I came away: Sir Thomas and Sir David were at a private meeting at the back of the Law of Dundee with the rebels: I saw Alexander Ogilvy younger of Innerquharitie, and came in along with him at the Law of Dundee; and I saw him in the morning before the conflict at Aberdeen in the rebels' army; and after I was come off the rebels, the said Alexander being returned to Angus with a wound in his thigh, he sent for me to *pans* him (dress his wound), and affirmed to me he had gotten the wound at Aberdeen." Other witnesses mention that the wound was occasioned by the thrust of a lance through the thigh. We shall have to notice the fate of this interesting boy afterwards. The president of this committee was *Lord Frendraught*, one of the peers defeated at Aberdeen. Sir William Forbes of Craigievar is also examined, and depones:—"I did see the Earl of Airlie with the Earl of Montrose and the rebels at the conflict at Aberdeen, riding on horseback on the fields; and as I was brought in prisoner to the town of Aberdeen, after the conflict, I saw the Earl of Airlie's two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir David Ogilvy, with the rebels; and I saw the said Earl and his two sons several times with the rebels and the Earl of Montrose, and in several

One month had not elapsed since Montrose left Carlisle in disguise, "to shew how *feasible* the business is yet;" and in that time he had created an army for himself, destroyed two far superior armies of the Covenant, in two battles within twelve days of each other,—brought to shame eight noble houses in Scotland, which had chosen to assume the attitude of rebellion,—and established the terror of his own name in the field. Wemyss, Perth, Tullibardine, Burleigh, Huntly, Forbes, Fraser, and Frendraught, are the Scotch peers who already, by themselves, or by sons representing them, had taken the field against their Sovereign, and been shamefully beaten by his Lieutenant-General, who had not the slightest assistance from England. But for the defection of the Highlanders returning from Perth with their spoil, he might now have turned upon the *third* army of the enemies of the Throne; nor is it too much to suppose that such a commander as Argyle would then have fared no better than his noble compeers. As it was, Montrose adopted a different tactic, which, though occupying more time, was crowned with equal success.

To save Aberdeen as much as possible, he lost no time in ordering his troops out of the town; though, of course, several days elapsed before all the Irish companies, and stragglers, could be choked off their prey. He himself, however, had established his head-quarters in the village of Kintore, about ten miles up the Don, so soon as on the 14th of September, the very day after the battle. This appears from his own dispatch to the King, written from that place, and of that date; and referred to in his subsequent letter from Inverlochy, where he says,—The "last dispatch I sent your Majesty was by my worthy friend, and your Majesty's brave servant, Sir William Rollock, from *Kintore*, near Aberdeen, dated the 14th of September last; wherein I acquainted your Majesty with the good success of your arms in this kingdom, and of the battles the justice of your cause has won over your obdurate rebel sub-

places, during my captivity; and they were with the rebels when I came off (made his escape). I saw Alexander Ogilvy younger of Innerquharitie with the rebels at the conflict of Aberdeen, in action upon the fields."—*Original Depositions*, Montrose Charter-room.

jects."[1] The dispatch from Kintore we have not been so fortunate as to recover; but this reference to it implies that the King was understood to have received it; and there is no doubt that the gallant messenger returned to the royal standard in Scotland, and reported proceedings to Montrose. We have it also on the authority of Dr Wishart, that Sir William's report was of a very startling nature; in consequence of his having fallen into the hands of Argyle, when returning from Oxford to the north. The chief incentive, says Montrose's chaplain, to the cruel execution of this distinguished royalist, when made prisoner at Philiphaugh, was, "that he would not pollute his hands with a most abominable murder: For, being sent from Montrose with an express to the King after the battle of Aberdeen, he was taken prisoner by the enemy, and was condemned unto death; which he had not escaped except, for fear of death, he had hearkened unto Argyle,—who most unworthily set a price upon Montrose's head, and promised great rewards, honours, and preferments, to whomsoever should bring it in,—and had taken upon himself to commit that treason which he abhorred with all his soul: By which shift having his life and liberty given him, he returned straight to Montrose, and discovered all unto him; beseeching him to be more careful of himself; for not he only, who heartily detested so high a villany, but many more, had been offered great matters; most of whom would use their best endeavours to dispatch him."

The authority for this accusation, never contradicted by Argyle, is too direct, and the corroborations too strong, to admit of a doubt.[2]

[1] Montrose's dispatch from Inverlochy, which will be found in a subsequent page. Probably it was after the battle of Aberdeen that Major William Rollock, or Rollo, had been knighted.

[2] Would Sir William Rollo have *invented* such a story for Montrose's ear? Would Dr Wishart have given the story to Europe, in Latin and English, the latter version being published at the Hague while Montrose himself was resident there, if Rollo had not so reported *to the Marquis*? Would Montrose have told such an anecdote of his friend Rollo, or suffered it to pass, had that friend really not so reported to him? Then, is the murderous proposition not a counterpart of the case of Ardvoirlich, and *his* friend and companion, Lord Kilpont? The rescinded acts of Parliament prove that that murderer fled directly *to Argyle himself*, and was by him exonerated and rewarded. Moreover, at the very time, Argyle was proclaiming throughout Scotland *a price* for the assassination of Montrose.

Argyle and Lothian were now slowly following the "pack of naked runagates," with a well-appointed army, variously estimated at two thousand five hundred, or three thousand foot, and from twelve to fifteen hundred horse. Our hero had nothing for it at present but to lead this overwhelming force a dance through those northern districts where he hoped to recruit from the clans, and also to induce the Gordons to join him with all their chivalry. Accordingly, marching westward by the Don to Kildrummie castle, he took up his quarters there until Colonel Nathaniel Gordon made an excursion to Strathbogie (Huntly castle), and the Bog of Gicht (Gordon castle), to induce his clansmen, now that two victories had crowned the royal arms, to display practically the loyalty of their name and race. But the miserable abeyance of their chief, and the compulsory absence of all his gallant sons, had totally paralyzed the gay Gordons, upon whose support Montrose had mainly relied. His disappointed emissary also brought the intelligence that Argyle was in full march upon these strongholds of the absent chief, attended by his enthralled nephews, Lord Gordon and Lord Lewis, as if they too had taken up arms with a deliberate determination to oppose the royal commission and standard. So the King's Lieutenant, who had divested his little army of all encumbrances, except the miserable camp followers, and had been constrained to bury in a morass the cannon he had taken at Perth and Aberdeen, continued his march from Kildrummie through Strathdon, until he reached the old castle of Rothiemurchus, on the banks of the Spey, which he there expected to find the means of crossing. But the men of Moray,—Grants, Frasers, and others,—commanding the opposite bank of their torrent, had seized all the boats, and even menaced him with five thousand enemies. Thus again he found himself between two armies; as if the Covenant were hydra-headed. By this time, the 27th of September, Argyle had established himself in the stately castles of the lost Huntly; and was visiting his domains far and wide with the most merciless devastation. It was, and long had been, his paramount object, utterly to crush the noble and loyal house of which his own sister was queen; and this even while the young heir of it, George Lord Gordon, was writhing with anguish, and boiling with indignation, at his

uncle's side; yet compelled to witness the desolation of which he hardly dared to complain. To allure the oppressor from his lacerated prey, and to lead him through the mountainous wilds of Scotland till his cavalry at least should be worn out, was now the arduous undertaking of Montrose, which he accomplished with the most brilliant success. By this means, too, his little army of Redshanks, no less dependent, for its cohesion, upon constant motion, than the meteor that sweeps the heavens, became as active and wiry as the herds of deer that got no rest, in their own forests, for these winged warriors; and thus were the sinews toughened and tempered that reaped the harvest of death in victories yet to come. But the scheme demanded the genius of Montrose. The prestige of his recent victories was not to be sacrificed; and his movements must never assume one feature of inglorious flight. Who would recruit the banner that was flying in terror from the snake-like crawl of Argyle? Who would adhere to the standard that was not about to turn upon the rebel tyrant, and make the desolator desolate? And so our hero, like a skilful sportsman, with tender tackle and a monster fish, worked him up the Don to the Spey, from the Spey to the Tummel, from that to the Tay, then to the Esk, and round again to the Dee and the Don, and so round and round the north of Scotland, till he had him gasping at Fyvie in the month of October, and ere long fairly dished at Inverlochy.

When Montrose was headed at Rothiemurchus, he went northward down the Spey, and occupied the forest of Abernethy, which brought him within twenty miles of the Bog of Gicht, where Argyle had just reviewed his forces, and found them to consist of four thousand of all arms, in excellent condition. Yet he made not the slightest attempt to dislodge the enemy for whose head he had offered twenty thousand pounds Scots. Still looking for that noble head in a charger, he rested satisfied with laying waste the lordships of Huntly. The royal Lieutenant, unable to cope with the great power of horse opposed to him, but anxious to allure his enemy onwards, quitted the protecting forest, and returning up the Spey to Rothiemurchus, and from thence proceeding by the head of Strathspey, carried the only victorious banner of Charles the First, proudly streaming into Badenoch.

Notwithstanding his iron constitution, and great powers of endurance, our hero was occasionally visited with severe indisposition. At college, as we have seen, he had been alarmingly ill; and after the indignities and persecution he endured during the King's settlement of Scotland in 1641, he had become, to use his own words, "very unwell in my health." It is not surprising, therefore, that after all the excitement and herculean labour to which his mind and body had been subjected, between the 18th of August, when he left Carlisle, and towards the end of September, when he thus passed into Badenoch, we should hear of his health failing him again. His chaplain tells us, that after attaining these fastnesses, "for certain days he was very sick; which occasioned such immoderate joy to the Covenanters, that they doubted not to give out that he was dead, and to ordain a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for that great deliverance: Nor were their Levites, you may be sure, backward in that employment in their pulpits; for, as if they had been of counsel at the decree, and stood by at the execution, they assured the people that it was as true as the gospel, that the Lord of Hosts had slain Montrose with his own hands: But this joy did not last them long; for he recovered in a short space; and, as if he had been risen from the dead, he frightened his enemies much more than he had done before."

No sooner was he thus unexpectedly restored, than, crossing the Grampians, he again occupied the Blair of Athole, about the 4th of October. From thence he detached Allaster Macdonald, with a strong division of the Irish, to the western Highlands, as far as Ardnamurchan, to relieve the garrisons which had been left in the castles of Mingarry and Langhaline, and also to recruit for the Standard. Meanwhile, though thus weakened, he continued that strange and rapid orbit, which again perforce dragged the lagging candidate for his head round the north of Scotland (as if that enormous hostile mass of horse and foot had been his satellite), even while the mountains they had to traverse were becoming white with the winter snows.

The castle of the Blair of Athole, so pleasantly associated in the minds of the present generation with the happy progresses of our own Queen precisely two centuries later, was the only stronghold in Scotland of which Montrose kept possession,

throughout his great campaign in support of the Throne. The heart of the loyal district whence he derived his best support, it became the focus of his fiery career, where he recruited his forces, and kept his prisoners. Lofty as the old pile is still, it then reared its head more than one story higher, the very star of Athole; but shorn of its beams, in the reduction of its ancient stature, during the civil war of the 18th century. Montrose was never known—we say it pointedly and emphatically—to treat a captive with inhumanity, or to put a prisoner of war to death. He had many opportunities, and extreme provocation so to retaliate, but never did. His system was, like the knights of chivalry, to dismiss these encumbrances, so dangerous to a humane General, on their brittle parole not to serve against the Sovereign, at least for a time. A few, however, he found it absolutely necessary to detain, that he might have the means of proposing exchanges for his own friends who had fallen into less merciful hands. These he lodged in the castle of Athole, and appointed John Robertson of Inver, Lude's brother, to be Captain thereof. Stewart of Sheirglass, whose place lay across the Garry, directly opposite to Lude, undertook the victualling department, and supplied both the castle and the royal forces with the necessary vivers. Two distinguished prisoners, however, Sir William Forbes of Craigievar, and Forbes of Largie, Montrose, instead of consigning to the castle of the Blair, as he well might have done, still retained at the chariot wheels of his incessant career, treating them with the utmost magnanimity; which Craigievar repaid by taking the most favourable opportunity to abscond.

Having thus organized matters at what may be termed his head-quarters, again he put his forces in motion, pouring this time through the pass of Killiecrankie, and onwards by the braes between Ben-y-Vrackie and the Tummel, leaving Fascally on his right, and crossing Don-a-vourd, or *the hill of the Bard*, until he reached, hard by, the friendly house of William Fergusson of Ballyheukane, wherein he took up his quarters for a night.[1] From this inspiring eminence, which is to the right of the great highland road, going northward, between the now well known stages of Moulinarn and Pitlochrie, he could survey the

[1] Deposition of Master William Forrett.—*Montrose Charter-room.*

vale of the Tummel and the Tay, from Killiecrankie to Dunkeld. But though he rested beside the "hill of the Bard," no time had the heartbroken muse of Montrose to dwell on the beautiful and the picturesque. Onwards was she hurried, only giving out, like a crazy Jane, or Ophelia among her weedy trophies, occasional snatches of poetry, in which may be traced the idea predominant in the mind of the devoted champion of Charles the First,—

> "Can little beasts with lions roar,
> And little birds with eagles soar?
> Can shallow streams command the seas,
> And little ants the humming bees?
> No, no,—no, no,—it is not meet
> The head should stoop unto the feet."

From Ballyheukane he pressed on to Angus, where it is to be hoped, either in his own desolate halls of Old Montrose, or in the more secure retreat, scarcely less familiar to him, of Kinnaird castle, where his youthful portrait was yet cherished, he would find time to see the Marchioness and his two younger boys, and to put some order to his ruinous affairs. But his home affections were blighted like his muse. Onward he went, marching through the Mearns, the young hope of his house,—destined never to see again his mother or his brothers, or the homesteads where he parted from them,—still attached to his father's side, attended by good Master Forrett. Upon the 17th of October he crossed the Dee at the Mills of Drum, to the great relief of Aberdeen, where another covenanting army was in nervous expectation of his advent. But a second battle at the gates of Aberdeen was not his object. He was pursuing his course northward, and still luring on the leviathan that should have swallowed him. Spalding declares that he had destroyed no lands in that country until now, when he wasted in his progress some of the lands of the most inimical Covenanters, such as Lord Fraser, whom he had defeated at Aberdeen. But his use of this terrible scourge, characteristic of the wars of the time, was mercy, law, and order, compared to the unprovoked and cold-blooded exercise of it by Argyle. When he crossed Dee on the 17th, again he spent a night in Crathes castle, and exempted, and protected, Sir Thomas Burnet, cer-

tainly a most discreet and hospitable opponent, from any infliction of the kind. He acted with the same grateful and graceful forbearance towards Grant of Monymusk. "Montrose, upon Saturday the 19th of October," says Spalding, "*dined* in Monymusk with the lady, the laird being absent; and, upon fair conditions, he spared him at this time." On Sunday the 20th of October he passed northward to Frendraught, the lordship of another of the noble captains whom he had beaten at Aberdeen; and there certainly he made free with the fattest of his beeves, and victualled his own army without the slightest compunction. By Monday the 21st he was established in Huntly's castle of Strathbogie, which Argyle had occupied about three weeks before.

And where were Argyle and Lothian now? Following, but not pursuing, and generally about eight days behind the royalists, they had marched to the Spey, as our hero was quitting it for Badenoch, where he became so unwell. But the warrior's couch was not disturbed by Argyle. Into Badenoch he only ventured when Montrose was across the Grampians in Athole. And when the royal banner was streaming from the vale of the Tummel to the braes of Angus, Argyle was spreading destruction around the star of Athole. Woe to Lude, and Sheirglass, and Fascally, and Don-a-Vourd, and Ballyheukane, and every loyal heart, and hearth, and homestead, as King Campbell burnt and preyed onwards to Angus, and so northward to Dunnottar and Aberdeen, with a thousand of his best claymores, some fifteen hundred militia of the Estates, and seven troops of horse commanded by Lothian. Fourteen troops of horse, under Marischal, joined him at Aberdeen, which he entered on Thursday the 24th of October, and from thence marched to Kintore and Inverury the following day.

Were we to indulge in a comparison as crude as Clarendon's, when he likened Montrose and Argyle to Cæsar and Pompey, we would say, that this "strange coursing," as Baillie called it, might be compared to Achilles chasing Hector round the walls of Troy. There is this difference, however: When our Hector showed fight, our Achilles ran away. We prefer the simile derived from the greatest of piscatory sportsmen, the mighty Waltons of the roaring Spey. On followed the monster fish,

sorely plagued with this red-shanked hook in his nose, till thus sweeping round from the Spey to the Tummel, the Esk, the Dee, and the Don, he found himself again approaching his tormentor in Huntly's castle of Strathbogie. With a heart unshaken, and a hand as steady as ever, our noble angler sought a stronger position a little to the north, and reeled up at Fyvie.

Argyle, however, more active and daring upon this occasion than he ever was before, or again, had passed Strathbogie, and encamped within two miles of Montrose, ere the latter was well aware that he had crossed the Grampians. The surprise placed him in a most critical position; for his Redshanks, who had been breathing themselves with continual excursions against detached parties of the enemy, during their pause at Strathbogie, had expended all their ammunition, and had no means of replacing it; a fact which had become known to their opponents, whose leader assumed a more combative attitude in consequence. But our hero, occupying the wooded heights enclosing part of the amphitheatre within which stands that magnificent old pile, Fyvie castle, remained firm as the British at Inkermann. He was very nearly as much overmatched; having but fifty cavaliers to cover his fifteen hundred ammunitionless soldiers. King Campbell had twelve hundred horse, and the Earl of Lothian to command them, clearing the way for more than two thousand foot, rich in all the munitions of war. Matters looked serious indeed, and Argyle was within an ace of finding himself famous. A strong body of his best marksmen had already gained possession of the dykes and ditches about midway up the rough sides of the eminence occupied by the royalists. Indeed, Montrose played his only card, when, addressing himself, with an assumption of unconcern he could not feel, to a young Irish officer named O'Kyan, whose courage and activity were well known to him, he said,—"Come, O'Kyan, what are you about? Take some of your handiest fellows, drive those rascals from our defences, and see that we are not molested by them again." The young Hibernian replied by a rush at the assailants, for which they afterwards sought revenge by bringing him to the scaffold. He drove this advance of the enemy out of their formidable position, headlong down the hill; and his gallant company were rewarded by the precious prize

of many bags of powder. Then it was they exclaimed, with all the humour characteristic of their nation,—"We must at them again; the stingy traitors have left no bullets with the powder." Argyle, satisfied for the day, retired behind the Ythan, three miles further off; still looking for an opportunity, however, to overwhelm with his clouds of cavalry the little army whose muskets were empty, and their sabres not half a hundred. But the pause was fatal to him. Every pewter pot, dish, and flagon, in and about their present locality of Fyvie, was put into requisition, for the manufacture of slugs and bullets. And, to the endless mirth of the Irish, in this motley collection were many of those utensils whose unmentionable name we must shroud under its classic term of *matula*,—which proved the crowning disgrace to Argyle. So, when he again took heart enough to move up to the royalists, and Lothian found an opportunity of charging the fifty cavaliers, the Irish gunners, holding by their stirrups, met the charge with a volley so well put in, and so unexpected withal, that five hundred covenanting troopers turned and fled, spreading terror and confusion in the ranks behind them. Montrose then set to work with his skirmishers, along the line of defences in front; until Argyle, drawing off his whole array, retired behind the Ythan, and never came again. Nothing could exceed the gallantry and gaiety of the poor Irish. "There," cried one of them, firing over a fence, "there goes another traitor-knave's head broken with a pewter,"—*matula*. So completely crestfallen did Argyle retire, that the royalists, without difficulty or molestation, raised their camp at Fyvie, on the morning of the last day of October 1644, and marched down to Strathbogie. They lost in this critical affair none that have been recorded; while the Covenanters were deprived of their best officer, Alexander Keith, brother to the Earl Marischal, who fell when leading the charge of cavalry that was repulsed by the knights of the *matulæ*.

Argyle, after following with renewed caution to Strathbogie, and making some feeble demonstrations there, now gave up all present hope of obtaining Montrose's head, either by fair means or foul. Lothian's jaded and baffled horse retired into winter quarters, without another attempt to reap a laurel. But the wily Dictator, foreseeing that the month of November would

stagger some of the gallant spirits who had been hitherto careering with the Standard, offered the temptation of a pass and a protection to all who would now forsake it. Montrose, at a council of war which he held in Strathbogie, announced his intention of once more marching upon the Spey; and it is not surprising that some of his staff, seeing no end to this extraordinary campaign, should now shrink from holding further communion with the wilds and the wolves of Badenoch. Like our military magnates returning sick or crippled from the Crimea, Lord Duplin, Colonel Hay, Sir John Drummond, even his old companion Colonel Sibbald, and other lowland gentlemen, now made their bow to the King's Lieutenant, on the plea that their constitutions were unequal to such a march as he again meditated among moors and mountains enveloped in snow. Nathaniel Gordon also took his departure at this time. But there is every reason to believe that the seducer was here the dupe; and that the gallant cavalier had preconcerted with Montrose to take the advantage of Argyle's pass, and to exert himself to bring in Lord Gordon to the Standard; as indeed ere long he did. But no considerations could deter the brave old Earl of Airlie, and his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir David Ogilvy, from following Montrose to the end of the world. And the young Lord Graham, and the faithful Forrett, he kept with him still. For the dove from the ark might more easily have found a dry spot, than the young Graham a place of security from the persecution of the low-minded Estates of Scotland. Craigievar ran off. "Do you mean to steal away too?" said Montrose to Forbes of Largie. "I would rather die than do so," was the answer. "Then you may go," rejoined the Marquis, "on your parole, to return when I want you."

Upon Wednesday, 6th of November, the hero marched with his victorious Redshanks from Strathbogie to the Spey, few friends, and no enemies, daring to follow him. It was well for those who felt their constitutions unequal to the adventure, that they quitted him at Strathbogie. Having passed up Strathspey into Badenoch, the intelligence soon reached him that Argyle, now stripped of cavalry, had descended with his remaining forces from Aberdeen westward to the hallowed ground of Athole, established himself in Dunkeld, and was there using every effort

to convert those loyal districts. Montrose, without a moment's hesitation, again faced the Grampians, about the end of November, bent upon bringing him to battle. In one night he led his mountain warriors, struggling among rocks and drifted snow, through wilds untenanted save by the eagles and the deer. He was within sixteen miles of Argyle before tidings of his approach had reached that chief; who, instead of preparing to receive him, fled to the garrison in Perth, leaving the army he commanded to shift for itself. From thence he hastened, not a little crestfallen, to Edinburgh, where, says Spalding, "he got small thanks for his service against Montrose." Spalding was mistaken. Man, woman, and child now despised, as they had always hated him. But the spell of his power was still unbroken; for the Kirk yet acknowledged him as holding the keys. He was sorely put to it, however, to sustain his saintly dominion. "You heard," writes the Reverend Robert Baillie, after recording the battle of Aberdeen,—"you heard what followed? That *strange coursing*, as I remember *thrice* round about from Spey to Athole, wherein Argyle and Lothian's soldiers were *tired out*." And again says this worthy, groaning over the miserable failure to his reverend correspondent,—"Whether through *envy*, or *emulation*, or *negligence*, or *inability*, Argyle's army was not *relieved* as it should; himself was much grieved; so he laid down his commission, which neither Lothian nor Callender, *for any request*, would take up." And then he sought, and obtained, that most grinning of honours, the praise and the thanks of the same Constitution that thanked Hamilton![1]

[1] See before, p. 371. Guthrie says,—"Argyle and Lothian went to Edinburgh and delivered up their commissions to the Committee of Estates, receiving from them an act of approbation of their service, which many said they deserved the better because they had shed no blood." *Except by assassination*, might have been added.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BATTLE OF INVERLOCHY, AND ITS ANTECEDENTS.

MONTROSE'S desperate night march from Badenoch to Athole, although he failed to surprise his arch-enemy at Dunkeld, was not fruitless. He was rejoined by his redoubted Major-General, on their old trysting-ground. MacColl brought along with him John of Moidart, Captain of Clanranald, with five hundred of that sept. Claymores now came flocking to the invincible Marquis. Keppoch, from the braes of Lochaber, joined him with a tail in full plumage. Stewarts of Appin, men of Knoidart, Glengarry, Glenevis, and Glencoe, Camerons from the Lochy, and Farquharsons from Braemar, now surrounded the Standard. Montrose held a council of war, as he uniformly did ere commencing a campaign, or undertaking any move of importance. The question was, where the scene of their winter operations was to be laid, it being now the month of December, and no army immediately menacing them in any direction. He himself was of opinion, or at least suggested, that this was the proper opportunity to make a descent upon the lowlands, and to establish their winter quarters in some of the rich districts nearer the seat of government. But Argyle's recent ravages, while following Montrose in the north, had aggravated the personal enmity of the clans towards him, and, in fact, sealed the fate of Diarmed. With troops so disposed, the royal Lieutenant saw that the best tactic was to lead them where they desired to go; and where, indeed, they would be least exposed to attacks from the enemy's cavalry. There was justice, too, in visiting with fire and sword the territories of Argyle, whose people were all in arms against the throne, and who himself had introduced that scourge in Scotland, even against the unarmed and unresisting, where no civil war had as yet arisen, and with no better authority than his own feudal power for the acts of cruelty and oppression he then perpetrated, in gratifying his personal de-

sires and enmities. Moreover, to destroy the military power and prestige of the chief of the Campbells, was, from the very first, the great object of Montrose, who justly regarded him as the fountainhead of all the misery and vice that now inundated Church and State in Scotland.

"But, gentlemen," said our hero, "are you aware of the nature of those regions you propose to traverse in the depth of winter? Are the mountain passes practicable at this season? Shall we find *cities* where, as hitherto, we may enrich ourselves? Shall we even find food to sustain us?" To these pertinent questions, Angus MacAilen Duibh, a native of Glencoe, distinguished as a highland warrior, made answer with great alacrity,—"There is, indeed, nothing like a city, or half a city, in all the western highlands; but I know every farm belonging to MacCailinmhor; and if tight houses, fat cattle, and clear water will suffice, you need never want." Montrose hesitated no longer, but ordered the march, from Athole by Loch Tay, into the heart of Argyle's paternal domains, for the very next morning. It cost him the pang of another parting, however, which the departure of good Master William Forrett must have inflicted, although, probably, in consequence of the Marquis's own arrangements; as, of course, he would be desirous to spare the peaceful dominie that terrible campaign about to commence. Forrett had obeyed the summons of his quondam pupil, when he came to him through heaps of naked slain, at Perth; he had been at the battle of Aberdeen, and seen yet greater horrors there; he had followed him, in that "strange coursing" round and round the north of Scotland; witnessed the repulse and disgrace of Argyle and Lothian at Fyvie; and then had to undergo the killing night-march into Athole, across the mountains from Badenoch. Throughout these desperate adventures, we may imagine how valuable would be his services in attending the gallant boy of fourteen, who had gone foot for foot with his victorious father; and that the absence of the faithful tutor would be felt as a misfortune. For the Marquis dared not send the young Graham home with this long-tried domestic. It would have been delivering the hope of his house into the hands of Argyle.[1]

[1] Master William Forrett was immediately imprisoned by the Estates. It is manifest, however, that he had never drawn a sword, as his life was spared. His

His highland army, thus re-organized, Montrose marched to the south-west, descending, as at his first start, upon the country of the Menzieses, where he took prisoner the laird of Weem, the chief who had treated his summons upon the former occasion with disloyal indignity. His braes were left smoking. On they swept to Loch Tay, by both sides of which the clansmen pursued their fiery course, burning through Breadalbane, the no less hostile country of Campbell of Glenorchy, and so through Lorn into Argyle proper, Montrose's energies being now directed to solve the problem of the "far cry to Lochow." For under this proverbial expression, the western potentate was wont to couch his boast and belief, that his great stronghold of Inverary was not only impregnable, but inaccessible to an enemy. Often was he heard to declare, that he would rather lose a hundred thousand crowns than that any mortal, save his own dependants, should know how to thread the passes leading to his domestic citadel, or learn how it was possible for an armed force to penetrate his intricate dominions, even in the middle of summer. On the very first alarm of the descent of Montrose upon his neighbouring dependances, he hastened from Edinburgh to Inverary. There, in fancied security, he was making arrangements for a great gathering of his serfs, who were commanded to rendezvous in arms at his castle, when, to his terror, he discovered that Inverary was no more exclusive of the intruding Montrose than Dunkeld! The month of December was now far advanced, and the neighbouring mountains were covered with snow, when the herdsmen rushed down with the disagreeable intelligence of "*Monsieur Tonson* come again." The ubiquitous malignant, who, about the end of the previous month, had repulsed Argyle from Fyvie to Aberdeen, and then chased him from Athole to Perth and Edinburgh, had already mastered the talisman of his most sacred seclusion, and was at the

deposition before the Committee of Estates is very curt and cautious. He says: "I went along with the Earl to *Aberdeen*, and came from thence through the Highlands, by Badenoch and Athole; and was with the Earl at the *second tour* through Angus to *Crathes*; and from thence came about through Badenoch and Athole, till he came to *Loch Tay*, where I left the said Earl of Montrose and the Irish rebels, upon the eleventh day of December last," 1644. Montrose commenced his campaign from Loch Tay into Argyleshire on or about the thirteenth of that month.

very walls of Inverary! Not a moment longer did King Campbell trust either to his claymores or to his castle. He threw himself into a fishing-boat, and escaped to Roseneath, leaving his highland kingdom to the mercy of those "miscreants" whom he had been by way of pursuing since the month of July. Again had Montrose offered him the head on which he had set so large a price, if he could take it. The Standard proudly flowing, the war-pipe loudly blowing, they marched to the door of Inverary, and, doubtless, danced the Reel of Howlakin under those inaccessible loop-holes which then served for windows. It was no object to besiege the castle wherein Argyle was not. But on the outside Montrose left the most unequivocal marks of having called. What a lark for young Lord Graham! The royal army now systematically destroyed the arch-enemy's resources, marching in three divisions, one of which, the most lenient thong of the scourge, was commanded by the Marquis in person; another was under his Major-General; and the Captain of Clanranald led the third. Thus was traversed, by three separate routes, the whole of these western highlands; which were despoiled and wasted, even as Argyle had despoiled and wasted the braes of Athole, and of Angus, and burnt the "bonnie house of Airlie," whose gallant old Earl witnessed the retribution.[1]

When the Earls of Lothian and Callendar refused to undertake that command-in-chief, against the "common enemy," which Argyle threw up about the end of November 1644, the Estates were in the greatest difficulty for a home General. "Baillie was forced to take it, or it *must have lain.*" This does not mean our reverend friend. But we quote his lugubrious

1 "They ranged," Dr Wishart records, "about all the country, and lay it waste; as many as they find in arms going to the rendezvous appointed by their Lord, they slay, and spare no man that was fit for war: Nor do they give over, till they had driven all serviceable men out of that territory, or at least into holes known to none but themselves: Then they fire the villages and cots, and lay them level with the ground; in that retaliating Argyle with the same measure he had meted unto others; who was the first in all the kingdom that prosecuted his countrymen with fire and sword: Lastly, they drive their cattle: Nor did they deal more gently with others who lived in Lorn, and the neighbouring parts that acknowledged Argyle's power: These things lasted from the 13th of December 1644, to the 28th or 29th of January following."—*From the English Edition printed at the Hague*, 1648.

report of the dilemma; and the General to whom he refers is, his namesake and cousin, Lieutenant-General William Baillie of Letham, a natural son of Sir William Baillie of Lamington. He had learnt the art of war under Gustavus Adolphus, that great master of so many Scotch mercenaries, who did not much credit to him, and small service to their native country. But this Baillie did good service for the Roundheads at Marston-moor, and to old Leven in the taking of Newcastle; which last exploit accomplished, the high command going a begging in Scotland, was more than urged on Leven's subordinate. His own words are,—"I was pressed, or rather forced by the persuasion of some friends, to give obedience to the Estate, and undertake the command of the country's forces, for pursuing *its enemies*." A higher compliment than the universal rejection of that command, could not have been paid to the royal Lieutenant, nor a more severe sentence passed upon the covenanting government. The fact is, "the Estate," at this time, really meant the Marquis of Argyle. Shame to Scotland, especially to the jealous, selfish, narrow-minded *ruck* of the peerage, that it was so,—but so it was. No truer words were ever uttered than those which Sir James Leslie blurted out with an oath, at the taking of Morpeth by Montrose,—"that the Marquis of Argyle was absolute King of Scotland, and that his cousin General Leslie was Prince." Indeed, Argyle travelled with the government of Scotland in his pocket, and in such a shape that he could handle it with as much ease, and as deadly effect, as a Colt's revolver. Never was there a more powerful weapon invented, to serve such purposes as his, than the government of Scotland by *committees*. Wherever he went, whether crawling in the wake of Montrose, or summoning his serfs at Inverary, he was accompanied by a small committee of Estates, himself representing therein the highest order, which he took care to select in such wise that it would prove not only subservient but servile. Heaven knows what fine things these officials would have reported of their patron, had he ever conducted himself like a man or a Christian. But as it was, even when he shewed himself without courage in the field, or humanity in the judgment-seat, his own privy-council obtained for him not merely a parliamentary exoneration, but that seemingly grateful acknow-

ledgment from the highest tribunal of his country, which is so disgusting to read, and so melancholy to record. Accordingly, upon this occasion, he had the effrontery to insist that General Baillie should still be under *his orders* in the very command which had been dishonoured in his hands. And, says their victim,—for from himself we have the story,—"because I would not consent to receive orders from the Marquis of Argyle, if casually we should have met together, after I had received commission to command in chief over all the forces within the kingdom, my Lord seemed to be displeased, and expressed himself so unto some, that, if he lived, *he should remember it;* wherein his Lordship indeed hath superabundantly been as good as his word."[1]

This new commander-in-chief, who, so greatly to his credit, declined being the mere tool of Argyle, was nevertheless ordered by the Committee of Estates to consult with him at Roseneath (where he had taken shelter from the invasion of Montrose) as to the plan of operations against the royal Lieutenant. But MacCailinmhor had no idea of instructing this independent General, with an army at his back, how to traverse Argyleshire and his neighbouring dependances, or to entertain him at Inverary castle. It was now the beginning of January 1645; and intelligence had reached him that Montrose, having worked his will under the walls of Inverary, and throughout Argyle proper, was bending his course to Lorn and Lochaber, as if on his way north to challenge the Covenanters under Seaforth. Moreover, the chief of the Campbells had taken the precaution to recal from the army in Ireland the laird of Auchinbreck, Sir Duncan Campbell, a brave man and good soldier, who most willingly started at the voice of his chief in distress, to avert or avenge the plague that had fallen on all their houses. Not dreading, under these circumstances, to return to his own domains, Argyle procured an order from the Committee of Estates, by which General Baillie was compelled to transfer to him sixteen companies of foot, amounting to eleven hundred of the best trained and seasoned militia of Scotland, being part of Leven's army, returned from the south. Baillie himself was at the same

[1] General Baillie's Vindication of himself to the Covenanting Government, 1645; printed in Robert Baillie's Letters and Journals.

time ordered to change his route, with the rest of the army under his command, and to march from Rosneath to occupy Perth, where he was to keep open his communication with the garrison of Aberdeen and the army of Inverness.

It is curious to observe that the military arrangements of the covenanting government for the campaign of 1645, placed Montrose, in so far as regards besetting armies, in almost precisely the same position as when he opened the ball at Perth in September 1644. It seemed as if the hydra-heads he had decapitated or crushed, had all reared themselves again. There was, as before, Argyle, commanding an army of his own claymores and government militia, "at his heels," as the Reverend Robert Baillie is pleased to express it, though it was as the cur is at the heels of the war-horse. Holding Perth, there was the army under General Baillie, aided by the Dictator's friend, Lord Lindsay of the Byres (now Crawford-Lindsay by usurpation); to whom were joined Sir John Hurry, as Major-General, commanding the horse.[1] At Aberdeen there was a strong garrison, in communication with the army of Inverness under that *future* loyalist the Earl of Seaforth; while the men of Moray still shewed a hostile front to the King's Lieutenant, by the banks of the troubled Spey. Was there a man in Scotland, save Montrose, who either possessed the talents, or would have evinced the courage, under like circumstances, to commence that dance of death all over again, and with a higher heart than ever?

Sir James Balfour, the covenanting Lord Lyon, notes, that on Saturday 18th January 1645, in the Parliament which had met on the 7th of that month,—"a letter from the *committee* with Argyle, directed to the Parliament, was read in the house, shewing that the Marquis of Argyle had got a fall, and disjointed his shoulder, but *would be well;* that the *rebels* had *fled* to Lochaber; and that he (Argyle) would omit no occasion to pursue them." Another of his servile apologists, Robert Baillie, thus records Montrose's campaign in the territories of Argyle:—"The enemy," he says, "turned to Argyle, and came through it all without opposition; burnt Inverary; killed and spoiled what they pleased: *The world* believed that Argyle could have been maintained against the greatest army, as a country *inac-*

[1] Of whom see before, p. 405, *note.*

cessible: But we see there is no strength or refuge on earth against the Lord! The Marquis (of Argyle) *did his best* to be revenged; with an army sufficient, overtook the rogues, in Lochaber, at *Inverlochy*"! This is exquisite. We shall immediately see in what manner, by what superlative exertions, and with what success, Argyle "*overtook* the rogues." A finer clan gathering, indeed, never wielded the claymore, than that which their unworthy chief had congregated for his own defence. But never was the sport of catching a Tartar better exemplified, —never did the lion turn with more tremendous effect upon the timid yet too presumptuous chase, than when Montrose turned upon Argyle at Inverlochy.

According to his own simple account to the King, which we follow, so far as it goes, in preference to any of the contemporary chroniclers, the royal Lieutenant had obtained intelligence of his enemy having entered Lochaber, with the view of dogging his steps as usual, just as he was concluding his great foray throughout the Dictator's possessions; and that he was holding, as his temporary place of refuge, the celebrated castle of Inverlochy, in Lochaber, about two miles to the north of the present Fort-William. It was the last of Argyle's intentions either to face or to overtake Montrose. His object was to follow on the track of the royal army as it marched north, until haply it should come into collision with the army of Inverness; when, unless it happened to be victorious against the greatly preponderating forces under Seaforth, the western rebels might hasten their pace, and either secure or claim the victory. If, on the other hand, Montrose, whose course it was not easy to predicate, should happen to turn east and south in the direction of Aberdeen, Angus, or Perth, Argyle would have the way clear to join forces with Seaforth, and then fall down with overwhelming effect upon the rear of his dreaded foe engaged in front with the army of General Baillie, and Sir John Hurry's great power of horse. The game of war, against fearful odds, was never more splendidly played than now by the Marquis of Montrose. A rash tactician would have rushed straight at the army of Argyle, without disguise. But our hero well knew that such a move would only drive his opponent into closer proximity with

the northern army. Argyle and Seaforth must be cut off from each other, and the former taken unawares, to make him fight. Accordingly, determined to bring him first to book this time, unless he should happen to find Seaforth further south than he expected, Montrose marched through Lorn, Glencoe, and Aber, straight to the head of Lochness, and encamped at Kilcummin (where now stands Fort Augustus), as nearly as may be at equal distances between Inverness and Inverlochy. This difficult and skilful march had placed him thirty miles to the north-east of Argyle's position in Lochaber, and about the same distance south-west from Seaforth, whose head-quarters were Inverness and Elgin. Nor was he disturbed by either General, although he paused for several days at Kilcummin, holding councils of war; receiving such adherents from the north as his instructive visit to Argyle had already induced to become actively loyal; and, above all, framing and obtaining signatures to a new oath, or national bond of union. For, always anxious to place his opposition to Argyle's dominion upon the most constitutional basis, once more he betook himself to the machinery of a conservative bond, which hitherto had proved so futile in his hands.

We have rarely seen an ancient document more interesting to regard than that now referred to, the last sentence of which, immediately preceding the numerous subscriptions, runs thus,— "In witnes whereof, we have subscryvit thir presents at *Killiewheimen*, the *penult* dayes of January, the year of God ane thousand, six hundreth, fourtie fyve years." That is to say, on the 29th and 30th of January; leaving but two days intervening between the date of the bond and that celebrated battle which destroyed the clan Campbell for ever, as a sept in arms. The undeniable sign-manual of Montrose, written as if he meant to set the rest a copy in large text, leads the way. Close beside it appears the firm but school-boy hand of "Graham." Directly under the Marquis, signs the good and gallant old Earl of Airlie, no symptoms of trepidation in the tall upright limbs of the elaborate structure of his loyal name. But "Seaforth," small and shy, might have been written by a criminal before judgment. How in the world, and of that date, it came there, looking so sadly ashamed of itself, shall appear anon. Then,

in tumultuous disorder, placed at every angle, and in every variety of triumphant flourish, timid scrawl, unintelligible symbol, and illegible pot-hook, are to be read, or not to be read, the signatures of those cocks of the North, some of whose hands were more apt at the play of the claymore than the pen of caligraphy.[1]

But the royal army was ever on a sliding scale, owing to the continual drafts from it of those mountaineers who marched off to their own glens with the spoil from their neighbours. Although now at the head of a fine gathering of the Gael, in which the men-at-arms were really not outnumbered by chiefs and pipers, still Montrose could muster little more than fifteen hundred claymores; and scarcely so many horse as sufficed for a body-guard to himself and Lord Airlie, and to carry the clarions that saluted the royal standard. But his Redshanks were in fine condition; well breathed, by their long foray in the west, and high-blooded with Argyleshire beef. Neither was any man deficient in bonnet or plaid; and we even find it on record, as will afterwards appear, that the son of Coll Keitache himself possessed the supernumerary luxuries of a cloak, hat, and gloves; which, as a gillie was appointed to the special duty of carrying them, perhaps the highland warrior knew not how to wear. What is more to the purpose, this highland host was now completely equipped. The broadsword and targe; the steel pistol; the long gun; the longer bow, a weapon never extinct in the highlands; the Lochaber axe; the dirk of Badenoch; and the pike of the low countries. These weapons, and sufficient ammunition, rendered them independent this time of flints from the wayside, or pewter from the bed-chambers of Fyvie castle. Then the chiefs and leaders had set their hands to a bond, in which they solemnly swear to stand by the Monarchy and each other; and to yield military obedience to

[1] Maclean of Duart, Maclean of Lochbuy, Macdonald of Keppoch, Macdonald (younger) of Glengarry, the Captain of Clanranald, the Tutor of Strowan, the Tutor of Lochiel (both of these chiefs being infants), the Macgregor, the Macpherson, Stewart (younger) of Appin, are the most distinguished highland chiefs who sign the bond; and appear to have done so at Kilcummin, along with other brae men and lowland lairds of lesser note. But some distinguished names, of Gordons (including George Lord Gordon himself), Grants, Mackenzies (including Lord Seaforth), and even Campbells, were added after the battle of Inverlochy.

"Prince Maurice, his Majesty's nephew and Captain-General over this whole kingdom; or James Marquis of Montrose, his Majesty's Lieutenant-General of the same,"—in support of the Sovereign and his legitimate authority, to the death, against "this present perverse and infamous faction of desperate rebels now in fury against him."—"All which, before God and his angels, we most solemnly, and from our conscience and just sense, voluntarily and sincerely vow and promise firmly to adhere to, and never to swerve from, as we would be reputed famous men, and Christians, and expect the blessing of Almighty God in this life, or his eternal happiness hereafter."[1]

And now, it is said, Ian Lom Macdonald, the celebrated bard of Keppoch, brought intelligence that Argyle was dealing destruction to all the brae country belonging to his chief in Lochaber, and was even burning through Glenroy, in full pursuit of the royal army. Expressing the utmost scepticism as to the possibility of the chief of the Campbells becoming so very forward in his movements, Montrose at once ordered that famous forced march, unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the annals of military foresight, energy, and endurance. He had reached his present position, at the head of Lochness, by what was deemed the only practicable route, namely, through the valley and by the chain of lakes which now forms the line of the Caledonian Canal, but was then known as the great glen of Albin, utterly destitute of canal, or military road, in the days of Montrose. Thus he had pressed on past the position of Argyle about thirty miles, and as if only bent upon meeting the northern Covenanters. But now, his object being to turn round upon his slippery foe, and take him unawares, he guarded his former line of march, so as to intercept communication with Abertarf, where his camp had been, and starting early on Friday the 31st of January, he faced south, and plunged at once into the rugged bed of a small stream called the Tarf, which served them for road, proceeding, by circuitous and unheard-of ways, to scale the most unfrequented elevation of the Lochaber mountains, so as to surprise the camp of Argyle on its rear and flank. No human being had anticipated such a tactic. In the whole conception and execution it was a stroke of genius; and,

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room.

like all great daring, when combined with scientific calculation and rapid execution, it was crowned with complete success. Startling the herds of deer where armed men had never yet been led, and no traveller's footstep was to be found, onwards toiled those high-hearted warriors through gorge and over mountain, now crossing the awful ridges of Corryarick, now plunging into the valley of the rising Spey, now climbing the wild mountains from Glenroy to the Spean, and staid not until, having placed the Lochaber mountains behind them, they beheld from the skirts of Ben Nevis, reposing under the bright moon of a clear frosty night, the yet bloodless shore of Loch Eil, and the frowning towers of Inverlochy.

Montrose was first made aware of the vicinity of Argyle's camp, by coming into collision with the outposts, some of whom escaping spread the alarm, and sent Argyle himself to his fugitive galley that very night. About five o'clock in the evening of Saturday the 1st of February, the van of the royalists were halted, to wait for the rear, which was unable to close up until eight o'clock. "By this place of Inverlochy," says the dispatch afterwards sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, "the sea comes close to it, and *that night* Argyle embarked himself in his barge, and there lay till the next morning, sending his orders of discipline to Auchinbreck, and the rest of his officers there commanding the battle."[1] He took on board with him his own and Montrose's brother-in-law, Sir James Rollo, brother of the loyal Sir William; the laird of Niddry; Archibald Sydserf, bailie of Edinburgh; and, adds Guthrie, "Mr Mungo Law, minister thereof, whom he had invited to go along with him, to bear witness to the wonders he proposed to perform in that expedition." This was, in fact, his travelling *committee* of Estates; and thus had King Campbell well and wisely provided for the safety, and the flight, of King, Kirk, Lords and Commons of Scotland, before claymores were crossed on the day that was to witness the flower of Diarmed "all wede awa'."

[1] Ormond Papers. "Argyle," says his apologist Baillie, "having a hurt in his arm and face, gotten by a casual fall from his horse some weeks before, whereby he was disabled to use either sword or pistol, was compelled by his friends to go aboard his barge." His own *committee* had reported him convalescent at least three weeks before.

Having in this manner enabled his covenanting Majesty to *overtake* the rogues, our hero gave him till dawn to whet his courage and his claymores; only sending out skirmishers during the night, lest the quarry should escape after all. It was an awful pause. Clan Campbell, in full gathering, like an exasperated hive, numbering, with the government troops, about three thousand, confronting Keppoch, Clanranald, Glengarry, Locheil, Maclean, Macpherson, Macgregor, and Strowan, with at least contingents of their Septs. "These had marched," says Patrick Gordon, "two days through the mountains, in great extremity of cold, want of victuals, and in necessity of all things; yet their great courage and patience did bravely sustain it. Nor ought their extreme sufferings at that time ever to be forgotten. For that day they fought, the General himself, and the Earl of Airlie, who had staid with him since the battle of St Johnston,—these two noblemen, I say, had no more to break their fast, before they went to battle, but a little meal mixed with cold water; which, out of a hollow dish, they did pick up with their knives for want of spoons; and this was these noblemen's best fare. One may judge what wants the rest of the army must suffer. The most part of them had not tasted a bit of bread these two days, marching over high mountains in knee-deep snow, and wading brooks and rivers up to their girdle."

Humble as was the morning's repast of the two loyal noblemen, Montrose, with admirable presence of mind, would not seem to abate one point of military etiquette. As soon as the morning of Candlemas day, Sunday 2d of February 1645, had dawned upon the combatants, the standard of King Charles was saluted, as if on parade, by the clarions of the royal Lieutenant. Nelson, on the main deck of the Elephant, refused to close his note to Denmark without the ceremony of a seal. This proud and formal intimation of the presence of Montrose, and the Standard, and Cavaliers, reached Argyle in his barge, as he sat "overtaking the rogues at Inverlochy." Ere the evening of that day, Clan Campbell was no more. The military power and prestige of Argyle perished for ever. Montrose shall tell his own story of the fight. The bard of Keppoch, who watched it from the neighbouring heights, celebrated this avenging of his

desolated Lochaber, in a long Gaelic poem, of which we can only afford a curt and feeble imitation :—

Heard ye not! heard ye not! how that whirlwind, the Gael,—
To Lochaber swept down from Loch Ness to Loch Eil,—
And the Campbells, to meet them in battle-array,
Like the billow came on,—and were broke like its spray!
Long, long shall our war-song exult in that day.

'Twas the Sabbath that rose, 'twas the Feast of St Bride,
When the rush of the clans shook Ben-Nevis's side;
I, the Bard of their battles, ascended the height
Where dark Inverlochy o'ershadow'd the fight,
And I saw the Clan-Donnell resistless in might.

Through the land of my fathers the Campbells have come,
The flames of their foray enveloped my home;
Broad Keppoch in ruin is left to deplore,
And my country is waste from the hill to the shore,—
Be it so! By St Mary, there's comfort in store!

Though the braes of Lochaber a desert be made,
And Glen Roy may be lost to the plough and the spade,
Though the bones of my kindred, unhonour'd, unurn'd,
Mark the desolate path where the Campbells have burn'd,—
Be it so! From that foray *they never return'd!*

Fallen race of Diarmed! disloyal,—untrue,
No harp in the Highlands will sorrow for you;
But the birds of Loch Eil are wheeling on high,
And the Badenoch wolves hear the Camerons' cry,—
"Come, feast ye! come feast, where the false-hearted lie!"[1]

Montrose, ere he had time to rest from that terrible march, and conflict, thus wrote to Charles the First. And not Wellington, after Waterloo, penned a dispatch of more perfect self-possession, indicating less of the excitement of mere *personal* triumph and vanity, or a higher sense, or deeper feeling, of the great national object of the contest, which alone can afford an

[1] The pibroch or war-song of the Camerons was, "Come to me and I will give you flesh,"—being addressed to the beasts and birds of prey.

For the particulars of Ian Lom's meeting with Montrose at Kilcummin, and also for a literal translation of the Gaelic of his song, I am indebted to my friend James Robertson, Esq.; a lineal descendant of the Tutor of Strowan who led the Atholmen upon that occasion.

excuse for the shedding of blood in battle,—than Montrose's dispatch to his Sovereign, after the battle of Inverlochy :—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SACRED MAJESTY :—The last dispatch I sent your Majesty was by my worthy friend, and your Majesty's brave servant, Sir William Rollock, from Kintore near Aberdeen, dated the 14th of September last; wherein I acquainted your Majesty with the good success of your arms in this kingdom, and of the battles the justice of your cause has won over your obdurate rebel subjects. Since Sir William Rollock went, I have traversed all the north of Scotland up to Argyle's country; who durst not stay my coming, or I should have given your Majesty a good account of him ere now. But at last I have met with him, yesterday, to his cost; of which your gracious Majesty be pleased to receive the following particulars.

"After I had laid waste the whole country of Argyle, and brought off provisions, for my army, of what could be found, I received information that Argyle was got together with a considerable army, made up chiefly of his own clan, and vassals and tenants, with others of the rebels that joined him, and that he was at Inverlochy, where he expected the Earl of Seaforth, and the sept of the Frasers, to come up to him with all the forces they could get together. Upon this intelligence I departed out of Argyleshire, and marched through Lorn, Glencoe, and Aber, till I came to Lochness, my design being to fall upon Argyle before Seaforth and the Frasers could join him.

"My march was through inaccessible mountains, where I could have no guides but cow-herds, and they scarce acquainted with a place but six miles from their own habitations.[1] If I had been attacked but with one hundred men in some of these passes, I must have certainly returned back; for it would have been impossible to force my way, most of the passes being so strait that three men could not march abreast. I was willing to let the world see that Argyle was not the man his highlandmen believed him to be, and that it was possible to beat him in his own Highlands.

[1] This would seem to refer to his forced march back upon Inverlochy, from Lochness, across the Lochaber mountains.

" The difficultest march of all was over the Lochaber mountains; which we at last surmounted, and came upon the back of the enemy when they least expected us, having cut off some scouts we met about four miles from Inverlochy. Our van came within view of them about five o'cloek in the afternoon, and we made a halt till our rear was got up, which could not be done till eight at night. The rebels took the alarm and stood to their arms, as well as we, all night, which was moonlight, and very clear. There were some few skirmishes between the rebels and us all the night, and with no loss on our side but one man. By break of day I ordered my men to be ready to fall on, upon the first signal; and I understand since, by the prisoners, the rebels did the same. A little after the sun was up both armies met, and the rebels fought for some time with great bravery, the prime of the Campbells giving the first onset, as men that deserved to fight in a better cause. Our men, having a nobler cause, did wonders, and came immediately to push of pike, and dint of sword, after their first firing. The rebels could not stand it, but, after some resistance at first, began to run; whom we pursued for nine miles together, making a great slaughter, which I would have hindered, if possible, that I might save your Majesty's misled subjects. For well I know your Majesty does not delight in their blood, but in their returning to their duty. There were at least fifteen hundred killed in the battle and the pursuit; among whom there are a great many of the most considerable gentlemen of the name of Campbell, and some of them nearly related to the Earl.[1] I have *saved*, and taken prisoners several of them, that have acknowledged to me their fault and lay all the blame on their Chief. Some gentlemen of the Lowlands, that had behaved themselves bravely in the battle, when they saw all lost, fled into the old castle, and, upon their surrender, I have treated them honourably, and taken their parole never

[1] Calling Argyle *Earl*, is obviously a slip of the pen. Patrick Gordon records,— " In this battle the laird of Auchinbreck was killed, with *forty barons* of the name of Campbell; two and twenty men of quality taken prisoners; and *seventeen hundred* killed of the army: In the castle of Inverlochy there were fifty of the Stirling regiment, with their commanders, that got their lives; but of two hundred highlanders, none escaped the Clan Donald fury." The slain equalled in number the whole of Montrose's army.

to bear arms against your Majesty." [*Here are six or seven lines that, for the honour of some families, are better left out than mentioned.*][1]

"We have of your Majesty's army about two hundred wounded, but I hope few of them dangerously. I can hear but of four killed, and one whom I cannot name to your Majesty but with grief of mind, Sir Thomas Ogilvy, a son of the Earl of Airlie, of whom I writ to your Majesty in my last. He is not yet dead, but they say he cannot possibly live, and we give him over for dead.[2] Your Majesty had never a truer servant, nor there never was a braver honester gentleman. For the rest of the particulars of this action, I refer myself to the bearer, Mr Hay,[3] whom your Majesty knows already, and therefore I need not recommend him.

"Now, Sacred Sir, let me humbly entreat your Majesty's pardon if I presume to write you my poor thoughts and opinion about what I heard by a letter I received from my friends in the south, last week, as if your Majesty was entering into a treaty with your rebel Parliament in England. The success of your arms in Scotland does not more rejoice my heart, as that news from England is like to break it. And, *whatever come of me*, I will speak my mind freely to your Majesty; for it is not mine, but your Majesty's interest I seek.

"When I had the honour of waiting upon your Majesty last, I told you at full length what I fully understood of the designs of your rebel subjects in both kingdoms, which I had occasion to know as much as any one whatsoever, being at that time, as they thought, entirely in their interest.[4] Your Majesty may remember how much you said you were convinced I was in the right in my opinion of them. I am sure there is nothing fallen out since to make your Majesty change your judgment in all

[1] Note interpolated by Dr Welwood. See note at the conclusion of the letter. Compare the conduct, and sentiments, evinced by Montrose in this letter to his Sovereign, with the calumny which has entered history against him, as examined before, Chapter XIX.

[2] Sir Thomas Ogilvy died a few days after the battle, and was buried in Athole.

[3] Probably Lord Kinnoul's brother, a constant ally of Montrose's, who afterwards succeeded to the title, and perished from fatigue and hunger in the wilds of Assint, while accompanying Montrose in his desperate attempt to escape.

[4] Referring to his interview with the emissaries of Argyle. See before, p. 381.

those things I laid before your Majesty at that time. The more your Majesty grants, the more will be asked; and I have too much reason to know that they will not rest satisfied with less than making your Majesty a King of straw. I hope the news I have received about a treaty may be a mistake; and the rather, that the letter wherewith the Queen was pleased to honour me, dated the 30th of December,[1] mentions no such thing. Yet I know not what to make of the intelligence I received, since it comes from Sir Robert Spottiswoode, who writes it with a great regret. And it is no wonder, considering no man living is a more true subject to your Majesty than he. Forgive me, Sacred Sovereign, to tell your Majesty that, in my poor opinion, it is unworthy of a King to treat with rebel subjects, while they have the sword in their hands. And though God forbid I should stint your Majesty's mercy, yet I must declare the horror I am in when I think of a treaty, while your Majesty and they are in the field with two armies; *unless they disband*, and submit themselves entirely to your Majesty's goodness and pardon.

"As to the state of affairs in this Kingdom, the bearer will fully inform your Majesty in every particular. And give me leave, with all humility, to assure your Majesty that, through God's blessing, I am in the fairest hopes of reducing this kingdom to your Majesty's obedience. And, if the measures I have concerted with your other loyal subjects fail me not, which they hardly can, I doubt not before the end of this summer I shall be able to come to your Majesty's assistance with a brave army, which, backed with the justice of your Majesty's cause, will make the rebels in England, as well as in Scotland, feel the just rewards of rebellion. Only give me leave, after I have reduced this country to your Majesty's obedience, and *conquered from Dan to Beersheba*, to say to your Majesty then, as David's General did to his master, '*Come thou thyself, lest this country be called by my name.*' For in all my actions I aim only at your Ma-

[1] This letter has not been recovered. But her Majesty, in a letter to the King, dated from Paris, 6th January 1645, thus alludes to it:—"I have dispatched an express into Scotland, to Montrose, to know the condition he is in, and what there is to be done." See the Works of King Charles, vol. i. p. 299, edit. 1766.

jesty's honour and interest, as becomes one that is to his last breath, may it please your Sacred Majesty,—

" Your Majesty's most humble, most faithful, and
" most obedient Subject and Servant,
" MONTROSE."

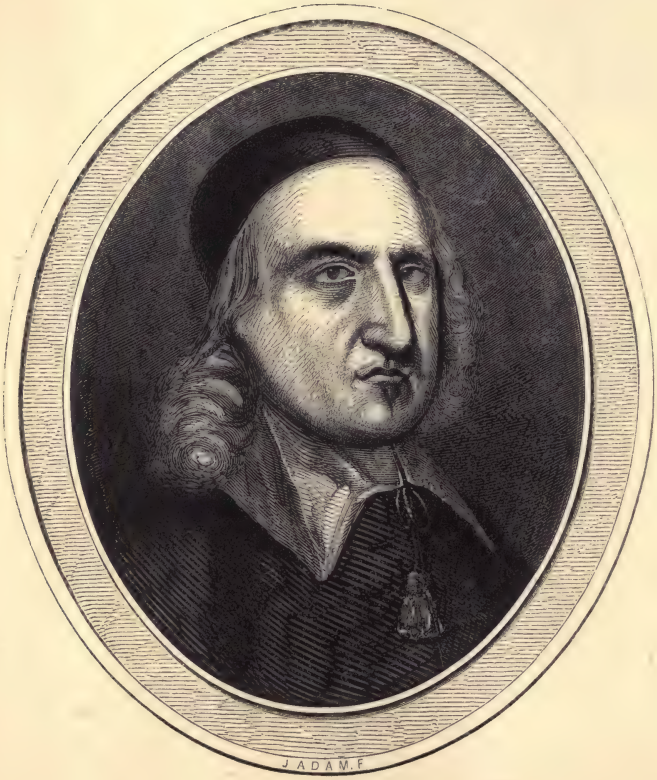
" Inverlochy in Lochaber,
February 3d, 1645."[1]

[1] This most interesting and important letter, was obscurely printed by Dr Welwood, in the appendix to his Memoirs, 1699. He says that he derived it from a manuscript copy in the hand-writing of the Duke of Richmond ; and further he tells us, by a provoking interpolation, that, " for the honour of some families," he had *omitted six or seven lines.* As none, upon that occasion, disgraced themselves but Argyle, and as his part in the battle is not alluded to elsewhere in the letter, the paragraph suppressed most probably related to him. In Wodrow's *Analecta*, this notice of the letter occurs :—

" I am told, likewise, by Dougalstoun, who has seen the original letter from the Marquis of Montrose to the King, at Uxbridge treaty, 1645, that the copy published by Dr Welwood, in his Memoirs, is a *vitiated* copy, and does not, in several things, agree with the original in the hands of the family of Montrose. I incline to enquire further, and to get the particulars if I can."—*Analecta*, vol. iv. p. 301.

This, however, is Wodrow's only notice of the letter. The most liberal access to the Montrose Archives has not enabled me to discover either the original, or a copy, in possession of the family. Nor has the copy referred to by Dr Welwood yet been traced. But that he had not *vitiated* the letter may be safely assumed. Every sentence of it obviously came from the pen of Montrose ; and its whole narrative is verified, in every particular, by contemporary history. Dr Welwood's interpolated note, in reference to what he had *suppressed*, would seem to be the sole ground for the allegation noted by Wodrow.

That this letter from Montrose caused the King to give up the treaty of Uxbridge, is a vulgar error of history. On the 15th of February he writes to the Queen that he is *hopeless* of the treaty. On the 19th, after again alluding to the " unreasonable stubbornness," which made him *despair* of peace, he adds what seems a reference to Montrose's letter just received : " Though I leave news to others, yet I cannot but tell thee, that *even now* I have received certain intelligence of a great defeat given to Argyle by Montrose ; who, upon surprise, totally routed those rebels, and killed fifteen hundred upon the place." On the 5th of March again he writes,— " Now is come to pass *what I foresaw*, the fruitless end, as to a present peace, of this treaty."



MARQUIS OF ARGYLL BEHEADED 1661.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE COVENANTING PARLIAMENT THANKS ARGYLE—THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY PETITIONS FOR BLOOD—LORD GORDON JOINS MONTROSE—SEAFORTH SUBMITS, AND SIGNS THE KILCUMMIN BOND—DEATH OF LORD GRAHAM —DEATH OF DONALD FARQUHARSON—CAPTURE OF JAMES LORD GRAHAM —LORD AIRLIE INVALIDED — BURNING OF DUNNOTTAR — MONTROSE CHALLENGES BAILLIE IN ANGUS—STORMS DUNDEE—HIS BRILLIANT RETREAT TO THE HILLS—ESCAPE OF ABOYNE AND THE MASTER OF NAPIER TO JOIN MONTROSE—THE BATTLE OF AULDEARN AND ITS ANTECEDENTS.

THE scene changes. Upon Wednesday the 12th of February 1645, ten days after the battle of Inverlochy, Argyle presented himself before the covenanting Parliament in Edinburgh, and a most melancholy exhibition it was. The contemptuous notice of it by Bishop Guthrie could only have been dictated by the prevalent opinion of the rebel Marquis, and the notoriety of his aversion to all personal risk. He describes him as going directly to the Parliament, on his arrival in Edinburgh, "having his left arm tied up in a scarf, *as if* he had been at bones breaking." There stood King Campbell, *minus* Clan Campbell, to tell how he "overtook the rogues at Inverlochy." What he said they did not venture to record; but the grateful reply we shall give from the original record of the rescinded acts of that Parliament, which are yet preserved in our public archives to bear witness against them:—

"The Estates of Parliament, having heard the Marquis of Argyle give, *verbally*, ane *clear and short* account of the progress of his late expedition against the rebels, and having well considered the same,—They find, that *the Lord Marquis* hath painfully, wisely, and diligently, behaved himself in that charge; and therefore that his carriage therein deserveth *public thanks* and *approbation*; and that himself should be *entreated* and *en-*

couraged to continue in the service with that forwardness of affection which in all his actions he hath ever constantly witnessed to Religion and Kingdom."

At the same time, Lord Balmerino, prompted by Argyle, whose constant tool he was, harangued the General Assembly, where he declared, "*upon his honour*, the Marquis of Argyle had not *thirty persons* killed;" and that the public account of the battle of Inverlochy was an invention of the *malignants!*

And now it was that the covenanting Church, in the highest state of exasperation, began to display her frightful teeth. A deputation from the Assembly, consisting of their Reverences, David Dickson, Robert Blair, Andrew Cant, James Guthrie, and Patrick Gillespie, presented a strong "remonstrance" to the House, "anent *executing of justice* on delinquents and malignants." In particular, and, as they expressed it, "according to the laudable custom ever used heretofore by the Kirk in keeping correspondence with the Estate," they urged, in the name of that most holy Inquisition, the immediate execution of Ludovick Earl of Crawford, Lord Ogilvy, Dr Wishart, and the other loyalists who had been suffering a merciless imprisonment in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. The subservient Parliament, now presided over by one to whom the proposition would be most welcome, he who had been allowed to usurp Crawford's ancient Earldom, nevertheless staid these bloodhounds for the time. It "commended the zeal and piety" of the Assembly, but humbly suggested that this was not the most convenient season for cutting the throats of these loyal noblemen and gentlemen, seeing that Montrose might possibly have the means of retaliation in his own hands. They amused themselves, however, with pronouncing against them the doom of forfeiture and death, and rending their heraldic honours; the sentence, indeed, upon which eventually Montrose was put to death without further process.

From Inverlochy our hero returned northward, with renewed hopes of the co-operation of the Gordons, and a determination to dispose of Seaforth, and then of Generals Baillie and Hurry, as he had disposed of Elcho, Burleigh, and Argyle. But Seaforth was not to be found! The undulations of the earthquake

on the other side of the Lochaber mountains had traversed Loch Ness, and decomposed the army of the Spey. Montrose carried the victorious banner of the King northward to Inverness, and then east to Elgin in Moray. Where was the high chief of Kintail, with his great gathering of Mackenzies, Grants, Frasers and Forbeses, who were to hold the north of Scotland against "the rebels" from the Ness to the Spey and the Don? Where was the army of five thousand foot and horse upon which Argyle had flattered himself he was driving Montrose to his certain destruction? The chief of the Mackenzies, too, *witnessed* his "forwardness of affection to *Religion* and *Kingdom*," by running away! Upon the 17th of February 1645, he was holding a *committee* at Elgin, with some of the covenanting barons of the north, when the royal Lieutenant's march upon that town was announced to them. Seaforth himself gave the word *sauve qui peut*. There is something ludicrous in the hurry-scurry with which all made off; infusing such a panic into the poor townsfolk, that they too fled with their families and goods; which, as Spalding records, "incensed the soldiers worse against the town than if they had remained and kept their houses." But, he adds, "the Earl of Seaforth, and the rest of the committeemen, fled their own ways."

Montrose entered Elgin on the 19th of February, without having encountered a northern army at all, although driven to the necessity of leaving his fiery card behind him, wherever he had called in his progress and found loyalty not at home. It was his only means of conducting the campaign, under the circumstances. He was ready to meet any of their forces in the field. He turned from army to army of the covenant wherever he could find them. And when that species of resistance evaded him, he had to support the authority and the strength of the royal standard by the most peremptory mode of recruiting, which he prefaced with this proclamation:—"These are ordaining all and whatsoever true subjects that be able for his Majesty's service, betwixt sixty and sixteen, to repair to our army, with their best arms, conform to the commission given by his Majesty to raise his forces within the kingdom of Scotland, under the pain of burning, and slaying of all and whatsoever

disobedient persons."[1] Having drawn the sword for his Sovereign, most assuredly he went to war in his gauntlets, and not in a pair of those "fine well-favoured riding-gloves" which bedecked him in the youthful days of his carpet knighthood. But as the gratification of private or personal animosities was a motive infinitely beneath the level of his heroic character, submission to the Standard, the payment of a sufficient fine, or the presence of a lady, never failed to mitigate the terrors of his path. Not many weeks had elapsed since young Lord Gordon was compelled to witness his uncle's lawless and unnecessary devastation of Huntly's dominions. Now he was free, and the protecting banner of his legitimate Sovereign floated proudly there. He had latterly been waiting the event at the Bog of Gicht, or Gordon castle, a little to the east of Elgin; and, says Spalding,—"being in the Bog, he lept quickly on horse, having Nathaniel Gordon, with some few others, in his company, and that same night came to Elgin, saluted Montrose, who made him heartily welcome, and *they sup joyfully together:* his brother Ludovick came also to Montrose, and was graciously received." Nor was this all. Another distinguished guest joined the joyful party in Elgin. Lord Seaforth himself! We should like to have seen the noble fugitive "saluting Montrose." Now attended by a brilliant staff, and with this covenanting commander following meekly and socially in his train, our hero adjourned from Elgin to more luxurious quarters in Gordon Castle. The *Kilcummin Bond* was tabled; that solemn oath of conservative union and allegiance, so emphatically expressed, which we have elsewhere quoted. The Gordons, of course, signed it *con amore.* And Seaforth's name, too, is attached to the loyal instrument, as if he had shared the glory, with Montrose and Airlie, of the 2d of February 1645! Thus disarmed, and thus deeply pledged, he was suffered to depart, by his placable and high-minded conqueror, that he might protect his own country from the lawless government he had now forsworn. We shall hear of him again.

It was on the 4th of March that Montrose proceeded with his new allies to Gordon Castle, where his first severe domestic

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room.

affliction awaited him. Lord Graham, his young constitution probably overtaxed by the severity of the winter campaign, died, after a very short illness, in this stately dwelling of the chief of the Gordons, far from the homesteads of the Grahams. The gallant boy was buried in the neighbouring kirk of Bellie. As Lord Gordon and his brother had joined Montrose, and also Lord Seaforth, it is some consolation to think that the last moments, and obsequies, of the young nobleman would be well and suitably attended. Little time had the bereft parent to shed tears over his tomb. By the 9th of March he was in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, pursuing his fiery progress south, as if to challenge Generals Baillie and Hurry. Here a double affliction followed close upon the former. One of his best captains, Donald Farquharson, called the pride of Braemar, lost his life in Aberdeen, through the boyish carelessness of himself and Nathaniel Gordon. Hurry, whose horse were encamped at no great distance, learning that some of the principal cavaliers from the camp of Montrose were amusing themselves carelessly in Aberdeen, came down upon them in person with eight score of dragoons at his back, and took them completely by surprise. Colonel Farquharson was ruthlessly killed on the street, while unsupported, unarmed, and unresisting. Colonel Gordon escaped, and was severely lectured by Montrose for the carelessness which had cost them so dear. Elated with this exploit, Hurry, in returning through the town of Montrose, surprised and carried off James, now Lord Graham, with his tutor, who were both imprisoned in the castle of Edinburgh. At the very same time, old Lord Airlie became dangerously ill, and had to be conveyed to Huntly's castle of Strathbogie, with eight hundred of Montrose's best claymores to attend and protect him there. Thus, within little more than one week's time, was he deprived of his two eldest boys, two of his most valuable allies, and a large portion of the flower of his troops.

Yet onward he went in his fiery course, summoning the country in the name of the King, and wasting the districts, principally of those peers who had accepted military commands from the covenanting government, such as Findlater, Forbes, Fraser, and Marischal, and by whom his earnest and courteous missives, imploring them to support the Standard, were treated

with silent disregard. On the 21st of March he burnt the barnyards of Dunnottar, while the Earl Marischal himself, his covenanting lady, and sixteen ministers who had ensconced themselves in the castle, were witnesses of the conflagration. The burgh of Stonehaven, the town of Cowie, the shipping, and the whole lands of Dunnottar were successively consigned to the flames. Twice had Montrose written to the Earl, to avert that calamity, and received only verbal insult in reply. Marischal appears to have been equally regardless of the entreaties of his own people. Spalding records, that "the people of Stonehaven and Cowie came out, man and woman, children at their foot, and children in their arms, crying, howling, and weeping, praying the Earl for God's cause to save them from this fire, how soon it was kindled; but the poor people got no answer, nor knew they where to go with their children." Marischal would neither avert the storm by a conference with the Marquis, nor would he admit his suffering people within the extensive fortifications which sheltered the sixteen ministers, who doubtless controlled him. When the young nobleman expressed distress and regret, at not having yielded in some measure to the fiery summons of his Sovereign, the Reverend Andrew Cant assured him, that the conflagration was "a sweet-smelling incense in the nostrils of the Lord."

Towards the end of March, our hero, having again passed the Grampians to the south, lay encamped at Fettercairn, about seven miles from Brechin, the quarters of Sir John Hurry's cavalry, amounting to eight hundred horse. General Baillie was not far off, at the head of three thousand foot, ready to co-operate. Montrose now commanded a very precarious force, difficult to estimate, owing to its fluctuating nature, but much inferior to his well-appointed opponents. His cavalry amounted only to a few hundreds; chiefly composed of the Gordon horse, which the unsteadiness of Lord Lewis, whom Lord Gordon himself could not restrain, was continually deteriorating by some independent adventure, or capricious and petted desertion. Under all these disadvantages, he never ceased manœuvering with the utmost skill and daring in the face of his preponderating foe; now routing Hurry's dragoons, in their rash attempt to surprise him; now offering battle to Baillie, at a

moment when that cautious General thought it best to decline; and ever watching his opportunity to catch either of these great commanders in a position that would enable him to strike one of those sledge-hammer blows that failed not to shake the throne of the Covenant to its very centre. After chasing Hurry across the Esk to Dundee, he confronted his colleague from the opposite bank of the Isla, which formed a barrier between them. For several days they continued to glare at each other, to the amazement and terror of his own country of Angus, and the Mearns, none knowing which of the two armies they were to consider as their masters. That pause not suiting the plans or the temper of Montrose, he sent his adversary a "complimenting challenge," to the effect, that if he would pledge his honour to fight, he might cross the river, unmolested, with all his forces; or, if he preferred doing battle on his own bank, that the royal standard should be carried across the Isla, under the same conditions. "Tell Montrose," replied the covenanting General, "that I will fight at my own time and pleasure, and ask no leave of him."

Shortly afterwards Baillie and Hurry had the Marquis at advantage; a peril from which he only extricated himself by the most consummate skill. Sending his baggage and the least active of his followers to Brechin, he attacked in person, with a small portion of his troops, the disloyal town of Dundee, which, relying on the strength of its garrison and defences, rejected his summons, as before.[1] It was then attacked and stormed by

[1] According to the custom of the Covenanters, the trumpeter sent with the summons was made prisoner. He was subsequently examined by a committee, and put to death; notwithstanding his cautious deposition, which affords a glimpse of Montrose in person: "Edinburgh, 17th April 1645.—John Gordon, servant to the laird of Rothemay, depones, that eight days before Hurry came to Aberdeen with a party, or thereby, his master sent him to the Lord Gordon, to desire him to deal with Montrose for his master's men as he did with his own; and the Lord Gordon, after he had spoken with Montrose, gave order to Rothemay to raise his men; whereupon the deponer was employed to raise the men; and accordingly brought twenty-four men to Montrose, to Inverury, where his men were put in Captain Innes's company, and the deponer made Lieutenant; and that he came alongst all the way to Dundee with the rebels: Depones, that when he was lying with the rest of Lord Gordon's regiment about Dundee, Montrose came to him, being half sleeping, and said: '*John, you must go in with this paper* (which was folded) *to the Magistrates of Dundee*'; and with *boastings* forced him to do the same: Denies he knew

Lord Gordon and Major-General Macdonald, while the Marquis superintended the operations from the Law of Dundee. The force engaged was only between six and seven hundred musketeers, and the royal Lieutenant's body-guard was somewhat under two hundred cavaliers. The place was taken, its own cannon turned against it, houses fired and pillaged, and a formal surrender on the point of being arranged with Lord Gordon, when the scouts, who had previously misled Montrose, brought the intelligence that both of the covenanting Generals were within one mile of Dundee, at the head of three thousand foot and eight hundred cavalry. Never was a more critical moment. One half of the storming party were intoxicated, and all disorganized. The genius of Montrose saved himself and his army, and added another wreath to the Standard. Encouraging all, on the instant he got together even the intoxicated soldiers out of the town, a remarkable instance of his presence of mind, and power of command. Dispatching the foot in two separate bodies, the drunk men being driven in front, he covered the rear himself with his horse; and, ere the sun had gone down, was in full retreat, in regular order, leaving few or none behind him. Then commenced the chase. Twenty thousand crowns was the price now proclaimed for Montrose's head. Hurry and his horse overtook the rear; but Baillie could not touch the flank of the Redshanks. Again the invaluable manœuvre of mingling musketeers with his cavalry, was successfully practised. While covering the retreat, three of his best marksmen each emptied a saddle, which effectually cooled the ardour of pursuit. Thus fighting on the retreat, he approached the east coast, darkness favouring the fugitives, and paused about midnight near Arbroath, intending to communicate with his detachment at Brechin, and then to make for the mountains. The experienced Baillie, however, had taken care to command all the known routes to the Grampians; and the

what was in the paper; and that the Magistrates promised to give him an answer; and before they could get the same written, Montrose set upon the town, whereupon the deponer was committed to the Tolbooth: Depones, he was with the rebels in their whole actions, from his entry at Inverury till he came to Dundee; howbeit he was not an actor." The unhappy man's fate is thus indicated on the margin: "25th April, *Guilty*."

banner of Charles the First seemed about to be driven into the sea. But Montrose, anticipating this obstacle to his direct march on the Grampians, roused his weary camp from its deadly inclination to slumber, and pressed them on from Arbroath; while Baillie, making himself sure of his prey in the morning somewhere on the coast, rested for the night about Forfar. When the day dawned, bitter was his disappointment to find that the royal army was no longer on the coast. Our hero, by a most daring manœuvre, turning from Arbroath to the north-west, had passed close to his pursuer in the night time, and so by Kirriemuir to the South Esk, which he crossed at Carriston castle just as the shades of night deserted them. Here he learnt that the portion of his forces at Brechin had already made their way to the hills; upon which he hastened his march in the same direction, and gained the fastnesses of the Grampians, through Glenesk, he and his troops having been on the march, including the storming of Dundee, during three days, and two sleepless nights. "I have often," says Dr Wishart, "heard those who were esteemed the most experienced officers, not in Britain only, but in France and Germany, prefer this march to his most celebrated victories."[1]

The Covenanters, although they gave out that this chase had annihilated Montrose, made the most formidable preparations for his re-appearance. Again the hydra reared her heads. Sir John Hurry, with a force of twelve hundred foot, and a hundred and sixty horse, was dispatched to the north of the Grampians, to form a combination with Marischal, Seaforth, Sutherland, Findlater, and other influential Covenanters, who were to traverse the counties of Aberdeen, Moray, and Inverness. General Baillie, with a formidable army, was stationed at Perth; from whence he was to make fiery excursions into Athole, and

[1] M'Coll Keitache lost his footman upon that occasion. "Edinburgh, 17th April 1645.—Donald MacGregor, born in the clachan beside the head of Lochow, Depones,—He was footboy to Captain Hugh M'Dougal, and was taken by the rebels when his master was *slain at Inverlochy*; and has ever been with them since, being kept by Major-General Macdonald as his footman: Depones,—he was taken after the *burning of Dundee*, about six miles therefrom, *being carrying his master's hat, cloak, and a pair of gloves*; and that he knows not the gentleman who took him; and depones, he was brought *alone* to Dundee, and none with him."—*Original*, Montrose Charter room.

at the same time to be ready to join the army of the north, or to protect the south, as occasion might require. We blush to record, that into these arrangements the Earl of Seaforth entered without hesitation, although he had so recently declined facing Montrose in the field, had voluntarily submitted to him, lived with him in Gordon castle, signed the Kilcummin bond, and had been dismissed, as a new ally, in the month of March, by the royal Lieutenant, with whom he was thus preparing to do battle, in the same districts, in the month of April!

"Then break afflicted heart, and live not in these days,
When all turn merchants of their faith, none trusts what other says."

But our hero's muse was more despairing than his martial spirit. Not a day was he idle among the Grampians. Lord Gordon, with those of his cavaliers who had not left the Standard, immediately proceeded to his own country, for the purpose of reclaiming his wayward brother, and of raising, if possible, the whole power of his house. General Macdonald, with a regiment of the Irish, was sent further into the Highlands to obtain fresh levies; while the young laird of Inchbrakie was ordered to Athole to bring back the brae-men, who had gone home with spoil. About five hundred foot, and fifty horse, was the whole force retained by Montrose, who had now scarcely a companion to cheer him. In this forlorn condition, however, he suddenly re-crossed the Grampians; and, in less than a fortnight from the time when he had taken refuge there, he was again far to the south of those mountains. "In effect," says Spalding, after attempting to give some idea of his progress at this time, "we had no certainty where he went, he was so obscure." His *obscurity* consisted in his constant motion, and rapidity of march in the most inaccessible quarters. He was occupying the village of Crieff in Strathern, close to the leaguer of Baillie, when that General thought he was on the other side of the Grampians. Again the unfortunate covenanting commander tried to intercept him, by a night march, with two thousand foot and five hundred horse. But our hero, sufficiently on the alert, covered the retreat of his remnant of an army with the few cavaliers he had; and, once more sustaining the whole weight of the enemy's cavalry, repulsed and threw them into disorder.

Then, hurrying onwards, he took possession of the pass of Strathern, and established himself for the rest of the night near the head of the Loch. On the following day, about the middle of April, the royal standard, as if charmed against all mortal foes, was flaunting far westward among the Braes of Balquhidder, and proceeding in the direction of Loch Katrine.

He paused on the southern side of the mountains that overlook "the varied realms of fair Menteith." But it was not to visit the favourite haunts of his boyhood, that he had passed with his brave followers along the shores of Loch Katrine, and so down to Loch Ard. Intelligence reached him among the mountains, that he would be joined in this neighbourhood by the Viscount of Aboyne, Huntly's second son; and he was ever anxious to promote a junction with the Gordon chiefs. Aboyne had made his escape from beleaguered Carlisle, and after a dangerous adventure, and severe injury to his shoulder from a fall, reached the Standard, in Menteith, on or about the 19th of April, accompanied by a few horsemen. In this district, too, lay the domains of Napier-Rusky, and the Keir. On their paternal possessions, Montrose's two nephews, the Master of Napier, and the laird of Keir younger, were hiding and wandering, in search of the hero whose adventures they were most anxious to share. All the members of these united families, including the ladies, had been condemned by the Committee of Estates, without any process being instituted against them, to confine themselves, as state prisoners, to their own houses, under heavy penalties. It was an act of intense meanness on the part of the Argyle government. No other reason could be assigned than their domestic relations and feelings towards Montrose; whose own boy, with his tutor, was at the same time confined in Edinburgh castle. Lord Graham was but eleven years of age. The Master of Napier, married at the early age of seventeen to the Lady Elizabeth Erskine, and now the father of several children, had not yet quite completed his majority. Young Keir we have only found recorded by Spalding. Napier, certainly, contrived to escape, and joined his uncle at Cardross, upon Monday the 21st of April. Their presence must have afforded Montrose some compensation for the loss of his own sons, and other friends torn from him by death and captivity. "They

were," says Spalding, and we may believe him, "all joyful of each other." Their escape, however, was severely visited upon every member of their families at home, as we shall presently find.

It was now Montrose's turn to pursue. When at Loch Katrine, he learnt that Sir John Hurry, with an overwhelming force, was threatening Lord Gordon in the north, while Baillie with another army was burning the district of Athole, even up to the castle of Blair. So he started from Menteith in pursuit of him, with but a section of his small army, and almost totally unprovided with powder and ball. Retracing his steps to Balquhidder, and thence marching along the side of Loch Tay, he passed through Athole and Angus, until he came to the Grampians. Then climbing the mountains towards Glenmuick, and pressing into the heart of Mar, he crossed the Dee near Balmoral, and was at Skene about the end of April. There he paused for want of ammunition, to procure which Lord Aboyne was despatched with about eighty horse to Aberdeen. That daring young nobleman took possession of the town, carefully set his watches, and then boarded two vessels lying in the harbour, out of which he took twenty barrels of gunpowder, and returned with it the same night to his commander. Here, also, Montrose effected a re-union with Lord Gordon, who joined the royal army on the Dee, with a thousand foot and two hundred horse. About the same time Macdonald returned with his recruited division. And now the royalists were ready for battle. Sir John Hurry, on obtaining intelligence of their approach made for the Spey, which he crossed with the view of joining the northern Covenanters. Our hero chased him at the heels from Elgin to Forres, and from thence onwards in the direction of Inverness, where Sir John succeeded in his object, and received a great accession of strength from his junction with the Earls of Seaforth, Sutherland, and Findlater.

The royal Lieutenant had halted from his pursuit of the rebels, late in the evening of Thursday the 8th of May, at the village of Auldearn, within a few miles of Nairn. During the night, which was very dark, the rain fell in torrents. According to Patrick Gordon, he was all but caught napping in the

morning by Hurry, whose sudden acquisition of strength had not been made known to him. Be this as it may, at least he was sufficiently awake to take up an admirable position, and once again to instruct an overwhelming foe in the game of catching a Tartar. As General Baillie was in his rear, and hastening to the Spey, he at once made up his mind to accept battle from Hurry, although under great disadvantages. The temptation was irresistible. This great combination to devour him, was commanded by two individuals, both of whom he must have greatly desired to bring to book. There was the noble chief of the Mackenzies, who, when the victor marched from Inverlochy to meet him, cast his truncheon into the Moray Firth, and bowed his knee, and swore allegiance to the royal standard. And now, predominating over that same faithless nobleman, was the king of weathercocks, Sir John Hurry, who had slaughtered Donald Farquharson on the causeway of Aberdeen, and kidnapped the hope of the house of Graham. Seaforth really deserved to be soundly thrashed. And Sir John Hurry, the recreant knight, had well earned the distinction he now acquired, of being drubbed back into his allegiance by Montrose.

The village of Auldearn stood on an eminence overlooking a valley; and several small hills rising behind rendered the view of it indistinct to those standing at any distance. The front of the hamlet was covered by a few dikes, answering the purpose of defences, and a like advantage was derived from the rugged sides of the ravine. The royal army was very weak. Owing to the fluctuating quality of the material, the foot had again dwindled to the usual average of about fifteen hundred; while the cavaliers did not much exceed two hundred. These, however, were chiefly composed of the gay Gordons, and were led on by the Lords Gordon and Aboyne. On the other side General Hurry commanded in chief. His junction with the army of the Spey gave him not less than three thousand foot, and from six to seven hundred horse. His troops, moreover, were of the best the Estates could send forth. The laird of Lawers, the only martial chief of clan Campbell left to fight for Argyle, commanded his own excellent regiment, and was burning to revenge Inverlochy. There were, besides, other four regular regiments, perfectly equipped and well disciplined, namely, Seaforth's and

Sutherland's, Lothian's and Loudon's. The two first named Earls were there in person. The men of Moray and Aberdeenshire, under the lairds of Innes, Kilravock, Boyne, and Birkenbog, mustered strong as irregulars. Thus, again, was the royal banner at bay, under fearful odds against honour and the Crown.

Montrose's object being to conceal his weakness, no less than to seek aid in strength of position, he contrived to obscure nearly the whole of his forces in the valley, and behind the natural fortifications just mentioned. But the defensive posture increased the odds against him. The impetuous onset and rush of his Redshanks had hitherto gained him his battles. But now he had to appeal to their steadiness and discipline. The lion-hearted M'Coll, with about four hundred foot, he stationed among the enclosures, rocks, and brushwood of some broken ground on the right, opposite the left wing of the enemy; with strict injunctions not to be allured from their position, by the temptation of an attack. To this division he consigned the royal standard, usually carried before himself. He rightly judged that the sight of it would draw the whole strength of the attack upon that impregnable point. The rest of his forces, with the exception of a few picked musketeers, whom he had placed with some cannon on the height directly in front of the village, he carried over to his other wing; himself taking charge of the foot, and Lord Gordon commanding the horse. His main battle and reserve were left to the imagination of the enemy, for on this occasion he had neither. It must be noted, that he was deprived of the assistance of most of the Atholmen, who had recently returned to their own country, in consequence of General Baillie's devastations in that district.

As the Marquis had anticipated, Hurry sent his best troops, including the regiments of Loudon, Lothian, and Lawers, with a portion of his cavalry, against the royal standard, and directed the rest of his men to attack the front of the village, which points were simultaneously assailed in the most gallant and persevering manner. Now it was that Montrose prepared to charge with the whole weight of his left wing upon the centre of the Covenanters, while the flower of their troops were occupied, as he hoped, by Macdonald in his trenches. But he had overrated the prudence of that fire-eating isles-man, who, thrown off

his guard by the taunts of the veterans sent against him, had emerged from the enclosures with his desultory followers, and was instantly attacked and nearly surrounded by the enemy's foot, as well as by the cavalry under Captain Drummond. Upon this occasion it was that the son of Coll Keitache chiefly distinguished himself by his undaunted bearing, and great personal prowess. He was constrained to order his troops to return to the enclosures; and this retrograde movement was not effected without great confusion and loss. As he had been first in advance, so he was among the very last to seek the garden into which they were now returning; and frequently checked, with his single hand, the advancing enemy, whose pikes and arrows most severely galled the retreating infantry. The pikemen were so close upon him, as to fix their spears in his target, which he cut off with his broadsword in groups, at a stroke. Thus fighting like a lion in the rear of his troops, he gained the approach to the garden, accompanied by a few friends who wished him to enter before them. At this critical moment his sword broke. Davidson of Ardnacross, his brother-in-law, handed him his own, and while in the act of doing so, fell mortally wounded. Macdonald having entered along with some of the enemy, attacked them furiously, in order to clear the way for those who were still struggling without. Meanwhile, another hero, named Ranald, the son of Donald, the son of Angus Mackinnon in Mull, was keeping the pikemen at bay with his shield on his left arm, and his gun in his other hand presented at them. Some bowmen ran past him, letting fly their arrows with deadly effect; and one of these archers who, on looking over his shoulder, saw the pikemen kept at bay by Ranald, suddenly turned his hand and shot him in the face, the arrow penetrating one cheek and appearing out at the other. Ranald's dagger was lost, and his bow useless; so, throwing away his gun, and stretching out his shield to save himself from the pikes, the warlike islander attempted to draw his sword, but it would not come; he tried it again, and the cross hilt twisted about; a third time he made the attempt, using his shield hand to hold the sheath, and succeeded, but at the expense of five pike wounds in his breast. In this state he reached the entrance to the garden, closely followed by one of the enemy; but as the latter bowed his head

under the gate, Macdonald, who had been watching their motions, with one sweep of his claymore struck it off, "which," says the chronicler, who himself was in the melee, "hit upon Ranald's *houghs;* the head fell in the enclosure, and the body in the door-way: Ranald lifted up the head, and looking behind him at the door, saw his companion in arms, who cut away the arrow that stuck in his cheek, and restored him his speech." Such were the feats of personal prowess which have rendered the name of the redoubtable Alastair Mac-Cholla-chiotach, Mhic-Ghiollesbuig, Mhic-Alastair, Mhic-Eoin Chathanich, even more famous, in highland tradition and song than that of Montrose himself.[1]

This desperate struggle the royal Lieutenant was watching, with intense interest, from a commanding position hard by. Some one now whispered in his ear, "Macdonald is utterly routed." If he had hesitated for an instant, the day must have been lost; but, with admirable presence of mind, he called out, "Macdonald is gaining the victory single-handed! Come, come, my Lord Gordon, shall he carry all before him, and leave no laurels for the house of Huntly? Charge!"—And the finest charge ever made by the chivalry of Strathbogie sprang forth at the sound of that cheering voice. It was directed against the main body of Hurry's dragoons, who, after a bloody struggle, were driven completely off the field. Although Macdonald was in himself a host, it was well for him then that Montrose and Lord Gordon came on like a whirlwind from the opposite wing, where they had been victorious. Driving the remainder of the rebel horse even through the centre of their foot, they cut down the best and bravest regiments that stood for the Covenant, who fell in their ranks. Seventeen of Allaster's officers and veterans lay wounded within the enclosure, and many of the Gordons were slain. But the royal standard was safe; and with this and the remnant of his troops, the herculean Islesman again rushed out, and attacked the regiment of Lawers on the opposite flank. "Many were the warlike deeds," says the chronicler already quoted, "performed that day by the Macdonalds and the Gordons. Many were the wounds given and received by them;

[1] *i. e.* Alexander, son of Coll the ambidexter, son of Archibald, son of Coll, son of Alexander, son of John Cathanach.—*Clanranald MS.*

insomuch that Montrose said, after the battle, that he himself witnessed the greatest feats of arms, and the greatest slaughter he ever knew performed by a couple of men, namely, Nathaniel Gordon, and Ronald Og Macdonald, son of Allaster, son of Angus Uaibrach; and likewise by Lord Gordon himself, and other three."

Twelve hundred of Baillie's foot which Hurry took with him to Inverness, perished at Auldearn very nearly to a man. Many more fell besides; for the royalists, who followed the chase for miles, gave little quarter; and the loss of the Covenanters is variously estimated at from two to three thousand slain. Mungo Campbell of Lawers, the last warrior chief of the clan, fell, sword in hand, with his whole regiment, on the spot where they had routed the left wing under Macdonald. With him died Sir John and Sir Gideon Murray, and many brave and distinguished officers. Sixteen colours, their whole baggage, ammunition, and money, fell into the hands of their enemy. Hurry himself, the Earls of Seaforth, Sutherland, and Findlater, the Lairds of Boyne, Innes, Birkenbog, and others, narrowly escaped with the horse to Inverness. If there was excessive slaughter, the Argyle faction, as usual, had provoked it.[1] The battle-cry of the Gordons was, "Remember Donald Farquharson and James Gordon." Gordon of Sallagh, the contemporary historian of the Earls of Sutherland, says,—"The slaughter of James Gordon of Struders made them take the fewer prisoners, and give the less quarter." The particulars of that murder are recorded by Spalding. In a skirmish which had occurred shortly before, when Montrose was in pursuit of Hurry, James Gordon, son to George Gordon of Rynie, being severely wounded, was conveyed to the house of a friend, where he remained to be cured, with a gentleman named Gordon to nurse him. Major Sutherland, and the young Laird of Innes, learning this fact, sent out a party from Elgin, commanded by one Captain Smith,

[1] The following "entry in the Bible of Gladstanes of Whitelaw," was obligingly communicated by Mr William Fraser, of the Register House, Edinburgh :—

"Upon the 14th of May 1645, *my Father* Francis Gladstanes being of twentie-ane years of age, and ane Lieutennent, was, with his brother Captaine James Gladstanes, and other nyne sisters-sons of Sir William Douglas of Cavers, Shyriff of Teviotdale, killed at the battell of Aulderne fought against Montrose."

who "cruelly murder this young gentleman lying sore wounded, and left his keeper also for dead: this was thought an odious deed, barbarous and inhuman, this youth not passing eighteen years of age, which was well revenged by Montrose at Auldearn." No wonder the swords of the Gordons were red that day.

Immediately after the battle, Montrose addressed this simple note to Gordon of Buckie, who had been placed in command of the Bog of Gight, or Gordon castle.

"*For my loving friend the Goodman of Buckie.*

"LOVING FRIEND: Having directed some of our wounded men to *the Boge*, I could not but congratulate our victory yesterday unto you, which, by the blessing of God, hath been very absolute, as you will learn particularly from those who were present at the battle. So, being confident of your constant resolution and fidelity, I remain, your loving friend,

"MONTROSE."[1]

"Aulderne, 10th of May 1645."

[1] *Original*, in the Charter-chest of Lady Bruce of Stenhouse.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARGYLE'S REVENGE—HIS TRIUMPH OVER OLD MEN AND MAIDENS, MATRONS, AND YOUNG CHILDREN—BATTLE OF ALFORD—DEATH OF LORD GORDON — HIS ADMIRATION FOR MONTROSE — BATTLE OF KILSYTH, AND ITS ANTECEDENTS—GENERAL BAILLIE'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE—COVENANTING COMMANDERS—VIEW OF THE BATTLE ON THE SIDE OF THE ROYALISTS—MODERN CALUMNIES.

THE Covenant had no chance against Montrose in the field. In the cabinet that she-dragon was rampant, and devoured old men and maidens, matrons, and children of tender age. Still dreading the consequences of bringing to the scaffold the noble and loyal prisoners so long confined in the Tolbooth, the Argyle government meanwhile sought revenge in acts of the meanest oppression against the family of Montrose. Old Lord Napier, whose crime was, that he had rejected a dishonourable acquittal, and tender of favour, from one of these miserable state committees, now felt the weight of their vengeance, in proportion to the success of his illustrious pupil and brother-in-law. That venerable nobleman, seventy years of age, wrote a letter of affecting but manly remonstrance, to Lord Balmerino, who professed to be his friend. "I cannot," he says, "but complain to you, in private, of the hard measure both I and mine do suffer, beyond my fears, or other men's hopes: Upon all occasions to be fined, confined, and imprisoned; my houses and lands plundered; my tenants beggared! As for my *penalty*, I confess it is due by my son's escape; and I was ready to give satisfaction for it: But to be clapt up in prison, and by that means branded with a mark of infamy, as a malefactor, or enemy to my country, and exposed to the bad conceit and obloquy of the whole nation, I conceive is a punishment greater, by many degrees, than the penalty. It is a wound to my honour and reputation, which men of honour prefer to life or fortune." And after some further reasoning, very much thrown away upon

the man he was addressing, he begs to suggest, that any risk there might be of his joining Montrose in arms, could afford no excuse to the Estates for this harsh treatment: "For what benefit," he argues, "can *the enemy* get, if I were so foolish, by my company; being old, and not fit for fighting; nor yet for counsel, having no skill or experience in warlike business? Or what prejudice were it to the State, instead of one man of whom they could make no use, to have *his estate* to maintain twenty, every one better able to do them service than he? Not the less of all this expostulation with your Lordship, as *my noble friend*, I am most willing to give the Estates satisfaction, after the reasonable petition of my son-in-law and my daughters receiveth a favourable answer: For *without them* I value not my liberty, and therefore desire to be spared till then: At which time I shall give satisfaction for my fine, upon your Lordship's assurance in honour, *under your hand*, that I shall be transported to the place assigned to them, being a place free from apparent danger of the plague; and that I may have liberty to go to my lands be-west the brig of Stirling, to give order for labouring and possessing of them, after all this spoil, and to return to the place of confinement again (if ye shall not be pleased to grant *full liberty*) under the same penalty I was confined before."[1]

This appeal was not successful. Even after exacting from him a fine of ten thousand pounds, *Scots*, Lord Napier was subjected to a rigorous and solitary confinement; as also were the ladies of the family, married and unmarried. Argyle became more vindictive, in consequence of the Master of Napier having greatly distinguished himself in the recent battle. "At Auldearn," says Wishart, "the bravery of young Napier shone forth with signal lustre. His father was the Lord Napier of Merchiston, his mother the sister of Montrose. Not long before, he had made his escape to his uncle, from Edinburgh, without the knowledge even of his father and his own wife. In this battle he afforded no mean specimen of his early promise,

[1] *Original* draft, in Lord Napier's handwriting, dated 3d June 1645, and entitled, "*Copia vera* of a letter to my Lord Balmerino."—*Napier Charter-chest.* Balmerino, although frequently president of these iniquitous committees, and devoted to Argyle, had more than once expressed his regret at the tyranny exercised over this venerable and blameless nobleman.

and displayed the substantial rudiments of a noble nature. Therefore it was that the Committee of Estates took his father (a man on the verge of seventy, and than whom a better Scotland in this age hath never produced), his wife, a daughter of the Earl of Mar, his brother-in-law Stirling of Keir (also a most excellent man, the chief of his race, and one who for his loyalty had long and severely suffered), his two sisters, the one a very noble lady married to Keir, the other a young maiden,[1]—and cast them all into a dungeon, from whence they were destined to be liberated by the Master of Napier himself, under the victorious auspices of his uncle."

Upon the very day of the battle of Auldearn, 9th May 1645, the Argyle government displayed its energy and manhood, by issuing an order, that Dame Margaret Napier, lady of Keir, should be summoned to appear before a committee of Estates at Edinburgh, on the fifteenth of that same month. It was found *expedient*, says the order, that this distinguished lady "be called for to answer for keeping intelligence and correspondence with *James Graham*, sometime Earl of Montrose, the time of *his late* and *present* rebellion in Scotland." The committee appointed to examine her, are Lord Burleigh, whom Montrose defeated at Aberdeen, Sir John Hope of Craighall, a Lord of Session and the Lord Advocate's eldest son, Sir Archi-

[1] Lilias Napier, Lord Napier's youngest daughter, had not completed her eighteenth year at this time. She was born 15th Dec. 1626. The Master, when he made his escape, had not attained his majority. A covenanting uncle, Robert Napier of Culcreuch, writing to him in 1646, to persuade him to desert the royal cause, says: "Return yet in time, before all time be lost; and God move and dispose your heart to return; and let the *first beginnings of your majority in age* evidence better resolutions than did *the ending of your minority*." He also says: "As your rash and inconsiderate breaking out at first to join with your uncle, bred great grief and anger to all your *well affected* friends, so your continuing since in one course with him has mightily increased, and daily doth increase, our grief and sorrow."—"Let not, I pray you, the *preposterous love* you carry to him any longer blind the eyes of your understanding."—"Pity yourself—pity your lady—pity your children and posterity—pity your friends—and pity the crying distresses of your poor tenants, who, by your leaving them, are become a prey to all."—*Original, Napier Charter-chest.* This young nobleman, like the uncle he adored, was only seventeen when married to Lady Elizabeth Erskine, eldest daughter of John eighth Earl of Mar. The marriage contract was signed in May and June 1641. Lord Napier signs the marriage settlements on the 20th of July 1641, while imprisoned for "the Plot;" and one of the witnesses is his jailor, Colonel Lindsay of Belstane.

bald Campbell, Loudon's brother, and Sir James Stewart of Coltness, the covenanting Provost of Edinburgh. On the day appointed, that lady, arrayed in deep mourning, was presented before her persecutors, who, if they retained a spark of gentlemanly feeling, must have felt vastly ashamed of their office. We are enabled to produce their own private record of the examination, and shall give it *verbatim*, as their severest condemnation, and the lady's best defence :—

" Dame Margaret Napier, Lady Keir, being called and examined by warrant, and being first interrogated if she kept any correspondence with James Graham, *late* Earl of Montrose, or his army,—Declares, *she kept none :* And being interrogated, if she was in the Keir the time when Lieutenant-General Baillie passed by,—Declares, she was there then : Being interrogated, when John Alexander of Gartmer[1] was with her Ladyship,—Declares, that he was at her house, with her Ladyship, upon the same Sunday at night that her brother went away : Declares, that neither John Alexander nor her brother did acquaint her with her brother's going away : Being interrogated, if she sent any of her friends, or servants, towards the *late* Earl of Montrose's army,—Declares, that hearing, from some of her husband's tenants, that their lands which lie in the Highlands were spoiled, she did send one of her domestic servants, called Donald Dun, up to the said highland *rooms*, to see if it was so, and if the said lands were spoiled ;[2] and that she gave direction to the said Donald to go and ask of any of the officers of the army, if her brother the Master of Napier were come safe there ; having heard of his departure the same day before noon : Declares, she did not see her brother : Declares, that she gave not any commission to Donald to desire a convoy to be sent for the Master's safe convoy ; nor sent any letter, or any other word, to that effect : Declares, that John Alexander knew nothing of her sending the said Donald there : Neither did she hear the

[1] A son of the Earl of Stirling, and a great friend and companion of the Master of Napier.

[2] Sir George Stirling was at this time more closely confined than his lady, and unable to attend to his affairs. The term " rooms " was applied particularly to that species of tenancy which obtained the name of *rental-rights*, or *kindly-tenancy* ; a favoured class of feudal tenants.

Jameson. In the possession of Wm Stirling Esqre of Keir. H C. Bell.

Margaret Napeir.

Lady Kirkhouse of Keir

said John give the said Donald any direction for staying till the Master of Napier should come up, and see if he had any word back again: Neither did the deponer herself give any direction to the said Donald for staying to bring back any answer: Being interrogated for *what cause* she wears *mourning weed*,—Declares, she put it on for her *cousin-german*, the late Earl of Montrose's son: Declares, she has not heard anything from her brother since his going out, nor he from her, except as aforesaid."[1]

On the following day,—"At Edinburgh, 16th May 1645, the Committee of Estates ordains and commands Dame Margaret Napier, Lady Keir, to keep confinement within her own lodging, and not to go furth thereof but by warrant of the Committee, as she will be answerable on her obedience." As the *plague*, however, was now raging in Edinburgh, upon the 22d of the same month, "the Committee having heard the desire of Dame Margaret Napier, that she might be enlarged of her confinement, in regard of the infection in and about Edinburgh, ordains her to remove to *Merchiston*, and to stay and keep confinement within the house and yards thereof, until she be released by the Committee, as she will be answerable." In the following month, her place of confinement is changed to Linlithgow; and the order is, "that she shall not go out of her house in Lithgow, *except to kirk*, without warrant of the Committee, under the pain of ten thousand pounds." At the same time, her husband was more closely confined in Blackness castle, near Linlithgow, to which he had been removed from the castle of Edinburgh; for, on the 25th of June 1645, "the Committee of Estates allows the Earl of Lithgow to give the laird of Keir liberty to walk, *with the constable*, on the *head of the tower* of Blackness, for the *benefit of the air*." In the previous month, 7th May 1645, we find "a warrant for committing the Master of Napier's Lady, and his sister (Lilias) close prisoners in the

[1] This lady, being the eldest daughter of Archibald first Lord Napier, and Lady Margaret Graham, was Montrose's niece, and hence cousin-german to young Lord Graham, who had recently died at Gordon castle, as mentioned before, p. 493. The above declaration is from the original record, which, with various others, has found its way into the Montrose Charter-room. The signature engraved under the lady's portrait is a facsimile of that attached to her declaration. The question about the mourning indicates the puerility and meanness of the whole proceeding.

castle of Edinburgh, with the benefit of a serving-maid." A few days thereafter, "the Committee of Estates allows the constable of the castle to give Dame Elizabeth Erskine, and Mistress Lilias Napier, the *benefit of the air* once or twice in the day, provided he be with them; and that none have access or speech with them, without warrant; and that, when they go out, the Lord Napier and laird of Keir *be kept close in their chambers*."

Amid these sad indications of the utter ruin and desolation of his family circle, we search with interest, but in vain, for the precise condition, at this time, of the wife of Montrose. Immured in what donjon-keep, aired on what tower top, or coupled to what cross constable, was the fair "Mistress Magdalene Carnegie," the happy bride of the boy bridegroom, some fifteen years before? If his nieces, married and single, were subjected to this cruel treatment for his sake, and the same measure of tyranny meted out to his young boy, now prisoner with his tutor in the castle of Edinburgh, surely the Marchioness herself had not eluded the mean vengeance of the Scottish Inquisition? In his many "strange coursings," with his flying camp round the north of Scotland, Montrose frequently traversed his own county of Angus, or Forfarshire; and we can scarcely doubt that upon these occasions he had found opportunities to visit both his ruined place of Old Montrose, and his father-in-law's castle of Kinnaird, the happy scene of his early marriage. Indeed, we at length find evidence that the Earl of Southesk, who not many years before paraded in the eyes of Scotland his own loyalty against the democratic doings of his illustrious son-in-law, had ventured to hold some domestic converse with the victorious Lieutenant of Charles the First, as he passed and repassed, like a meteor, through Angus and the Mearns. But, when active loyalty and self-sacrifice had become of vital importance to the King, the chief of the Carnegies was ever found, like Callendar, in the attitude of "saving his estate," while the royal master to whom he owed so much was losing his crown. And as for the youngest daughter of his house, the mother of a long line of Marquises and Dukes of Montrose, rather would we have discovered her gasping for breath in the lowest dungeon, or shivering in the northern blast on the highest prison

tower, than in such favour with the government of Argyle, in the year 1645, as these their own inquisitorial records too plainly indicate :—

" At Edinburgh, the 19th of April 1645, David Earl of Southesk compeared in presence of the Committee of Estates, and produced *Robert Graham*, son to the late Earl of Montrose, in obedience of a command given to him by the Committee in the north : And being demanded upon what occasion he met with Montrose, and *what passed betwixt them*, he made a verbal declaration thereof; which declaration the Lords ordain him to give in writ under his hand on Monday next; and exoners him of the exhibition of the said Robert Graham, and his own appearance in obedience to the Committee of Brechin : The Committee ordains the Earl of Southesk to keep Robert Graham, son to the late Earl of Montrose, till Monday next that he receive further orders concerning him."

" Edinburgh, 21st April 1645.—The Committee of Estates having read the declaration given in this day, by the Earl of Southesk, in obedience of the Committee's ordinance of the 19th of April, ordains the said declaration to be kept *in retentis* by the clerk ; and allows the said Earl to repair home for doing his lawful affairs at his pleasure ; and ordains him to return to the Committee when he shall be required :

" The Committee of Estates ordains and allows the Earl of Southesk to deliver Robert Graham, son to the late Earl of Montrose, to [blank] *Carnegie, his mother*, to be kept and entertained by her ; and, being delivered to his mother, exoners the Earl of Southesk of him."[1]

[1] *Original* Register of the Committee of Estates, Register House, Edinburgh The Earl of Southesk's declaration, which was ordained to lie *in retentis* of the clerk, has not been recovered. The noblemen who, along with inferior representatives of the State, form the sederunt at this inquisition, are, *Cassillis, Annandale, Lothian,* and Bishop Burnet's impersonation of loyalty and high-mindedness, *Lanerick*, second Duke of Hamilton. Robert Graham, the youngest of Montrose's three sons, most probably was born after his father's return from abroad in 1636–7. His age could not well be more than seven years. His elder brother, James (the 2d Marquis), was only eleven years of age in 1645. Robert is not mentioned by any of the peerage writers. His mother's Christian name is left blank in the record, as if the clerk had forgotten it. His father is designed *late* Earl of Montrose, of course in reference to his recent forfeiture.

"Mistress Magdalene Carnegie," Marchioness of Montrose, strange as it may seem, and notwithstanding the eminent example of so many illustrious ladies of her family circle, must have sworn allegiance to "the Brethren." The idea is not admissible that her youngest born had been thus confided to her keeping from any remnant of forbearance, or humanity, that yet attached to the government of Argyle. Lord Napier's unanswerable remonstrance to Lord Balmerino, on the 3d of June, only subjected him to a confinement yet more rigorous and cruel, although he acknowledged his liability to the Estates in ten thousand pounds of Scots money. "I confess it was due by my son's escape," he said, "and I was ready to give satisfaction for it." Indeed that most iniquitous fine was paid by him, as soon as he could command the money. Had the Marchioness of Montrose been suspected of bestowing even the sympathy of a wife upon her heroic husband, a prison would have been her portion, along with his other suffering relatives, of whom we shall presently hear again.

Having taught Sir John Hurry this severe lesson, and utterly destroyed a fourth army of the Covenant, our hero marched in triumph to Elgin. There he remained for a few days, that his wounded men might benefit by the medical aid which the town afforded. His progress and manœuvres at this time have been recorded by his devoted chaplain and other contemporary chroniclers. But it is still more interesting to mark his course, and obtain glimpses of himself, by means of various letters and orders under his own hand, which, until now, were not known to exist. We have already mentioned, that the stronghold of the Blair of Athole was carefully kept by him, under the command of Robertson of Inver, and Stewart of Sheirglass, as a store for arms, ammunition, and provisions; but more especially as a rallying point, and a depot for prisoners. Of these he retained but a few. His dispositions towards such as he could save from the claymore in battle, were humane beyond the temper of the times; and he would not have retained a single prisoner, had it not been for the obvious necessity of effecting exchanges, a rule of civilized warfare which he appears to have well understood. Twenty-eight days after the battle of Auldearn, we find him

across the Spey from Elgin, and up that river as far as Invereshie, to the south of the woods of Rothiemurchus. General Baillie was now watching him from the north bank of the Spey, with a superior force, yet very shy of coming to close quarters with the red-handed conqueror of his dashing ally, Sir John Hurry. But the attention of Montrose was soon attracted by a circumstance affecting the family circle from which his heart never swerved, and whose hearts, with the sad exception alluded to above, never swerved from him. The following we discover in the original record of the Committee of Estates:—

"Edinburgh, 5th May 1645.—The Committee of Estates gives power and commission to the Earl of Lanerick, the Lord Craighall, and James Stewart, or any two of them, *the Earl of Lanerick being one*, to examine John Naper, brother to the Lord Naper, and his wife and boy taken with him: As also, to call for the Lord Naper; the Mistress of Naper; and the Lord Naper's daughter Lilias; Riccartoun; Drummond; or any other they think fitting; and to examine them upon such interrogatories as they think expedient, or may arise upon the papers and letters taken with John Naper, and to report."

This obviously connects with the following interesting letter, which serves to shew how anxiously the mind of Montrose was occupied with minute circumstances, amid the turmoil of battle, and all the awful concomitants of his meteor career with the standard of his dethroned Sovereign.

"Inver: I received yours, and have directed along ammunition unto you. You will be careful of all that concerns your charge, until my coming in that country, which I hope shall be shortly. Also, you will *hasten the exchange of prisoners;* and shew *Crinnen*,[1] that I am informed that there is one Mr Naper, brother to my Lord Naper, a prisoner with them, against whom they intend to proceed in a *seeming legal* way; which if they do, let him *assure them from me*, that I will use the like severity against some of their prisoners; and you will acquaint me with what answer you shall receive from them thereanent. Also, let me hear from you, *with diligence*, all such intelligence as you can learn from the *border;* and concerning *Lindsay*. I rest:

[1] Campbell of Crinan, whose brother Colin was a prisoner in the castle of Blair.

" You will shew Crinnen, that if they will exchange Mr Naper, I shall be content to release another prisoner for him, of a like quality; and let me have a speedy and positive answer thereanent. " MONTROSE."

" Invereshie, 27th May 1645.

" *You will deliver these inclosed to those you know.*

" For John Roberson of Inver,
now at the Castle of Blair."[1]

This anxiety for the fate of the brother of his ancient guardian, and dearest friend, doubtless was quickened by a recent occurrence, highly characteristic of the mode in which the Covenanters triumphed in their turn. The laird of Easter-Torrie had probably been seized while carrying dispatches to or from Montrose. As it had been decreed high treason to communicate with him, one of his greatest difficulties was to obtain the necessary intelligence, and to keep up the communication with his Sovereign. Various expedients were resorted to for this purpose; and none but men of great sagacity, nerve, and fidelity, were of any use in a service which placed the royal cause, and their own lives, in imminent peril. Montrose's friend and follower of whom we have already made mention, Thomas Sydserf, or Saint Serf, a son of the ex-Bishop of Galloway, was one who gloried in risking his neck upon such missions. To him it is, that the following lines, which occur in " The Covent Garden Drollery," printed in 1672, apply:—

" Once like a *pedlar*, they have heard thee brag,
How thou didst cheat their sight, *and save thy crag*,
When to the great Montrose, under pretence
Of *godly books*, thou brought'st *intelligence*."

There were others, however, less fortunate in their loyal devotion. About the middle of April 1645, immediately after Montrose's retreat from the storming of Dundee, a person in the

[1] *Original*, in the possession of Peter Cunninghame, Esq., Somerset-House, London. The Mr Naper mentioned, was John Napier of Easter-Torrie, eldest son of the Inventor of Logarithms, and his *second* spouse, Agnes Chisholm of Cromlix. Lord Napier was the only son of the Baron of Merchiston's first marriage, with Elizabeth Stirling of Keir.

habit of a common beggar reached him among the mountains, and delivered a packet containing a letter from his Majesty, which appears to have been the announcement of his intention to join Montrose ere long at the Borders, in reply to the royal Lieutenant's despatch from Inverlochy. The adventurous messenger was James Small, son to the laird of Fotherance, an old Scotch family in reduced circumstances. The son had for some time filled a minor post at Court, and now proved his attachment to his royal master, by undertaking this dangerous mission. Having passed successfully from England to the Highlands, James Small was now retracing his steps, in the same humble guise, towards his Sovereign, with letters from Montrose. He arrived at Alloa, and was safe within the bounds of the loyally inclined family of Mar. But at Elphinston, some one who had known him in the south betrayed him to the lord of that name, who was uncle to Balmerino, and a member of the Committee of Estates. This nobleman sent him, with the letters found on his person, to the merciless tribunal at Edinburgh; and on the day following, which was the 1st of May 1645, he was hanged at the cross, by command of the Committee, and to the great satisfaction of the covenanting clergymen. "By these letters," says Bishop Guthrie, "the Committee came to know what they never had thought on, namely, how the King's business being so forlorn in England that he could not make head against his enemies there, his Majesty designed to come with his army to Scotland, and to join Montrose; that so this country being made the seat of war, his enemies might be forced to an accommodation, to free their land from a burden which it could not stand under; the prevention of which design was afterwards gone about with success." Beyond this cruel fate no more is known of the royal messenger. His melancholy episode is all but lost in the great tragedy of the times. Guthrie records that, at the time when he wrote, this family had fallen into decay, and the estate had passed from them. But the desperate service he volunteered to his Sovereign proves him to have been a gentleman of great courage and loyalty—attributes certainly not characteristic of the clerical faction who decreed his summary execution. How he met his fate, and who were left to weep in secret for this humble hero, is all unrecorded. But

he was the friend of Charles, and of Montrose,—for whom he died, and with whom he deserves to be remembered.

Now, the letter to Inver quoted above is dated in the same month that this tragedy was consummated; and we may well understand Montrose's anxiety for the fate of a near connexion of his own, who had been seized with papers in his possession. The significant hint that a *Campbell* would be sacrificed to the *manes* of a *Napier*, seems to have saved his life. The sons of Diarmed had become rare, and even a military unit of the ruined clan could ill be spared. Accordingly we find, from their original record, that, on the "13th of June 1645, the Committee of Estates ordains the Provost and Bailies of Edinburgh to deliver John Naper, prisoner in their Tolbooth, to *Sir Archibald Campbell*, to be disposed on by him as he shall think fit; whereanent these shall be his warrant."

The seizure of James Small, on his return to the King, was very detrimental to the scheme of Montrose. In his letter to Inver of the 27th of May, we may observe two allusions, which afford a key to his thoughts at this time, and to what he contemplated as the completion of his desperate but hitherto glorious undertaking. "Be diligent," he tells him, "in sending me intelligence as to the state of matters on the *border;* and also concerning *Lindsay*. To the ultimate object and successful issue of his loyal adventure, "though very desperate for ourselves," he could now, after four such victories as Perth, Aberdeen, Inverlochy, and Auldearn, venture to look forward. The collateral career of the King had been, it is true, in the inverse ratio to the triumphs of his devoted Lieutenant. A series of great defeats and losses in England, had placed him at the verge of ruin. But the crushing blow at Naseby had not yet occurred. His Majesty's insane trust in the honour and upright dealing of Argyle and the Kirk-militant's government of Scotland, had not yet been manifested, by his placing himself in their unclean hands. Montrose, following out his original scheme, to which he had so picturesquely adverted in his letter from Inverlochy, was fighting his way to the Border, where he expected to meet his Sovereign in arms, and to proclaim him King at least in Scotland. It is not true, although a Bishop wrote it, that the scriptural quotation, which he addressed to

Charles from Inverlochy, was the unmeaning effusion of a coxcomical mind, inflated by the success at *Kilsyth*. It was not written upon the occasion to which Bishop Burnet refers it. Nor is the old-clothes-man of history justified in saying, that the letter which contained it, never reached the King, but fell into the hands of David Leslie, at Philiphaugh.[1] Burnet did his best to taint all history with the notion, that the quotation itself was mere fanfaronade,—a piece of empty vapouring. Indeed, its pregnant significance, its connection with the history of the period, the perfect propriety and dignity of the application, has never been properly understood or appreciated. Montrose had become thoroughly impressed with the belief, that a sinister competition was going on, between Hamilton and Argyle, for *sovereign* sway in Scotland. This he perceived so early as in 1640; and even then entered his earnest, eloquent, and indignant protest against such pretensions. "And you great men," he said, "who aim *so high as the Crown*, do you think we are so far degenerate from the virtue, valour, and fidelity to our true and lawful Sovereign, so constantly entertained by our ancestors, as to suffer you, with all your policy, to reign over us? Take heed you be not Æsop's dog, and lose the cheese for the shadow in the well." Accordingly, when, at Inverlochy, he found himself standing upon the ruins of Argyle's empire, race, and fame, his first impulse, and act, was to write the intelligence to his Sovereign, accompanied with an assurance that he, Mon-

[1] "The Marquis of Montrose's success was very mischievous, and *proved the ruin of the King's affairs.*" But suppose the King had even gained the battle of Naseby, on the 14th of June 1645, what effect would "Montrose's success" have had upon the King's affairs? Again the Bishop says: "The Marquis of Montrose thought he was now master, but had *no scheme how to fix his conquests.*" What is here meant by "fixing conquests"? His scheme was to destroy the armies of the Covenant in Scotland, and then join the King in arms at the Border. Again: "He wasted the estates of *his* enemies, *chiefly the Hamiltons.*" A puerile untruth, the prompting of which is obvious. When at the Border, adds Burnet,—"He writ to the King that he had gone over the land from *Dan* to *Beersheba*; he prayed the King to come down, in these words, 'Come thou and take the city, lest I take it, and it be called by my name.' This letter *was writ*, but *never sent*; for he was routed, and his papers taken, before he had despatched the courier. *In his defeat he took too much care of himself; for he was never willing to expose himself too much.*" But the letter was written at *Inverlochy*; and we have shewn, in the note at the conclusion of last chapter, good reasons for believing that the King had received it. See *Burnet's History of His Own Time*, pp. 65–71, *Edit.* 1833.

trose, had no object in view but a constitutional support of the Throne. The scriptural allusion was well chosen. Whatever might be the sins of David's general, Joab, he was a faithful soldier to his royal master. "Joab fought against Rabbah of the children of Ammon, and took the royal city. And Joab sent messengers to David, and said, I have fought against Rabbah, and have taken the city of waters. Now, therefore, gather the rest of the people together, and encamp against the city, and take it; lest I take the city, and it be called after my name."[1] The announcement from Montrose was, in effect, that, having destroyed Argyle, he had yet to meet the armies of the Covenant between him and the Borders; where, according to the plan arranged at Oxford, the royal Lieutenant, not conquering on his own account, would join the King himself. The sacred language in which this was compressed, could not fail to be perfectly understood, and properly appreciated by the accomplished and pious monarch to whom it was addressed.

Ten days after the date of his letter to Inver, we discover the royal Lieutenant encamped further north, having passed down the Spey, through Rothiemurchus and Abernethy, to Tullochgorum. From thence he again addresses a missive to the Captain of Blair, sufficiently evincing his own anxiety to restrain his volatile troops, and especially such of the Irish caterans as had broke loose from his immediate control.

"INVER: I have ofttimes written to you before, anent the *Irishes* who straggled to your country, and for *punishing* of them; and it is only the *neglect of my orders* which makes them so insolent. Wherefore these are to will and command you, that, immediately after sight hereof, you pursue all such Irishes as can be found in the country, with fire and sword; and that you burn of the houses of all those who reset them; as you will answer on the contrary at your highest peril. Subscribed at *Tuliochgoram*, sixth of June 1645. "MONTROSE.

"*Receive this sword, and see that it be well kept.*"[2]

[1] II. Sam. XII.

[2] *Original*, in possession of Lord Mahon. The precious sword was probably a trophy of war. Where is it kept now?

We shall presently find, that Montrose, upon other occasions, was not quite satisfied with Inver's devotion to his charge, or to his allegiance; and the following letter from Lord Glammis to his brother, a prisoner at Blair, dated four days after the above, indicates something like tampering on the part of the wily Dictator.

"BROTHER: I think you received my Lord Argyle's letter (it was before I met with him), who has done all he can for your release, as will testify Harry Graham's letter, sent to his brother,[1] and to Inver; as I shall shew my Lord Montrose by writing or word. And my Lord Argyle heartily thanks Inver for your kindly usage, and promises to recompense his good will with what lies in his power, as he may be assured, upon continuance of his favour according to his power. For Major Lesly, he has promised to declare that his release was wrought long before (by his friends) that you was sent to him by Montrose; so that he has nothing to do with it, by my former knowledge. As for John Forbes of Largie, he was not taken *in his service;*[2] so he will not meddle in his release. But otherwise, *one man for another;* according as I have shewn his Lordship already, and shall yet. As for Gask, my Lord (Argyle) has promised to get Mr George Wishart released for him, according to my Lord Montrose his desire.[3] So I think, brother, your release may be shortly, if it please God Almighty. If I could go upon particulars, I think your release might have been already. But assure your comrades that all shall be, God willing, at one time. So, remembering my love to all, I rest,

"To you as myself,

"GLAMESSE."

"Perth, the 10th of June 1645.

[1] Harry Graham was Montrose's *natural* brother. At this time he was in the power of Argyle, and a prisoner in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, having been captured with Lord Ogilvy.

[2] He was taken at the battle of Aberdeen, and allowed to depart on his parole by Montrose, until exchanged.

[3] This refers to the celebrated chaplain of Montrose, who was suffering a most loathsome confinement in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, along with Ludovick Earl of Crawford, Lord Ogilvy, and Harry Graham. Dr Wishart was not exchanged, as we shall find.

"You may receive some tobacco and pipes; and I am not content that ye do not send to me, seeing ye have the governor's warrant for what else you want, or long for, that I can afford you, or your friends there. Advertise me with the bearer.

"*For his brother and friends in Blair Castle, these.*"[1]

But we must not from this infer that it was to Argyle and his friends that the unfortunates in the castle of Blair were indebted for humane treatment, and creature comforts. Our hero, if he had to issue stern commands as regards the unruly soldier, was not inattentive to the condition of the sick one. The following pass, granted to a sick Irish soldier, dated about a fortnight before the battle of Auldearn, proves that the castle of Blair was an hospital as well as a prison, which we shall presently find was not the case with the prisons of Argyle:

"Whereas the bearer hereof, Donochy of Celly, he being a sick soldier, is to go to the castle of Blair, these are therefore to will and desire all of his Majesty's officers and loving subjects whom this may concern, to suffer the said bearer to pass quietly, without trouble or molestation, either in body or goods, he behaving himself as becometh a dutiful subject: These are requiring the keepers of Blair to see the bearer well used, with the rest of the sick soldiers that are there. The 26th of April, 1645."

"MONTROSE."[2]

But even after his victory at Auldearn, in Moray, our hero had much to accomplish ere he could hope to arrive in triumph at *Beersheba*, with no hostile army behind him. Another commander for the Covenant had recently taken the field in the south, with whom he must measure his strength, ere he could reach the King. This was his old chum and hunting companion at college, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, with whom, in 1640, he held that conversation on the subject of a *Dictatorship* which

[1] *Original*, in possession of Henry F. Holt, Esq., London. John, second Earl of Kinghorn, Lord Lyon and Glammis, was appointed one of the Committee of Estates in 1644. He was a college companion of Montrose's; see before, p. 47.

[2] *Original*, in possession of B. Nightingale, Esq., Clare Cottage, London.

brought matters to a crisis. The covenanting Earl, it seems, had ventured to criticise the abortive campaign of his patron Argyle, notwithstanding the thanks voted to him by his own Parliament. And when the Dictator, who had quite enough of it, could not be induced to resume the military command in chief, but contented himself with the supreme rule in the cabinet, this rebel Earl took his place in the field, with great pretensions, and mighty promises. Hence the anxiety of the royal Lieutenant to obtain intelligence not only as to the state of matters on the Border, but of the precise position and condition of the army of the south, re-organised under Lindsay, to whom he would by no means concede his usurping title of *Crawford*.

There was, however, the experienced General Baillie yet to be subdued in the north, as well as this new commander on the south side of the Grampians; and once more did our hero find himself between two formidable armies, each outnumbering his own, whose junction might effect his utter ruin. But his genius was equal to these endless combinations of the Hydra; and the prestige of four great victories, obtained under similar circumstances, more than compensated the preponderance of physical force opposed to him in opposite directions.

About the middle of May, Baillie, according to his own account of his disastrous campaign, was at Huntly castle, in active pursuit of Montrose, with at least two thousand foot, and two hundred horse including the remnant of Hurry's which had joined him. The royal Lieutenant was weak at this time; his highlanders having as usual gone home with spoil, and his Major-General, Allaster Macdonald, been dispatched on a mission to reclaim them. But the Standard was supported by the Irish, and the Gordon cavaliers. The covenanting General's apologetic narrative of the fruitless chase, and how Montrose baffled him, as on a former occasion he had baffled Argyle and Lothian, is too graphic to be given in other words than his own.

"I marched," says General Baillie, "from Cromar towards Strathbogie (Huntly castle), where the rebels were arrived the night before, and General-Major Hurry joined me about a mile from thence, with about one hundred horse, who had saved themselves with him at Auldearn. At our approach the rebels

drew unto the places of advantage, about the yards and dykes; and I stood embattled before them from four o'clock at night until the morrow, judging them to have been about our own strength. Upon the morrow, so soon as it was day, we found they were gone towards Balveny. We marched immediately after them, and came in sight of them about Glenlivet, be-west Balveny some few miles; but that night they *out-marched us*, and quartered some six leagues from us. On the next day, early, we found they were dislodged, but could find nobody to inform us of their march; yet, by the *lying of the grass and heather*, we conjectured they were marched to the wood of Abernethy, on Spey. Thither I marched, and found them on the entry of Badenoch, a very straight country, where, both for inaccessible rocks, woods, and the interposition of the river, it was *impossible for us to come at them.* Here we lay, looking one upon another; the enemy having their meal from Ruthven in Badenoch, and flesh from the country; whereof we saw none, until for want of meal—other victuals we had none, the few horsemen professing they had not eaten in forty-eight hours—I was necessitated to march northward to Inverness, to be supplied there. Which done, I returned, crossed at Speymouth in boats, and came to Newton in Garioch. Here Hurry, pretending indisposition, left me. There I was informed the rebels had been as far south as *Cupar in Angus;* and were *returned* to Corgarff upon the head of Strathdon."

It was while Baillie was thus tracking his movements on the Spey, that Montrose was corresponding as we have seen with his captain of the Blair. The popular, indeed we may say the historical estimate of this consummate commander, that his military achievements and merit, went no further than the prompt, energetic, and successful leading of wild caterans from one desperate encounter to another, is founded upon ignorance of what he really did, and how severely his genius was incessantly taxed. Under greater difficulties than any commander of his time, or since, ever encountered, he had to supply the commissariat; to keep up the necessary communications, and obtain the intelligence upon which his critical movements depended; to preserve discipline within his half savage camp, and to take order with the insubordinate rovers from his ever fluc-

tuating ranks; to provide for the sick and the wounded; and all this while destitute of money or other resources than what he could gather by the fire and sword of his commission; then he had to use that indispensable lever of the royal authority with which he was invested, upon the proper occasions, and against the real delinquents, with the martial vigour of a will deeply pledged to effect its purpose, and at the same time with the discrimination, forbearance, and control, that was to mark the line betwixt the stern purpose of legitimate authority, and the cruel licence inseparable from the conduct of all such mortal strife. And while contending with all these difficulties, amid the wreck and ruin of his own homesteads, peril and death itself impending over all who were most dear to him, he had to sustain the spirit, or restrain the impatience, of his over-taxed followers; to rouse the loyal, to reclaim the capricious, and to conciliate the jealous; especially of those more influential *soi-disant* adherents of the Throne, who from the first moment ought to have afforded him their cordial, unqualified, and unvarying support, yet who never ceased to cast obstacles in his way, until they wrought his ruin, and that of the monarch whose only champion he was. These, besides many other circumstances which neither history nor biography can grasp, belong to the details of his extraordinary career in support of the doomed throne of the Stuarts, and constitute his real claim to the reputation of a military genius of the highest order, rather than the rapidity with which again and again he rushed to destroy one army ere it could combine with another against him, or the resistless energy with which he directed the blow when the hour of battle came.

No sooner had he shaken off Baillie for the time on the Spey, than he hastened by forced marches from Badenoch to the Grampians; and having learnt that Lindsay had crossed the Forth, and was lying at the castle of Newtyle, in Montrose's own shire of Angus, he was on the banks of the water of Isla, within seven miles of him, before the untried commander had any idea of his approach. Lindsay, whose hour had not yet come, was saved this time by an unexpected defection of the Gordon horse, who hurried back to the north, on some secret signal, as was conjectured, from the capricious Aboyne, or his

jealous father. Lord Gordon alone remained constant, evincing the greatest concern at this unexpected treachery, and at the same time such resentment, that it was not without difficulty Montrose prevailed upon him to relinquish the determination of punishing with death some of the deserters who belonged to his own following. Instead of reaping the promised victory, the royal Lieutenant was constrained to return northward with his scanty army, having despatched before him Lord Gordon himself, and Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, to exert their influence in bringing back the runaways. Macdonald was also recruiting in the far Highlands, while Montrose, with the remnant of his troops, took up a strong position at the castle of Corgarff, in Strathdon, as intimated in General Baillie's narrative.

Meanwhile Lindsay, having exchanged with Baillie a thousand of his raw levies for as many veterans, sought laurels in a predatory excursion through Athole, which country he entirely desolated. Baillie on the other hand, after various military consultations (in the course of which Argyle refused the commission once more pressed upon him for pursuing Montrose whereever he went), was again despatched to the north, where he ravaged the domains of Huntly, to the very walls of Gordon castle. But this magnificent stronghold, the glory of the north, had been put into admirable condition for a siege, by John Gordon of Buckie, who had a hundred watchmen nightly set to guard it, and the covenanting General could make no impression.

It was this posture of affairs that again induced Montrose (to whom young Huntly had brought back Aboyne and the Gordon cavaliers) to go in search of Baillie, whom he found advantageously posted near the kirk of Keith in Aberdeenshire, having his infantry disposed on a rising ground, and his cavalry in possession of a narrow pass that separated the hostile armies. After some skirmishing between the light horsemen, both parties remained under arms all night, in expectation of a battle. Early in the morning, the Marquis, as on a former occasion, sent a trumpet with his compliments to his antagonist, announcing that he would be happy to have the honour of engaging him on the plain. Baillie returned for answer, that he never took his fighting instructions from the enemy. Montrose then broke up

his own position, and, as if in full retreat, went south to the town of Alford on the Don, with the view of enticing his foe further into the low country, a manœuvre that perfectly succeeded. The covenanting General, who had now learnt that Macdonald was absent with a strong party recruiting in the Highlands, followed the retreating royalists with the determination to risk a battle. Intelligence of his approach, within one mile of Alford, was brought to our chief while in the act of examining the fords of the Don, at the head of a single troop of horse. Leaving this detachment to watch the river, he galloped back alone to order his battle on Alford Hill. His position there was strengthened by a marsh in his rear, intersected with ditches and full of pitfalls, while the ground rose in his front so as to screen part of his troops from the advancing enemy. Disposing of his cavalry on each of the wings, he gave the charge of the right to those inseparable friends, the heir of Huntly, and Nathaniel Gordon. Aboyne and Sir William Rollock commanded on the left. The main body, arranged in files of six deep, he intrusted to Glengary and Lord Napier's nephew, young Drummond of Balloch, assisted by Quarter-master George Graham. The reserve he concealed immediately behind the brow of the hill, and gave the command of it to his own nephew, the Master of Napier. Montrose himself and the Standard, attended by a few choice cavaliers, occupied the centre of the royal battle. Macdonald and young Inchbrakie, with a large proportion of their respective followers, were absent. Nor had the Earl of Airlie and his party yet been able to rejoin the army.

No sooner were these dispositions made, than the troop which had been left to watch the fords returned on the spur, with the intelligence, that Baillie had crossed the Don, and was embattled in a position possessing similar advantages to the ground occupied by the royalists. The armies thus confronted were nearly equal in respect of foot, about two thousand each. The covenanting cavalry outnumbered Montrose's, being six hundred to two hundred and fifty. They were commanded by the gallant Earl of Balcarres, who, it is alleged, hurried Baillie into this battle by the forwardness of his movements. According to the Clanranald MS., one of the covenanting leaders addressed

the troops in these words :—" The enemy opposed to you are in the habit of making the first onset ; do not allow them to have that advantage to-day,—engage them instantly." But this change of tactics was not destined to deprive the royal champion of his laurels. Judging that their recruits would be unnerved by the clang of his trumpets and the shouts of his men, he no longer hesitated to give the order to advance. On the instant, Lord Gordon, and his chivalrous friend, launched their right wing against the three squadrons of Balcarres's horse, who met the desperate shock of the Gordons with such determination that, for a time, the contending parties were mingled in a dense mass, and the result was doubtful. The first who made a lane for themselves with their swords, were the gallant young lord himself and Colonel Gordon. Immediately the latter called out to the swift musketeers who had followed the charge,—" Throw down your muskets, and hamstring their horses with your swords, or sheath them in their bellies." Balcarres's squadrons now fled in confusion ; and while the Gordons pursued them with great slaughter from the field, Montrose brought his main body against the regiments of the Covenant, who stood up manfully, but in vain, against the deadly claymore. At this decisive moment, too, the Master of Napier was ordered up with the reserve, who no sooner made their appearance than the rebels gave way at every point, and the battle of Alford was gained, on the 2d of July 1645.

But dearly was that victory purchased. The covenanters had brought along with them all the cattle they had driven from Huntly's domains of Strathbogie and the Enzie. These were placed within some enclosures, and guarded by two companies of their infantry during the battle, a sight which greatly incensed Lord Gordon. " Let none doubt," he exclaimed, " that I will bring Baillie by the throat from the centre of his men." In a second charge he was nearly as good as his word. But, while in the act of seizing the General by the sword-belt, a shot reached him from the enclosures, and the knightly plume of the too forward heir of Huntly fell to rise no more. In vain did Montrose in person, alluring these successful musketeers from behind their entrenchments, cut them in pieces on the plain. He on whom alone of his gallant and loyal house he could un-

doubtingly depend,—the youth who was daily redeeming his kindred from the disheartening jealousy of its absent chief, and from the wayward caprices of its younger scions—was now lost for ever to the cause. The mournful silence with which the melancholy news was at first received by the army, soon burst into a wild cry of lamentation in the hour of victory. Plunder was forgotten as his followers crowded round the body of the young chief. "Nothing," adds Wishart, "could have supported the army under this immense deprivation but the presence of Montrose, whose safety brought gladness and revived their drooping spirits. Yet Montrose himself could not restrain his grief, but mourned bitterly as if for his dearest and only friend. Grievously he complained that one who was the ornament of the Scotish nobility, and the boldest asserter of the royal authority in the north, his best and bosom friend, should be thus cut off in the flower of his age."

Independently of the loss to the cause, which, indeed, as we shall find, Lord Gordon's untimely fate left open to ruin, Montrose must have been deeply affected by the death of a most accomplished young nobleman, only twenty-eight years of age, who bursting the trammels of his tyrannical uncle, Argyle, had recently attached himself to the loyal Marquis with an affection increasing daily into the most enthusiastic admiration. From Patrick Gordon, who was well acquainted with them both, we may accept the following, as an authentic and curious portrait:—

"The Marquis of Montrose himself, with all or at least the greater part of the army, did accompany the corpse to the interment. Nor did he forbear to show himself the chief mourner, and indeed there was reason for it: For never two of so short acquaintance did ever love more dearly. There seemed to be a harmonious sympathy in their natural disposition, so much were they delighted in a mutual conversation: And in this the Lord Gordon seemed to go beyond the limits which nature had allowed for his carriage in civil conversation. So real was his affection, and so great the estimation he had of the other, that, when they fell into any familiar discourse, it was often remarked that the ordinary air of his countenance was changed, from a

serious listening, to a certain ravishment or admiration of the other's witty expressions: And he was often heard in public to speak sincerely, and confirm it with oaths, that if the fortune of the present war should prove at any time so dismal that Montrose for safety should be forced to fly unto the mountains, without any army, or any one to assist him, he would live with him as an outlaw, and would prove as faithful a consort to drive away his *malour*, as he was then a helper to the advancement of his fortune."

It is remarkable how few of the royalists fell at Alford. The only persons of any distinction who died with Lord Gordon were Ogilvy of Milton, Mowat of Balwholly, and an Irish Captain of the name of Dickson. George Douglas (the Earl of Morton's brother), who bore the Standard, Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, young Gordon of Gight, Hay of Dalgetty, and some others of the Gordons were wounded. Nearly the whole of Baillie's infantry, officers and men, were cut to pieces, he himself narrowly escaping with the Earl of Balcarres and the horse. In his defence to the covenanting Parliament, he asserted that Montrose out-numbered him in horsemen, and was *twice as strong* in infantry. Such a defence was somewhat necessary before that tribunal. But it affords no evidence that can be placed against the statement of Dr Wishart and other contemporary chroniclers. Nor is it of any consequence to the fame of Montrose. That he was generally out-numbered, throughout his wars, is unquestionable.

On the fourth day after the battle, we trace the victor at Craigstoun, about thirty miles to the north-east of Aberdeen, from whence he writes the following very temperate remonstrance to his captain of the castle of Blair:—

"*For John Robertson of Inver, in the castle of the Blair in Athole.*

"JOHN: These are to show you that I marvel much that I do not hear more frequently from you, both concerning the prisoners, and other things from your place. Therefore these are to will you, that you be more frequent in relating to me what is done concerning the enlargement of the prisoners; and such

other things as is requisite that I be acquainted with. Which hoping you shall do, I rest your loving friend,

"MONTROSE."

"Craigtoun, the 6th of July, 1645.

"*Ye will hasten to give particular notice and intelligence, through all the country, of the last happy victory.*"[1]

In consequence of the plague which now raged in Edinburgh, the covenanting Parliament met at Stirling on the 8th of July, six days after the battle of Alford. Poor General Baillie was nearly distracted with the odium cast upon him, and the inclination of the Kirk-militant to make him answerable for this constant failure in the field. An act was passed on the first day of the Parliament, for levying a new army, to consist of ten thousand foot, and five hundred horse. Baillie threw up his commission. But the government, which in fact could not spare so experienced an officer, compelled him to continue, in a temporary and most anomalous command, until other arrangements could be made. Thus, to his own great annoyance and disgust, the whole responsibility was thrown upon him, while a military *committee*, consisting of Argyle, and certain noblemen who submitted to his dictation, as they valued his patronage, directed and controlled their unhappy military coadjutor. This new array was appointed to rendezvous at Perth, on the 24th

[1] *Original*, in the possession of H. B. Ray, Esq., London. Craigtoun, from which the letter is dated, we take to be the ancient castle of Craigston, in Buchan, belonging to the Urquhart family. Wishart says, that on the evening of the day of the battle of Alford, Montrose marched to Cluny castle, and from thence to the banks of the Dee; and thereafter, because his Major-General, Macdonald, had not rejoined him, he took up his quarters at *Craigston*, waiting both for him and for Aboyne, whom he had just despatched into Buchan, in search of recruits: "Et quia nondum redierat Makdonaldus, tam *hunc* quam *illum* expectans, ad *Cragstoniam stativa habuit*." In Constable's edition (1819) of the translation of Wishart, it is noted to this passage, "Rather *Crabston*, situated betwixt the Don and Dee, a few miles from Aberdeen, there being no place of the name of *Craigston* near the river Dee." But Wishart does not say that Craigston was on the Dee. Montrose, whose motions were most rapid, had made a start, after burying Lord Gordon, from the Dee across the Don into Buchan, on the look out for Aboyne, there. The above letter confirms Wishart. The conjectural note in Constable's edition of Wishart, is just repeated from Ruddiman's very faulty edition of 1756, which contains worse blunders than this.

of July. There, of that date, the Parliament also assembled, having been driven from Stirling by the progress of the terrible pestilence which visited Scotland in the summer and autumn of 1645.

The royal Lieutenant, disappointed in his expectations of recruiting his army in Buchan, quitted his quarters at Craigston, recrossed the Don and the Dee, on his way to the Grampians, and paused not until those mountains were once more behind him. He had heard of this great army assembling in the south, and his whole attention was now directed towards Perth, and the rebel Parliament there assembled, in whose unscrupulous hands were the lives of those nearest and dearest to him. Descending into the Mearns, or Kincardineshire, he encamped at Fordoun chapel; and having from thence despatched orders to Aboyne, to use his utmost exertions to bring a force of cavalry to the royal army, he continued his march into Angus, or Forfarshire, where at length he was rejoined by his faithful ally "black Pate," and the men of Athole, and also by his renowned Major-General, MacColl Keitache. This last had been most successful on his recruiting excursion through the loyal Highlands. For with him came Maclean, and seven hundred of his clan; the Captain of Clanranald, with five hundred of that sept; and, adds Dr Wishart, "Glengarry,—who deserves a singular commendation for his bravery and steady loyalty to the King, and his peculiar attachment to Montrose, whom he had never left from the time of the expedition into Argyleshire,—by his uncles and other friends brought up five hundred more." To these were added a large body of the Macgregors and Macnabs, under their respective chieftains, with Macphersons from Badenoch, and Farquharsons from Braemar. Between four and five thousand of the stoutest hearts in the Highlands now supported the Standard, and Montrose felt that he had conquered covenanting Scotland, if but one other on whom he greatly depended kept his appointment. But he looked, and longed, and wrote, in vain for Aboyne. The heir of Huntly and the Gordon chivalry were still absent, and Montrose was only provided with a hundred horse. The consequence was, that he could not put his plan into execution, of at once attacking the new levies of the Covenant, now encamped upon the south side of the Earn.

They were already about six thousand strong, independently of the garrison of Perth, and of four hundred horse, whose special duty was to protect the Parliament. Still in hopes of being joined by the cavaliers under Aboyne, Montrose crossed the Tay at Dunkeld, and, after pausing on the banks of the Almond, drew near to Perth, and encamped in the wood of Methven, about the end of July.

Great was the consternation of the fair city, and of the Parliament, and not very comfortable the feelings of the protecting force, when this unwelcome visitor was announced. The panic was increased, when there appeared, on the following day, a cloud of cavalry advancing towards the town. Immediately the gates of Perth were made fast, and not a covenanting trooper was to be seen. Montrose's stratagem succeeded. Ever fertile in expedients to aid his defective resources, he had mounted a hundred musketeers upon the baggage horses, and arranged these along with his scanty cavalry, in such a manner as to give them the appearance of a formidable body. Having accomplished his object of confining the enemy's horse within the walls, he turned aside with his cavaliers to Duplin, coolly surveyed the fords of the Earn, and the whole Strath, and for a time deceived the Covenanters into a belief that he was attended by a body of cavalry sufficient to keep the whole country in subjection.[1] Presently, however, it was discovered that Montrose

[1] Malcolm Laing says, "The army must be computed at *six thousand* with which Montrose emerged from behind the mountains and *insulted* Perth." To establish this assertion, our historian notes, on the authority of Spalding, that there were three thousand with him at Auldearn; and then he makes out the computation, on the authority of Wishart, by adding the number of the clans who *now* joined the Standard, and including "Aboyne and Airlie, with twelve hundred foot, and *three hundred horse*." We repeat, that no statement at all approaching the truth of the relative forces in those wars, can diminish Montrose's fame a feather's weight, in the scale of his actions. But this historian, who pronounces Wishart's account *fabulous*, while his own theories are too independent of facts, ought to be corrected. Aboyne and Airlie *were not with Montrose*, when he threatened Perth, otherwise Perth would have been taken then as it was before. Besides, Mr Laing takes credit for the full number vaguely stated by Spalding at three thousand; and then, not only makes no allowance for the probability of Montrose's numbers at Auldearn being loosely overstated, but he omits the undoubted fact, that after every victory a great proportion of Montrose's Highlanders went home. Consequently, when Mr Laing adds the numbers of the returning clans, as given by Wishart, to the three thousand stated by Spalding, he reckons no inconsiderable number twice over, and at the same time adds a large force of *cavalry*, the absence of which alone saved Perth at that time.

had scarcely a hundred effective horsemen; and then the covenanting cavalry emerged in such force, that our hero, effecting an admirable retreat, in which every attack upon his rear was repulsed, retired towards the hills. In the wood of Methven, however, some of the soldiers' wives and other females, who accompanied the Highlanders and Irish in great numbers, had been left behind; and when the vacant camp was occupied by the Covenanters, such of the unfortunate women as fell into their hands were butchered in cold blood.[1] For this act, no better reason can be assigned than the following incident:—Just as Montrose had touched the defiles he sought, his pursuers charged his rear with three hundred of their best horsemen, picked for the occasion, who came on boldly with shouts, and very insulting language. The Marquis, anticipating the manœuvre, had selected twenty clever Highlanders, of the readiest and reddest shanks of his biped cavalry, who, moreover, could bring down a deer at some hundred paces, with a single bullet. These went quietly forth against the insulting foe, and concealing their long guns, and creeping the whole way on their hands and knees through the brushwood, till within shot of the troopers, took each of them a deliberate and separate aim, which caused some of the flower of the covenanting cavalry to bite the dust, and threw the rest into such confusion, that these twenty Redshanks, rushing down from their covert, put the whole to shameful rout, without the loss of a single man of themselves. But the unfortunate female stragglers paid the penalty. Such were the triumphs of the Covenant.

But Montrose only retreated so far as to be secure against cavalry. The incidents last narrated occurred about the end of July; and, accordingly, upon the first of August, we find him encamped no further north of Perth than Little Dunkeld; and issuing orders to regulate the commissariat of his hungry host, composed of very independent caterers, not likely to neglect their stomachs even for the sake of the Standard. The following indicates that their great leader was ever careful to keep open his communication with the castle of Blair, and affords another in-

[1] This fact is chronicled by two contemporaries, Dr Wishart and Monteith of Salmonet. We shall have occasion to note another instance of the inhuman conduct of the Covenanters, of a like nature, occurring soon afterwards.

teresting illustration of a military genius whose attention to particulars, and indefatigable exertions to sustain his army, and fulfil his mission to the uttermost, would have distinguished him in the Crimea two centuries later.

"*Orders for John Robertson of Inver.*

"Whereas we did direct a speedy order for raising of two hundred cows furth of the country of Athole, and bringing them to the camp for present supply of the army; and, to the effect that the countrymen may bear *an equal burden*, and that they may be proportionally stented (taxed), wherethrough every one may be burdened therewith *according to his ability*,—These are therefore to will and command, that, immediately after sight hereof, you lay a proportionate stent, of the two hundred cows, upon every one within the country, according to his quality and condition, that every one may have his share of the burden; and that you assure the whole countrymen, that, at the first convenient occasion, they shall have the same *repaid to them solemnly*.

"Given at our camp, at Little Dunkeld, the first day of August 1645.

"MONTROSE."[1]

Two days afterwards, another order issues from the same camp, as follows:—

"*Orders for John Robertson of Inver.*

"These are to will and command you, that, immediately after sight hereof, you receive *Captain Mortimer* within the castle of Blair, and *keep him close;* whereanent these shall be to you a warrant; as you will answer on the contrary at your highest peril.

"Given at our Leaguer at Little Dunkeld, the third of August 1645.

"MONTROSE."[2]

[1] Printed in the notes to Robert Chambers' History of the Rebellions in Scotland, from the original in possession of Mr Stewart of Dalguise, in Athole.

[2] *Original*, in possession of Henry F. Holt, Esq., London. There was a Captain Mortimer in Montrose's army, who came with the levies from Ireland; but I cannot

The Covenanters made no attempt to dislodge Montrose from Dunkeld, where ere long he was joined by those for whom he had been so anxiously waiting. Aboyne and Colonel Nathaniel Gordon brought with them only two hundred horse, and a hundred and twenty musketeers mounted as dragoons upon the baggage horses. This was far below the expectations of Montrose; and too surely indicated that the loyal chivalry of the north was still paralyzed by the lurking jealousy of Huntly. But those who came were choice cavaliers, and invaluable at this moment to the Standard. Not less so, and most welcome to the heart of Montrose, was the old Earl of Airlie, who, at length restored to health, now also rejoined him. He was attended by his son, Sir David Ogilvy, with a well mounted troop of eighty gentlemen of that gallant and ever loyal name. Of these, the most interesting was young Alexander Ogilvy of Innerquharity, already mentioned as having been severely wounded at the battle of Aberdeen.

Thus reinforced, the royal Lieutenant lost no time in dislodging the covenanting Generals from the wood of Methven, and again driving them to the south of the Earn. As they now took up an impregnable position at Kilgraston, he meanwhile employed himself in endeavouring to disperse or intercept the levies which they were expecting from Fife. On his march to Kinross, an incident occurred illustrative of the great superiority, in spirit and daring, of the Cavaliers over the Covenanters. He had sent forward Sir William Rollo and Nathaniel Gordon with an advanced guard to reconnoitre. While this body of horse was separated into smaller parties, in order to gather intelligence in Fife, their two gallant leaders, having only ten horsemen along with them, suddenly stumbled upon a recruiting party of the enemy, consisting of two hundred men, chiefly cavalry. Retreat being out of the question, Gordon, whom Sir

find that he was otherwise than in high favour with Montrose to the end. Patrick Gordon says that he was a Scotchman, and one of Allaster Macdonald's captains, when he first landed at Ardnamurchan. He seems to have been employed in various confidential missions, and dangerous services. He led the Irish at the battle of Aberdeen. He did good service with Montrose even *after* the defeat at Philiphaugh, and was taken prisoner by Middleton in 1646. The above order probably refers to another of the same name. The name of a Captain Mortimer appears in the list of prisoners taken at Montrose's final defeat.

Walter Scott has justly characterised as "one of the bravest men and best soldiers in Europe," and Rollo noways inferior to him, acted as became them. With their ten cavaliers they charged the men of Fife, who fled before that daring onset; some of them being left on the field, and others in the hands of their victors.[1] After this exploit they rejoined Montrose, who now determined to cross the Forth, that, by fighting a battle in that quarter, he might command the south of Scotland, and be ready to form a junction on the Borders with the King. Since his recent overthrow at Naseby, Charles himself had no other hope.

On his way to the Forth, Montrose passed through a country belonging to Argyle, which was burnt and wasted by the Macleans, in retaliation for the Dictator's ravages among their highland homes, now amply avenged. For the magnificent pile of Castle Campbell,—the name which in a previous century had been bestowed upon it by act of Parliament, instead of its former designation "the Castle of Gloom,"—was consigned to the flames, and the picturesque.[2] This was retributive justice. But that such ravages were sometimes independent of Montrose, and, even had they been less justified, were not always to be prevented by him, is indicated by an interesting circumstance occurring at this period. The Royalists had passed through these possessions of Argyle, into the lordship and town of Alloa, belonging to the Earl of Mar. That nobleman and his son Lord Erskine, were now decidedly, though not actively, loyal. Moreover, they were in close alliance of blood and affection with Lord Napier. The Irish under Macdonald, however, barbarously plundered his town and domains, while the Earl with all his family

[1] Malcolm Laing, in order to prove his reckless and groundless assertion that Dr Wishart is a "*fabulous* writer," says, in reference to the above, and the former feat of the twenty Highlanders: "In the present expedition he tells of twenty Highlanders who routed three hundred, of twelve horsemen who defeated two hundred of the Covenanters' horse, killing some and making prisoners of others." This is very unfairly put. Our historian must have known that the minute detail of the manner in which the Highland marksmen set to work, is truly characteristic, and renders the story most probable; nor, when the conduct of the Fife levies at Tippermuir and Kilsyth is remembered, does it appear at all unlikely that such men as Gordon and Rollo, when brought to bay, should with ten cavaliers rout two hundred of those levies. Malcolm Laing keeps all these circumstances out of view.

[2] See before, p. 253.

were residing in his castle of Alloa, and Montrose lay encamped hard by, in the wood of Tullibody. Nevertheless, the very next day the Earl invited Montrose, his own son-in-law the Master of Napier, the Earl of Airlie, and the most distinguished of the staff of the royal Lieutenant, to dine with him in the castle. "So," adds Bishop Guthrie, "Montrose appointed Macdonald to march westward with the foot army; and, bringing his horse for a guard, himself, and the Earl of Airlie, and many more, were liberally feasted in the castle of Alloa; after which, having notice of the enemy's advancing towards them, they made the greater haste to overtake their foot; and being met, and considering the town of Stirling was consumed by the pestilence, resolved to pass by it, and so crossed both the Teith and the Forth, two miles to the northward of it, and from thence marched on to Kilsyth, where they found the ground so advantageous for them, as made them resolve to halt there, until their enemies should come that length, which very shortly fell."

Meanwhile, the army of the Covenant, which had been reinforced by three regiments from Fife, and another composed of the remnant of Argyle's highlanders, continued to follow the footsteps of Montrose. King Campbell himself was in reality the commander of that army, and as he passed by Stirling, he, too, left his mark. He caused the house of Menstrie, belonging to the Earl of Stirling, and the house of Airthrie, the property of Graham of Braco, to be laid in ashes, and at the same time sent an insolent notification to the Earl of Mar, that, when they returned from destroying Montrose, he might expect the same fate to his castle of Alloa, for having feasted that "excommunicated traitor." And so saying, the Dictator marched on to the bridge of Denny, and by that to Hollinbush, where they encamped, about two miles and a half east from Kilsyth, on the 14th of August. Such were the antecedents to the bloodiest, the most astounding, and the last of Montrose's victories.

According to Bishop Guthrie, and other chroniclers, the Covenanters were seven thousand strong, exclusive of their cavalry. Dr Wishart says six thousand foot, and eight hundred horse; and that Montrose's army consisted of four thousand four hundred foot, and five hundred horse; which, adds an old historian

of the family of Gordon, " I take to be a pretty exact account of the number of that army." Unquestionably Montrose was greatly outnumbered, or Argyle would not have proposed to give him battle. The joint-stock Company of command for the Covenant, consisted of Argyle, Tullibardine, Lindsay (called Crawford), Balcarres, Burleigh, Elcho, and General Baillie, every one of whom Montrose had signally beaten, with the exception of his old friend Lord Lindsay of the Byres, whom as yet he had only frightened. But it seemed as if, having been severally snapt in detail, they had determined to prove their strength in a bundle. A curious picture of that battle is presented to us by the principal actor on one side; namely, in Baillie's defence, already quoted, to which we shall turn in the first place.

As day dawned, on the morning of the 15th of August 1645, Argyle, Burleigh, and some others, proceeded to the General's tent, when the following dialogue occurred between the latter and the King of the Kirk and Covenant:—

" Whereabouts are the rebels?" said Argyle.—" Still at Kilsyth," replied Baillie.—" Might we not advance nearer them?" rejoined the other.—" We are near enough already, if we do not intend to fight; and your Lordship knows well how rough and uneasy a way lies betwixt them and us."—" But," said Argyle, " we need not keep the highway; we may march upon them in a direct line."—" Very well," replied the General; " let the Earl of Crawford, and the rest of the Committee, be called in from the next tent."

The result of the conference was, that Baillie directed his march " through the corns and over the braes," until constrained to halt a little to the east of Kilsyth, where the ground in front presented insuperable obstacles to further progress in that direction, at the same time affording an impregnable position. Here Baillie " embattled," as he expresses it himself, but was not permitted to follow the dictates of his own experience. Some of the controlling nobles suggested that he should rather occupy the heights to the right, which were understood to separate them from the yet invisible foe. The General remonstrated. " I do not conceive" he said, " that ground to be good; and the re-

bels, if they will, may possess themselves of it before us." The committee of nobles ordered the ground to be inspected. This being done, they adhered to their opinion, upon the assumption that the Royalists were still retreating westward, and might be taken in flank from the position proposed. "I liked not the motion," says General Baillie. "I told them if the rebels should seek to engage us there, I conceived they would have great advantage over us: Further, if we should beat them to the hill, it would be unto us no great advantage: But,—as I had said upon like disputes near unto Methven and the bridge of Earn,—to us, *the loss of the day would be the loss of the Kingdom.*"

Thus compelled to quit his strong position, the scholar of Gustavus Adolphus proceeded to change his front to the hill on the right. Accordingly, an advance of musketeers was despatched in that direction, and Major Halden instructed to post them in some enclosures which Baillie pointed out. He himself followed, with Balcarres, and a squadron of cavalry whom he ordered to support the musketeers of the van. The various regiments in the rear he directed to face to the right, turning their flank into their front, and to be ready to face to their former front at the ground in question. Having put the best order he could into this unhappy flank movement, he galloped over the brow of the hill to the right, accompanied by the Lords Lindsay and Burleigh, to view the ground on the other side and the posture of the enemy.

Beneath them, at some distance, extended a meadow, upon which and the neighbouring heights Montrose had arranged his battle. Save to the three anxious and moody commanders who thus inspected it, a very beautiful sight it must have been, those gallant clans, and high-blooded cavaliers, clustering around the only royal standard that was ever worthy of Charles the First. The meadow was united to part of the ground which the Covenanters were now hastening to occupy, by a glen whose rugged sides were clothed with underwood. A few rustic gardens, and cottages, scattered on the hill, and towards the head of the glen, suggested the points where the struggle was likely to commence. Even as the two nobles, and their attendant General, took their hasty glance at this exciting prospect, they perceived a large body of the Redshanks, apparently disbanded and in

confusion, threading their way, through the bushes and up the glen, like a herd of mountain cats. Returning on the spur, these three brought the intelligence to Argyle, who was of course adhering to the safe side of the hill. The half-distracted General now caught sight of Major Halden, quitting his position, without orders, and leading some musketeers across a field to a house near the glen where he knew the enemy were falling up in considerable strength. Having attempted in vain to recall him, he advised Argyle and his staff to retire, and ordered every officer to his post; while he himself, accompanied by Balcarres, galloped back to the regiments in the rear, which were too tardy in their movements.

"What am I to do now?" demanded my Lord Balcarres.[1] "Draw up your regiment on the right hand of the Earl of Lauderdale's," answered the General. He then ordered Lauderdale's regiment to face to the right hand, to march to the foot of the hill, and thereafter to face again as they were. Colonel Hume he directed to follow their steps, to halt when they halted, and to keep distance and front with them. "And what am I to do?" said an officer, who proved to be Argyle's Major. "Draw up on Hume's left hand, as you were before," cried the General, and galloped on. But, adds that luckless commander, "I had not ridden far from him, when, looking back, I found Hume had left the way I had put him in, and was gone at a trot, right west, in among the dikes and towards the enemy." So he returned at speed, and meeting the Adjutant by the way, ordered Crawford's (Lindsay) regiment to take the left of Lauderdale's, and those very doubtful resources, the regiments of Fife, to be posted in reserve. He then hastened after Colonel Hume, but, ere the General arrived, that regiment, along with Argyle's (*minus* the Marquis), and two other regiments, had occupied an enclosure, towards which the royalists were now advancing in great force, and had already reached the next dike. The covenanting regiments commenced a distant and disorderly fire, which Baillie in vain exerted himself to restrain. What, precisely, was his own scientific plan for gaining the battle, is not very manifest. If he understood it himself, it

[1] Besides commanding the cavalry, Balcarres, like the other covenanting nobles, was a Colonel appointed to the regiment which bore his name.

is clear that no one else did. The result, however, is given by him distinctly enough, and is highly characteristic of his opponents. "The Rebels,"—as he is pleased to call the loyal clans, fighting under the royal standard,—"leapt over the dike, and with *down heads* fell on, and *broke these regiments*." He adds that all the officers on the spot behaved well, and that "I saw none careful to save themselves *before* the routing of the regiments." By this time nearly beside himself, he spurred his horse to the crest of the eminence commanding a view of the field, and there came in contact with his Major-General Holbourn. This officer directed his attention to a squadron of cavaliers just gone by, which Baillie, with great *naïvete*, says he supposes to have been that which was on its way to route the horse under Crawford, after having charged through those commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray. It was in fact old Airlie, following up his brilliant and decisive charge for God and the King. Both Generals then clapt spurs to their horses, and rode back to bring up the reserve. But by this time the Fife levies were in full flight. So, having done their best to rally some of the fugitives, they rode off to Stirling, where the two Generals found most of the noble commanders already safely lodged within the defences of that town and castle. On the subject of Argyle's demeanour, during the fight, and the flight, General Baillie is silent.

We now turn to the view afforded by Dr Wishart, and other contemporary chroniclers, of Montrose's side of the battle.

When our hero first encamped in the fields about Kilsyth, he was doubtful whether to do battle there, or continue his march. But having learnt that Lanerick (Hamilton's brother) had raised a large force in Clydesdale against his royal benefactor, and was within fifteen miles of Kilsyth, while Cassilis, Eglinton, Glencairn, and other covenanting noblemen, were also levying forces in the west country, he determined to attack Baillie without delay. This was at the very moment when his agitated opponents were discussing the idea so fatal to them, that the royal host was still pressing on westward, and neither intended nor desired to assail their position at Kilsyth.

Such rapid and unexpected turns, in order to destroy the

combinations against him by a crushing blow, struck at the critical moment, against the most formidable point, had been his invariably successful tactic throughout his marvellous campaign. The unusually forward motions and fighting attitude which King Campbell's army displayed on the morning of the 15th, indicated a consciousness of numerical superiority sufficient to make them risk a battle, if the royal Lieutenant offered it instead of retreating westward, as the Covenanters still flattered themselves he was doing. "The very thing I want," exclaimed Montrose; "and as for their numbers, we have the best position, which is more than half the battle." He then busied himself in the most judicious preparations. The recent fate of Lord Gordon induced him to curb the ardour of Aboyne, now heir of Huntly, whom he kept in the rear, attended by a body-guard of twelve cavaliers, while the Huntly horse were led by Colonel Gordon. The Earl of Airlie placed himself at the head of a body of horse, chiefly composed of the Ogilvy cavaliers,—John Ogilvy of Baldavie, who had formerly distinguished himself as a colonel in the Swedish service, commanding under him. The great MacColl kept his brave Irish well in hand; but the clans were too impatient for action, and most difficult to restrain, owing to the emulation, and dispute for precedence, arising between seven hundred of the Macleans, under their chief, Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart, and five hundred of the clan Ranald, under John of Moidart, Captain of Clanranald, and his impetuous son Donald. These had all been absent from the last victory, and were now burning to distinguish themselves as Glengary had done at Alford.

Montrose, too, reconnoitred his formidable foes. He had not failed to keep an eye upon their movements in pursuit of him, from Denny, where they crossed the Carron, to Hollinbush, and so to Kilsyth. An army, variously estimated at from six to seven thousand infantry, and from eight hundred to a thousand horse, the last which, to all appearance, the Covenant could muster against him in Scotland, the only barrier remaining between him and his Sovereign, must have impressed his mind with the crisis of the most important and difficult of all his herculean labours. The right of this rebel host seemed to be resting on the high ground to the east of Kilsyth, while their

left extended to the heights southward of the town, at the foot of which may now be traced the line of the Forth and Clyde canal. Thus threatened with an array capable of surrounding him, but seemingly too much extended to be strong in the centre, Montrose concentrated his main battle, under his own immediate command, at the same time presenting a front of one wing to the south, and another to the east. Descrying, in front of his left, some of those cottages and gardens alluded to in General Baillie's account, his first move was to order Evan Maclean of Treshnish, called Captain of Kernburg, to advance quietly with a hundred picked marksmen, to secure that position, and to maintain it as one of great importance. These, perhaps, were the highlanders whom Baillie had observed, "falling up the glen through the bushes." Treshnish had scarcely occupied this post, the Hougomont of Kilsyth, when it was assailed in a desultory manner, probably by some of those troops whom the unfortunate covenanting General had been exerting himself to embattle and restrain. But this rash advance, met by a withering fire from the enclosure, first wavered, and then recoiled in confusion; followed, however, by their equally incautious opponents, who never could resist the temptation of a rush with the claymore, when the long gun was empty. The incident was critical, and somewhat deranged the plans of Montrose. The Macleans with Treshnish were obviously exposed to an overwhelming force of cavalry and infantry, now more rapidly congregating to their destruction. The chief of Duart could no longer curb the main body of his clan, which broke loose, and heaved and foamed into the battle like a tempestuous billow. It was while this storm swept on, that Colonel Hume, disregarding or misapprehending the covenanting General's instructions, went off at a rapid pace with his regiment westward, "among the dikes, and towards the enemy," followed by four other regiments of the Covenant, named, from their respective colonels, Argyle's, Lauderdale's, Crawford's (Lindsay), and Balcarres's. In fact, they were hurrying to cover; and were not aware, as Baillie was, of the near approach of the Redshanks in great force making for the same point. As the Macleans rushed on, young Donald of Moidart urged the clan Ranald into a race with them for precedence,—an emulation not allayed by the

distant fire which Baillie had endeavoured to restrain,—overtook the rival clan, broke through their ranks, and Donald himself was the first of the claymores to leap the enclosure. The men of Duart, however, and also the MacGregors, were not far behind; and thus it was, that, as Baillie in his apologetic lament expresses it, "in the end, *the rebels* leapt over the dike, and, with *down heads*, fell on and broke these regiments."

But the feat thus *improvised*, was not performed without the most imminent risk to Montrose of losing the battle. This tumultuous burst of Redshanks, jostling and quarrelling with each other in the race of death, was exposed to an attack of cavalry, commanded by Balcarres, the Cardigan of the Covenant. They saw not their danger, but Montrose did. It is remarkable that Baillie, as would appear from his own account, had paid so little attention to the cavalry movements, the great feature of the battle. A thousand horse, under a nobleman who had given the Gordons such tough work at Alford, were not likely to be idle at Kilsyth. Among them was a squadron of cuirassiers, the gleaming of whose breast-plates at a distance is said to have inspired the Gordons with a stronger disinclination to a charge than they had ever felt before. Let us rather hope that *Aboyne was sulky*, from being kept in the back-ground. The insubordinate advance of the claymores elicited some testy exclamations from the Earl of Airlie. Montrose expressed his anxiety lest these madcaps should be overwhelmed by the cavalry on their flank. In vivid language, he urged the Gordon cavaliers to the rescue. "Behold those rebels," he said; "they are the same whom you routed at Auldearn and Alford." But the gay Gordons for once in their lives hung back. Upon which, turning to the nobleman at his side, our hero thus addressed him,—"The army looks to you, my Lord Airlie, as the man most worthy to save those rash highlanders, and to redeem the day: Teach the hot blood of youth to prize the arm of valour that is united to an experienced head." Now Lord Airlie was about fourscore; and, moreover, he had just recovered from a fever. But he was an Ogilvy, and young Innerquharity himself could not with more alacrity have responded to the appeal. Surrounded by the gentlemen of his own name, and well seconded by Colonel Ogilvy, this brave old county repeatedly charged the cove-

nanting horse with irresistible effect. Driving them back upon two thousand infantry with whom they were combined, he created a confusion in the ranks of the enemy, that enabled the Redshanks to reach their goal, and in fact was decisive of the day. Montrose now gave the signal for a general attack, and brought his whole troops into play, the Gordons no longer hesitating to take their wonted place in the melée. In the chase of fourteen miles which ensued, not less, it is said, than six thousand Covenanters paid the forfeit of their lives for their rebellion. Of the royal army, scarcely one hundred were put *hors de combat*.[1] While most of the covenanting noblemen saved themselves, by a timely flight, in the castle of Stirling, Argyle, as usual, rushed to water, never drawing bridle till he reached the Forth at Queensferry, where he sought safety in some vessels lying at anchor in the road of Leith. Nor did the Dictator feel himself secure, until he had prevailed with them to put to sea. A cut *a posteriori*, from the claymore of the exasperated old Earl, leading the dance at Kilsyth, could not be shunned with too much activity by that illustrious impersonation of the Religion and Liberties of Scotland, who had "burnt the bonnie house of Airlie;" although for that outrage he had obtained a *parliamentary* exoneration, "as also for putting of whatsomever person or persons to *torture* or *question*, or putting of any person or persons to death." The scatter of the nobles, who, so unfortunately for themselves, had gone "a colonelling," was Hudibrastic. They put Argyle ashore at Newcastle. So he did not sup that night with Generals Baillie and Holbourn, and such of the gold tufts as took immediate refuge in Stirling Castle. Not a scratch among that legion of commanders, who left behind them six thousand of their soldiers slain. As they jostled each other by the way, we can imagine old Burleigh, an experienced foot at flying from Montrose, already twitting the unfortunate General with the utter failure of his elaborate *drill* on the field of battle, and all those facings to the right, and to the left, which ended in this right-about-wheel for dear life. It was during a hurry-scurry of the kind, after a like disastrous defeat, that a

[1] The Ogilvys, as might be expected, suffered most, three gentlemen of the name being slain. Everything belonging to the covenanting army, as usual, fell into the hands of the victors.

Scotch officer, more coarse than courteous, is said to have addressed his companion in the flight,—no less than a scientific commander-in-chief, whose book of evolutions had become the primer of the British army,—with these ungenerous words: "Oh! Davie, Davie, ye donnard fule, whar be a' your *pivots* noo?"

One famous trait, of Montrose's side of the battle, must be particularly noticed, not only as characteristic in itself, but from the extraordinary use that has been made of it by his modern calumniators. We regret to quote the following from so useful a compilation as Chambers's Biographical Dictionary. But were Biography always to minister after this fashion, as the handmaid of History, her services would be worse than useless:—

"A company of cuirassiers drew from Montrose a remark, that the cowardly rascals durst not face them till they were cased in iron: 'To shew our contempt of them, let us fight them in our shirts.' With that he threw off his *coat and waistcoat*, tucked up the sleeves of his shirt like a butcher going to kill cattle, *at the same time* drawing his sword with ferocious resolution: The proposal was received with applause: The cavalry threw off their upper garments, and tucked up their sleeves: The foot *stripped themselves naked even to the feet;* and in this state were ready to rush upon their opponents, before they could take up the places assigned to them. The *consequence was*, the battle was a mere massacre, a race of fourteen miles, in which space six thousand men were cut down and slain."

We do not believe that Montrose threw off his "coat and waistcoat." No contemporary account of that battle says so. If it was his fashion to wear a light cuirass, he may have dispensed with it on that occasion. But the chances are, he did not part with his buff coat as a preparative for battle. Neither do we believe that he tucked up his sleeves "like a butcher going to kill cattle." And however well exercised, and cunning of fence he may have been, from the time that his foils were first "dressed" by the smith at Aberuthven, we doubt his being able to draw his sword "at the same time" that he was tucking up his sleeves. And as for the massacre on that day being "the

consequence" of our hero's four thousand five hundred infantry having fought stark naked, "even to the feet," we must doubt a fact which we find nowhere else recorded. The pursuit was for fourteen miles, through growing corns, up rugged glens, and by paths which General Baillie states to have been "rough and uneasy to march in."

Ere they joined battle, Montrose, says Dr Wishart, "commanded his men, cavalry and infantry, to cast aside their more troublesome garments, and stripping themselves to the waist of all clothing but the under vesture, thus, giving the onset in their glaring white shirts, to rush upon the enemy. He was obeyed with right good will; and after this fashion they stood ready and disencumbered, and determined to conquer or die."[1] This passage explains itself. Nor was the instruction, to cast away the plaids and other fatiguing garments, an extraordinary one, considering that it was in the middle of August these mountaineers were about to charge six thousand of their enemies up hill, and to chase them as far as they could.

The whig historian Laing, without proceeding to such extremities of fantastical absurdity, is sufficiently partial and childish in his meagre account of this great battle. Ignoring altogether the effect of Montrose's cavalry, which more than shared the honour of the day, he attributes the victory to "the wild outcries, the savage aspect, and the furious onset of the Irish and Highlanders, who fought almost naked, and which, formidable to the most regular, were ill sustained by undisciplined troops." And referring with philanthropic horror to the fact of the fugitive army having been "pursued to the distance of fourteen miles, with *unrelenting rage*," he leaves Montrose under the historical condemnation of "this *barbarous* slaughter of the *unresisting* infantry."

Why did they not resist? They had come there to do the same to the Irish and the Highlanders, if they could. Over any precise

[1] "*Suis insuper omnibus, equiti juxta ac pediti imperat, ut positis molestioribus vestibus, et solis indusiis supernè amicti, et in albis emicantes, hostibus insultarent. Quod cum illi alacres lætique fecissent, expediti paratique stabant, certi aut vincere aut mori.*"

Some contemporary accounts have it, that, so far as the Gordon cavalry were concerned, Aboyne ordered them to put white shirts over their usual dress, to distinguish them in the melée.

amount of slaughter, committed by the red-handed pursuers in the heat of battle, no rational man will say that the laurelled victor could exercise control. But he was there for the legitimate purpose of destroying that great army of the cruel Covenant; and he did it. His immediate object was to clear the way between himself and his hunted Sovereign at the Borders; and he did it. Was he to allow this innocent "unresisting infantry," to rally between him and *Beersheba?* His duty, the only remaining chance for the Throne, was to smite them hip and thigh *in battle;* and he did it. In the month of July 1645, between the dates of the battles of Alford and Kilsyth, the Reverend Robert Baillie, then with the committee in England, was continually urging, that the powerful army which was now utterly destroyed, should be sent there to strengthen their hands. "There is great need," he writes to the covenanting nobles in Scotland, "that, with all the speed may be, those *six thousand foot* we hear of, be sent up from Scotland, and with them some *gracious ministers.*" Then he adds,—"Montrose will be cheaper and more easily defeat here, than he can be there." But Montrose destroyed them *here*, that his Sovereign might not be defeated by them *there.* And it is to the great discredit of the modern historian whom we now arraign, that while the obvious tenor of his partial historic page, is to cast that blood upon the hero himself, and to record him as the barbarous leader of savages, he *suppresses* altogether one of those unquestionable facts, which will be found to constitute the characteristic distinction between the so called cruelty of Montrose, and the genuine cruelty of the Covenant. Sir William Murray of Blebo, James Arnot, who was Lord Burleigh's brother, Colonels Dick and Wallace, with many others, were made prisoners. Certain death would have been their portion, had they been taken in arms against the Covenant. Montrose, as usual, dismissed the above on their parole. Nor can the fact be questioned, although Malcolm Laing suppresses it when most *germain* to the matter. It was published to the world, by Dr Wishart, in the year following the event, and during the lifetime of all concerned.

Another historian of Scotland, no less anxious, from constitutional motives, to depreciate Montrose, would persuade us, that his laurels were worthless, because so easily won. "His

panegyrists forget," says the Historiographer Royal for Scotland, alluding to the battle of Tippermuir, "that the *utter worthlessness* of the opposite troops bereaves him of *all glory* in vanquishing them."[1] Tested by the rapidity and completeness of the success, the same might be pronounced of all his victories. But, with such resources as he had, was there no glory in making the experiment? Can the man of his times be named, other than himself, who would have made that experiment, and with the same success? But his fame rests not merely on the desperate bravery of that experiment. He had studied the character of the Highlander. He had learnt how to handle the fleet-footed mountaineer. And, in a few days after he had placed himself at the head of what was only an imperfect Celtic gathering, he struck a blow at Perth, that is unrivalled by any thing performed in the adventure for the Stewart dynasty in the following century. That is a pregnant remark of his to his Sovereign, in the dispatch from Inverlochy,—"I was willing to *let the world see* that Argyle was not the man his Highlandmen believed him to be, and that it was possible to *beat him* in his *own* highlands." Long ere the battle of Preston was gained, in "the forty-five," the Highlander had been well proved. But Montrose had to derive his hopes of him from such a field as *Harlaw*,—where the flower of the Gael, under Donald of the Isles, fell in bloody and irretrievable defeat before inferior numbers of the lowland gentry of Aberdeenshire and the Mearns; or *Corrichie*,—where the Gordons dashed themselves in vain against the phalanx of the Southern; or *Glenlivet*,—where, in their mountain fastnesses, and upon their native heather, the Highlanders of Argyle, at a time when their chief was no coward, and commanded them in name of the King, were utterly routed by the rebel lowland cavalry of Huntly and Errol.

Sir Walter Scott, both in his histories and his legend of Montrose, points out the progress of that revolution, in the history of the Scots, which gradually transformed the warlike lowlander, and steel-clad burgher, of a former century, into country clowns and puffy townsmen, while the mountaineer retained his weapons, and his invigorating habits, and became proportionally improved in the exercise of both. But, at the

[1] Mr Brodie.

same time, it must not be forgotten, that justly as Montrose himself appreciated the relative value, in the year 1644, of loyal caterans from Badenoch, and covenanting troops from Fife, he had not to carry his recollection so far back even as Glenlivet, for an instance where the Gael had been disgraced in collision with the Southern. We have already recorded how, in 1639, a thousand Highlanders—commanded indeed by "traitor Gun" —fled like sheep before Montrose himself, (at the head of an inferior force drawn out of the very lowland districts that furnished the army of Elcho at Perth), and sought safety in the centre of a morass from a very slight administration of the "musket's mother."

It was the genius of Montrose, then, which first illustrated that peculiar chivalry of Scottish loyalty, and gave the impulse which rendered the rush of the tartan, and the flash of the claymore, so formidable in the same cause for a century thereafter, and memorable for ever.[1]

[1] The following list is in the handwriting of the first Lord Napier; and now among the family papers :—

"At the battle of Kilsyth, the whole foot regiments killed and totally routed. Prisoners taken that day: The laird of Ferney, a colonel for Fife; Lieutenant-colonel Wallace; Lieutenant-colonel Levingston; Lieutenant-colonel Dick; [Livingston of] Westquarter; Sir William Murray; Rout-master Abercromby; Major John Moncrieff; Major Lockhart; Captain Lad; Captain Paterson; Captain Lundy; Captain Monteith; Captain Mercer, son to [Mercer of] Aldy; John Bain Macnab; Captain Baillie; Captain Crawfurd; Captain Lieutenant Cunningham; William Moncrieff of Kindullo; Cornet Hume; Lieutenant Johnston; Stephen Paterson; Mr Thomas Kirkaldy; Mr Frederick Carmichael; Captain Ruthven; and sundry others were had: The laird of Cambo, and many gentlemen killed; Glenorchy and Dunbarro."

CHAPTER XXVII.

RESULTS OF THE BATTLE OF KILSYTH—MONTROSE ENCAMPS AT BOTHWELL, AND PROTECTS GLASGOW—COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESSES AND OFFERS OF SERVICE TO HIM THERE—CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE IMPRISONED LOYALISTS—THE PLAGUE OF 1645—MONTROSE'S ORDERS FOR THE PROTECTION OF LINLITHGOW AND EDINBURGH, AND THE RELEASE OF THE PRISONERS—LORD GRAHAM, A PRISONER IN THE CASTLE, DECLINES THE CONDITION OF BEING EXCHANGED—MONTROSE AND THE POET DRUMMOND—PRESIDENT SPOTTISWOODE ARRIVES AT BOTHWELL WITH A HIGHER COMMISSION TO MONTROSE—ABOYNE DESERTS THE STANDARD, AND TAKES WITH HIM THE NORTHERN HORSE—OGILVY'S LETTER TO ABOYNE—ALLASTER MACDONALD KNIGHTED BY MONTROSE—FORSAKES THE STANDARD, AND CARRIES OFF THE HIGHLANDERS—MONTROSE, AS ORDERED BY THE KING, MARCHES TO THE BORDERS—DESERTED AND BETRAYED BY THE BORDER NOBLES—SPOTTISWOODE'S LETTER AT KELSO TO DIGBY—MONTROSE AT SELKIRK—THE SKELETON OF HIS ARMY SURPRISED AND SURROUNDED BY SIX THOUSAND CAVALRY, UNDER GENERAL DAVID LESLIE, AT PHILIPHAUGH.

HAVING in this complete style disposed of the Hydra, ere long to be revenged after her kind, Montrose, "of all that ever this land brought forth, the most cruel and inhuman butcher and murderer of his nation,"[1] at once turned his attention to the protection of the great cities of the kingdom, the rescue, from durance, and death, of his dear relatives, the security to persons and property of the lieges, and the general amelioration of the Kirk-ridden country. Being about to march into Clydesdale, in search of the Earl of Lanerick and his levies in that quarter, from his camp at Kilsyth he wrote as follows to the civic authorities of Glasgow, now trembling to her heart's core:—

"ASSURED FRIENDS: Being to repair to those fields, these

[1] Chancellor Loudon's address, in pronouncing sentence upon Montrose.

are to call and require you that, immediately after sight hereof, you command all the people of your town not to depart from their own dwellings, but to remain in their own houses; and that they make ready all sort of provisions for passing of the army; which if they do, they shall be assured to be protected as good and loyal subjects; but if they do otherways, they shall oblige us to proceed against them as rebels, and enemies to his Majesty's service. Thus expecting your care and diligence herein, I rest your assured friend,

"MONTROSE."[1]

Like Seaforth in the north, after the battle of Inverlochy, Lanerick in the south, after the battle of Kilsyth, was not to be found. The brother of Hamilton, with those other arch rebels Argyle, Loudon, and Lindsay, took refuge in Berwick and Newcastle. Their levies dispersed. Glencairn and Cassilis fled to Ireland. After remaining two days at Kilsyth, to rest and reorganize his army, the royal Lieutenant descended into the valley of the Clyde. There,—

> "When fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers
> Were mellowing in the noon,"—

Bellona and Pomona met and shook hands. In the city of Glasgow the victor was greeted by the acclamations of the populace, never apt to regard Montrose with that unjust alarm and horror which partial or careless historians have imputed to the people of Scotland. Excesses, of course, were committed by an excited soldiery, flushed with victory. But, true to his word and his system, their noble commander restrained all such acts with the salutary authority of the provost-marshal, and some of the most audacious of these military delinquents were doomed to death on the spot.[2] Even in this hour of uncon-

[1] From extracts, autograph of Crawfurd the peerage writer, out of certain MS. historical memoirs now lost, by James Burns, one of the bailies of Glasgow at the time of the battle of Kilsyth. Crawfurd's MS. was printed by Mr Maidment, in his "Historical Fragments," published by Thomas G. Stevenson, Edinburgh, 1833.

[2] With regard to this circumstance, recorded by Wishart, some of his modern translators have done injustice to his hero, by misapprehending the original text, which is as follows :—

trolled triumph, his conduct was eminently humane and conservative. He withdrew his army six miles off, indulging the city with the privilege of their own civic guard, to protect it from wanton stragglers. He planted the royal banner in the romantic locality where erst

> "St George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,
> Was waving far and wide,
> And from the lofty turret flung
> Its crimson blaze on Clyde."

At Bothwell, complimentary addresses poured in from all quarters of Scotland, and were presented to him by special commissioners. Moreover, there came in person to him, to declare their loyalty and offer their services, the Marquis of Douglas; the Earls of Linlithgow, Annandale, and Hartfell; the Lords Erskine, Seton, Drummond, Fleming, Maderty, Carnegie, and Johnston; Carnwath's brother Sir John Dalziel; Charteris of Amisfield, Towers of Inverleith, Stewart of Rosyth, and various others, some of whom now made protestations of

"Civitatem in fidem receptam, cum faustis populi acclamationibus ingressus, *milites*, in primis, *ab injuriis* coërcuit, et in *noxios* severè animadvertens, *gravius peccantes*, in aliorum terrorem, *capite multavit*."

It cannot be doubted that this means his measures of severity against such soldiers as had disregarded his protection of the town. But the translator, in Ruddiman's edition of 1756, has committed a gross blunder, in rendering the passage thus:—

"He entered this city amidst the general acclamations of the inhabitants, having first ordered his men to abstain from all manner of hostilities. He made a *strict scrutiny* into the conduct of such as were suspected *of rebellion and disloyalty*, and to terrify the rest, *put the principal incendiaries to death*."

There is not a word of this in Wishart. It falsifies history. Montrose never instituted *scrutiny* of the kind. On the contrary, it was ever his habit to take his subjugated enemies at their own word, and he was always cheated accordingly. Yet here he is accused, and on the authority of Wishart, of having actually put to death some of the chief offenders *against loyalty!* This is the more unpardonable, that the *contemporary* translations, though rude, are accurate:—"He received the town into his protection; and entering into it with the joyful acclamations of the people, first of all he restrained his soldiers from plunder, and then, being severe against the *delinquents*, for the terror of others he put some of the chiefest incendiaries of them to death." The only freedom taken by this translator (1648) is in using the word *incendiaries*. Wishart does not particularize the offence; although very probably it was fire-raising. Yet the blundered translation of 1756 is repeated in Constable's edition of 1819.

their loyalty because their fears were removed, and others because fear had seized them. Montrose, thus publicly acknowledged as the King's representative in Scotland, suddenly found himself the centre of a court. The shires and towns of Renfrew and Ayr sent deputations to deprecate offended sovereignty, imputing to the agitation of the covenanting clergy all their sins of rebellion. Montrose accepted their submission, took their oaths of allegiance, and dismissed them as friends. But understanding that the fugitive Earls had been raising forces in the western shires, he despatched his Major-General, accompanied by young Drummond of Balloch (a nephew of Lord Napier's), with a strong force, to suppress these levies. Strange to say, this party found their mission resolving into a pleasant progress through what now seemed the most loyal district in Scotland. And nowhere, says Guthrie, did Montrose's delegates receive so hearty a welcome as at Loudon Castle. The Chancellor of course was not at home. But the Baroness, in her own right, actually took the son of old Coll Keitache in her arms, honoured the party with a sumptuous entertainment, and sent her major-domo, John Halden, back with them to Montrose, to present her humble service to the King's Lieutenant.

While Lord Napier's nephew was thus employed in the west, his son, the Master, was sent in the opposite direction upon a yet more important and anxious mission. This was to release those dearest to him from the prisons of Linlithgow and Edinburgh, and also to take, in the name of King Charles, the capital of Scotland out of the hands of King Campbell. Before following this interesting adventure, we must look into the dungeons of those loyal lords, knights, and damsels, whom the ogres of the Kirk had been keeping to devour.

The government of Argyle, not satisfied with restraining the personal liberty of the noble and influential loyalists who refused to bow the knee to the League and Covenant, and to dethrone their Sovereign, subjected them to confinement so rigorous, and to such *squalor carceris*, as to render life a burden. That Montrose, whose red star predominated over the field, would retaliate in that kind, was never dreaded. But Argyle could not be so sure, if he proceeded to the extremities which the leaders of

the covenanting church were continually urging, and brought these noble sufferers to the scaffold, "in a seeming legal way," as Montrose himself expressed it, that the exasperated representative of his Sovereign would not fulfil his threat, and "use the like severity against some of their prisoners." For, besides prisoners of less note, again and again had the hero at his mercy some of the most distinguished of the covenanting leaders, although he forbore even to retain them as prisoners. Of course his nature revolted at the very idea of treating cruelly, or even as delinquents, any *ladies* of the nobility and gentry whose possessions he was compelled to visit with fire. But the prisons of the Covenant were teeming with tragedies, and full of horrors. The young laird of Drum, along with his brother, Robert Irvine, and their cousin Alexander Irvine, had been committed to the tolbooth of Edinburgh. At first they were confined in separate cells. "This longsome loathsome prison," says Spalding, "endured for the first half year." They were then permitted to occupy a chamber together, but no one allowed to visit them except in presence of a magistrate. Under this cruel discipline, Robert, the youngest, died. "This brave young gentleman departed this life within the tolbooth of Edinburgh, upon Tuesday 4th February 1645, and that same night, being *excommunicated*, was buried, betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock, with candle light in lanterns; the young laird lying sore sick in the same chamber; who, upon great *moyan* (interest) was transported in a wand-bed (wicker), upon the morn from the tolbooth to the castle, where he lay sore grieved at the death of his well beloved brother, borne down by unhappy destiny, and cruel malice of the Estates: This gallant (the younger) byding so long in prison, and of a high spirit, broke his heart and died; his father being confined in Edinburgh, and his mother dwelling in New Aberdeen,—for the place of Drum was left desolate,—to their unspeakable grief and sorrow." Romance could not furnish a deeper tragedy. Lord Ogilvy, a prisoner of war, since his capture when carrying dispatches from Montrose to the King, was treated in like manner, and nearly suffered the same fate. He had married Helen Ogilvy, eldest daughter of the first Lord Banff; and so, upon the 7th of August 1645,—"Unto the Honourable Estates of Parliament, humbly meaneth Mistress Helen

Ogilvy, spouse to James Ogilvy." It was the petition of the wife for the husband she thought dying. "The dangerous and pitiful estate of my husband," she says, "forceth me, with tears, to implore your Lordships' compassion." And thus she tells the pitiable tale :—

"For *first*, by his long imprisonment, his body is visibly decayed and pined away, and the strength thereof altogether abated, so that he is not able of himself to stand or walk : *Next*, there is only one boy allowed to attend him, whose father lately died of the pest (plague), with whom the boy was, shortly before his decease : *Thirdly*, the house from whence he was furnished his meat and drink is *infected*, and divers persons therein died of the plague ; and by its visitation of the town of Edinburgh there are few left, of that sort, who can or will afford him any entertainment ; and many times he will be *forty-eight hours without so much as a cup of cold water* ; and which distress is likely daily to increase, if it shall not please God in his mercy to stay the devouring pestilence in that town ; whereby he is like to die for hunger."

For these reasons the heart-broken wife throws herself at the feet of him who "burnt the bonnie House of Airlie." And the Argyle government "ordains the above named James Ogilvy to be transported from the tolbooth of Edinburgh, where he is presently incarcerated, to the *Isle of Bass*, to be kept prisoner there."[1] But ere this order could be fulfilled, a life-restoring light, as if from a heavenly messenger, streamed through his prison-bars. Twenty days after the date of that melancholy petition, Lord Ogilvy, instead of being dead of pestilence or famine, or constrained to solace himself with longing glances at the liberty of the solan geese, was actively engaged with the Marquis of Douglas, in the south of Scotland, raising levies for King Charles. Such were the vicissitudes of the Troubles.

In like manner, our hero's other friends and relatives had all been compelled to approach the footstool of King Campbell. In the month of July, Montrose's ancient guardian presented a petition to the Parliament at Perth, stating, that "The Lord Naper has remained prisoner within the castle of Edinburgh, these many weeks bygone, whereof a long season *in close ward*,

[1] *Original*, Record of the Committee of Estates : *Register House.*

none having access to him, expecting always that orders should have been given by the said Estates for his releasement, wherethrough he is not only in great hazard of his life, through the infection of the plague of pestilence,—the sickness being now come within the bounds of the said castle, whereof six persons are already dead, as a missive letter written by the constable of the said castle will testify,—but likewise makes him altogether unable to perform that which the said Estates has ordained anent the payment of the sum incurred by him through his son's escape." Two reasons induced the Estates to seem, at least, to lend a compassionate ear to the petition of this venerable and blameless nobleman, by ordaining, on the 30th July 1645, that, under a heavy bond of caution, he should be allowed "to confine himself within the town of Haddington, or his own house of Merchiston, or a mile about the same."[1] The one reason was, that, of this very date, Montrose, as already noticed, had led his flying camp to the gates of Perth, and for a time kept the covenanting government there in the greatest alarm. The other, that their victim was unable to command any money so long as he was thus detained in solitary confinement. On the 6th of August, however, eight days after that deliverance on his petition, is dated his receipt from the treasurer of the Estates, for "the sum of ten thousand pounds Scots money, incurred by him as cautioner for his son, for breaking of his confinement."[2] And yet, after the battle of Kilsyth in that same month, as we shall presently find, Lord Napier had to be released from the prison of Linlithgow by the gallant youth whose escape had been so severely visited upon his aged parent.

At the same time, the three persecuted nieces of Montrose were released by the Master of Napier, although shortly before the battle of Kilsyth, as their inquisitorial records indicate, some shew of lenity had been also extended towards these noble ladies. But this, too, was on the 30th of July 1645, while their victorious uncle was knocking at the door of the covenanting Parliament. Of that date, "Lady Elizabeth Erskine, Mistress of Naper, and Mistress Lilias Naper, daughter to the

[1] *Original*, Record of the Rescinded Acts: *Register House.*

[2] *Original*, Napier Charter-chest.

Lord Naper," are ordained to be removed, from the castle of Edinburgh, to confinement in the house of John Earl of Mar, or a mile about the same, the Earl and Lord Erskine to be their cautioners, for twenty thousand marks each. This apparently humane deliverance,—not fulfilled, for they also were found in the prison of Linlithgow,—follows upon their own piteous statement,—" That whereas it hath pleased the Committee of Estates to commit them to ward within the castle of Edinburgh, where they have remained in *close prison, none having access to them;* and now, since the infection of the plague of pestilence is not only come to a great height within the city of Edinburgh, but likewise is come within the bounds of the castle itself, which hath added *great fear to their former comfortless state;* therefore they humbly desire that their Honors would be pleased to release them from the said present condition of imprisonment, and put them to liberty, now in such a *fearful exigence.*" [1] And one of these petitioners was a young unmarried lady, only eighteen years of age! Lady Stirling of Keir, the other niece of Montrose, was treated with the same inhuman severity.

But as these distressed dames and damsels were still straining their tearful eyes from the top of their prison-towers, and haply putting that woe-begone question,—" Sister Anne, sister Anne, see you any one a-coming,"—the dust of advancing cavalry, the sound of hoofs, the waving of pennons, the glitter of arms, and the clang of trumpets, brought hope to their hearts. Sir Robert Sibbald records, in his autobiography, that, " in the year 1645, the time of the plague, I stayed at Linlithgow, at James Crawford our cousin's house, till some were infected in the town; at which time my parents removed me with them to the Kipps, till the infection was over: As I went there with my nurse, we met a troop of Montrose's men, who passed us without doing us any harm." [2] The party they met was commanded by cavaliers not likely to make war upon women and children; which is more than can be said for the Kirk-militant. They had fallen in with the detachment under the Master of Napier, and

[1] *Original*, MS., Rescinded Acts: *Register House.*

[2] MS. in the Auchinleck Library; printed in the *Analecta Scotica*, vol. i. p. 128, published by Thomas G. Stevenson, Edinburgh, 1834.

Colonel Gordon, who were fulfilling the following orders issued by Montrose from his camp at Bothwell, on the fifth day after the battle of Kilsyth.

"*Orders for the Master of Napier and Colonel Nathaniel "Gordon.*

"James Marquis of Montrose, his Majesty's Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom of Scotland.

"These be to will and command you, presently after sight hereof, to take along with you an hundred horsemen and an hundred dragoons, and repair to the town of *Linlithgow*, and cause publish a declaration at the market-cross thereof, and copies of the same to be spread and divulged in the country: As also you shall cause publish this his Majesty's indiction of a Parliament at the said market-cross, after the ordinary and accustomed manner, and leave copies of both upon the said market-cross: Likewise you shall direct along a trumpet or drum, with a commission to the magistrates of the burgh of *Edinburgh*, and draw yourselves about the said town of Linlithgow, or betwixt that and Edinburgh, keeping yourselves free of all places suspected to be spoiled with the infection, as you will answer on the contrary at your highest peril: And having executed these former orders, you shall return with all possible diligence to the army, where it shall happen the same to be for the time.

"Given at our Leaguer at Bothwell, the twentieth day of August 1645.

"MONTROSE."[1]

This was a happy mission for the young nobleman. From the castle of Blackness, and the prison of Linlithgow, he released his wife, Lady Elizabeth Erskine, to whom he was devotedly attached, his venerable father, his two sisters, the Lady of Keir and Lilias Napier, and his brother-in-law, Sir George Stirling.[2] The youth who had escaped from Holyrood

[1] *Original*, Napier Charter-chest.

[2] These are all specially enumerated by Dr Wishart, as having been released by the Master of Napier from the prison of Linlithgow upon that occasion. Some of them were confined in the castle of Blackness, near Linlithgow. It was impossible

without their knowledge, and for whose truant escape they had been thus cruelly treated, returned, after the lapse of three months, at the head of two hundred cavaliers, and delegated with the authority of a conqueror and a king.

Napier and Nathaniel Gordon, having executed their commission at Linlithgow, approached the capital, and, in terms of their instructions, halting within four miles of Edinburgh, they sent a trumpet to summon it in name of the King. The consternation of the civic authorities was unbounded. Expecting nothing less than destruction to the town from the victor, whose own person and name had suffered so many indignities there, and whose dearest friends were at the moment in their tolbooth, while his eldest son was confined in the citadel, they cast themselves in an agony of terror upon the merciful intercession of those very prisoners. At a meeting of the town-council, it was determined to send their humblest submission by delegates to Montrose. They instantly released from the tolbooth Ludovick Earl of Crawford, and the Lord Ogilvy, entreating them to become intercessors for the town. Accordingly these noblemen accompanied the city delegates, and thus the Master of Napier had not only the pleasure of releasing his own friends and relatives, but of bringing to his uncle, a few days after he had set out on his mission, the four friends and advisers whom of all others Montrose loved, namely, Napier, Ogilvy, Crawford, and Sir George Stirling of Keir. The delegates made a free and unconditional surrender of the town of Edinburgh, confessed guilt, deprecated vengeance, implored pardon, and promised everything in a manner worthy of the Covenant. They would send, they said, instant levies to recruit the royal army, but that their miserable town was nearly depopulated by the plague. They were ready, however, to contribute money for that purpose. As for the loyalists confined in the tolbooth, they were from that moment free; and the town would exert its utmost influence to have the citadel delivered up, and occupied in the name of the King. They had been

he could be mistaken as to the facts, for he was chaplain to Lord Napier, as well as to Montrose, and was domesticated abroad with Montrose, young Lord Napier, and Lilias Napier, when he was writing his history.

drawn, they added, into the crime of rebellion by the craft, power, and example of a few seditious leaders; but they willingly pledged themselves never again to hold communion with rebels, and took with alacrity and pleasure the proffered oath of allegiance. Montrose (says Dr Wishart) gave them reason to hope for the royal forgiveness, and exacted nothing but these promises. Saintserf, in a dedication to Montrose's son, to be more particularly noticed immediately, thus eulogizes the great Marquis: "That immortal hero," he says, "your glorious father, was, to all who knew him, one of the most munificent, as well as magnificent personages in the world; which too well appeared when cities, after victories, tendered large sums to be freed from the present incumbrance of his army: He satisfied their desires, but refused their money, still saying, that he could not have their hearts and their purses; his work was to vindicate his Master's rights, and restore them to their wonted happiness."[1] The only one of all these pledges fulfilled by the magistrates of Edinburgh, was the immediate release of the prisoners in the tolbooth. These, on the return of the delegates, obtained their liberty, and joined Montrose in his camp; namely, Lord Reay, young Irvine of Drum (who had been sent back to his loathsome confinement), Ogilvy of Powry, and Dr Wishart.

Meanwhile the citadel of Edinburgh was still held for the Covenant, and therein were lodged, as state prisoners, the boy Lord Graham and his tutor; and also Harry Graham, Montrose's natural brother. A petition had been presented to the Estates, in the name of Lord Graham, wherein he is made to say, "That, whereas it is not unknown to your Lordships in what evident danger I live in the castle of Edinburgh, by reason of the pestilence which now rageth there, and in the whole town; whereof many are dead within the same house; and I being *obnox* to this hazard, my *non-age doth cry to your noble*

[1] This, no doubt, refers to the occasion of the submission of Glasgow and Edinburgh, after the battle of Kilsyth. Montrose never exacted money except when the circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary; and never but in the spirit of humanity and moderation. Yet compare, with the proofs in our text, Malcolm Laing's very mean, and very affected, historic page of the period.

clemency, and humbly begs that your Lordships in your wisdoms would provide for my delivery from this imminent danger, and cause transportation to some place of security; and your Honors' answer humbly I beseech." This petition being read in Parliament, upon the 7th of August 1645, a few days before the battle of Kilsyth, the order is, that "James Graham, son to James Graham sometime Earl of Montrose," shall be "delivered to the Earl of Dalhousie *to be educated;* the Lord Carnegie being caution for his good carriage and behaviour, under the pain of forty thousand pounds." [1]

Yet neither had Lord Graham been released in terms of this deliverance by Parliament. For to himself is addressed, by Saintserf, that dedication already quoted, which runs thus:—

"The soul of the great Montrose lives eminently in his son; which began early to show its vigour, when your Lordship, *then not full twelve years old*, was *close prisoner*, after the battle of Kilsyth, in Edinburgh castle; from whence you nobly refused to be *exchanged*, lest you should cost your great father the benefit of a prisoner; wherein he gladly met your resolution; both so conspiring to this glorious action, that neither outdid the other, though all the world beside." [2]

The historian Laing has taken it upon himself to say, that "the city of Edinburgh was preserved by a *specious* clemency, and a *raging pestilence*, from the chastisement which his troops were *prepared* to inflict." If this be history, it is not fact. The clemency was anxious and sincere. The order to keep the troops from entering the infected city, was to serve the double purpose of the sanity of the army and the safety of the capital. And it was by such an order as the following that his troops were "prepared to inflict chastisement" on the Jerusalem of the Covenant:—

"Whereas we have taken under our protection the town of Edinburgh, and all the inhabitants and burgesses thereof; these are therefore to will and command you, and every one of you,

[1] *Original* Record of the rescinded Acts; *Register House.*

[2] Dedication to James second Marquis of Montrose, of the translation of a French work, entitled, "Entertainments of the Course, &c., rendered into English by Thomas Saint Serff, gent.: London, 1658." See before, pp. 91, 92.

that ye noways trouble nor molest any of the said burgesses or inhabitants in their bodies or goods, as ye will be answerable to us under all highest pains.

"Given at our Leaguer at the Kirkton of Bothwell, the twenty-third day of August 1645."

"MONTROSE."[1]

And the desolate muse of Montrose still crouched within a corner of his heart. With the sympathy of genius he now addressed himself to that seat of the muses, Hawthornden, where the friend of Ben Johnson was living in retirement, mourning over the troubles of his native land, and the ruin of the monarchy. In the year 1638, while the hero of Kilsyth was yet a covenanter, the more experienced Drummond, whose loyalty had from the first been "fancy free," wrote that celebrated remonstrance entitled *Irene*, and by which he hoped the eyes of the nation might be opened to the coming evils. But the temper of the times restrained him from publishing this and other constitutional pieces of a like prophetic nature, the fame of which, however, had gone abroad. If the unhappy activity of the Marquis, in his early career, had been one cause of suppressing such loyal lucubrations, he now made amends. From his camp at Bothwell, 28th August 1645, he dates a special protection, addressed to all his officers and soldiers, "that none of them trouble or molest Mr William Drummond of Hawthornden," or aught belonging to him,—and accompanied by this note:—

"SIR: We being informed of your good affection to his Majesty's service, and that you have written some Pieces vindicating Monarchy from all aspersions, and another named *Irene*: These are to desire you to repair to our leaguer, bringing with you, or sending, such papers; that we may give order for putting them to the press, to the contentment of all his Majesty's good subjects.

"MONTROSE."

The poet replies, by alluding to the state of the times which

[1] Printed from the Balcarres papers in the *Analecta Scotica*, vol. i. p. 108.

had constrained him to suppress his papers, and adds,—"Now since, by the mercy of God, in your Excellency's victorious arms, the Golden Age is returned,—his Majesty's crown re-established,—the *many-headed monster* nearly quelled,—if that piece can do any service at this time, your Excellency, so soon as it can be transcribed, shall command it either to be buried in oblivion, if it deserve, or published to the view of the world. So your Excellency, as you have granted me a protection of my fortunes, will be my patron, and protector of my papers; and deign to accept of him who shall ever continue your Excellency's most humble servant,

"W. DRUMMOND."

Alas! ere that essay could be transcribed, the iron age had returned with double rigour, and the Throne was fated to fall.[1]

While Montrose was at Bothwell, two messengers from the King, then at Oxford, appeared in his camp. The one was Andrew Sandilands, who had been educated in England, and was in holy orders. The other was his own much esteemed friend, President Spottiswoode, now Secretary of State for Scotland. They arrived about the same time, by different routes. The President had proceeded through Wales, and passed over to the Isle of Man, from whence he landed in Lochaber, came down to Athole, and was conducted by the natives to the banks of the Clyde.[2] He brought with him a commission from the sovereign, dated Hereford, 25th June 1645, appointing Montrose Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General of Scotland, with power to summon parliaments, and to enjoy all the privileges previously held by Prince Maurice. This deed was in due form presented by the Secretary under the Standard, and then proclaimed to the army. The ceremony took place at a grand review on the 3d of September 1645. The new Governor of Scotland addressed his soldiers in a short and affecting speech, extolling their courage and loyalty, and expressive of the warmth of his feelings towards his gallant

[1] *Irene*, and Drummond's other tracts, were only first published in 1711, in the folio edition of his works.

[2] The President, as he himself states in his defence, joined Montrose at Bothwell on the 1st of September 1645.

followers. Then directing his praises particularly to Allaster Macdonald, in presence of the whole army, he conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, by virtue of the powers of his new commission. The letters from the King, brought by Spottiswoode and Sandilands, were to the same effect: namely, that Montrose should immediately form a junction with Home, Roxburgh, and Traquair, and march with all expedition to the Tweed.

No sooner was Lord Ogilvy restored to Montrose, and to the gallant old Earl his father, at Bothwell, than he had been dispatched to the Borders, with the Marquis of Douglas, to raise levies, to watch the movements of the enemy, and the advent of the king. The border Earls, Home and Roxburgh, had already placed themselves in communication with Montrose, and impressed him with a firm reliance on their loyal fidelity. In the end they proved mere decoy ducks, disgraced themselves, and destroyed the King. On the 28th of August, while still encamped at Bothwell, he thus writes to Ogilvy:—

"*For the Lord Ogilvy.*

"My Lord: I received yours, and desire you have good intelligence, and make all possible dispatch: For Home and Roxburgh *long for you;* and have sent to me *this day* for a party: Hasten to them; and acquaint me with your opinion of my advance; and what you are able to do; and where you think we may best join. I am your humble servant,

"Montrose."

"Bothwell, 28 August 1645."[1]

A few days thereafter he again writes as follows,—

"*To the right honourable the Marquis of Douglas, and Lord Ogilvy.*"

"My Lords: Understanding, by this gentleman the bearer, that your Lordships are advanced to the Carlisle way, I hope you have not taken that course but upon weighty considerations, and that it will be no impediment for your speedy return, by Buccleuch, Tweeddale, and the Merse, that we may meet in

[1] *Original,* Morton archives.

East Lothian. Your Lordships will use all your best endeavours about the Border, for intelligence concerning the enemy; and let me hear frequently from you: Which expecting, I am your Lordships' humble servant,

"MONTROSE."

"From our leaguer at the Kirkton of Bothwell, 2d Sept. 1645."[1]

And now the fiend of jealousy took possession of Aboyne. Out of humour since the battle of Alford, where the Ogilvys outshone the Gordons, and angry because Montrose in his dispatches to the King did not bestow upon him more praise than he deserved, the return of Lord Ogilvy, and his importance with the Marquis, was too much for Aboyne's unstable loyalty, and he deserted the standard of his Sovereign when it most required his support. The departure of the Gordon cavalry, who, with the exception of Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, followed their petted young chief, utterly ruined the cause of Charles in Scotland, at the culminating point of his great Lieutenant's triumph. Aboyne's conduct was as a refreshing dew to the withered hopes of that bane of the House of Huntly, his merciless uncle Argyle. In vain the loyal Ogilvy, probably commissioned by Montrose, thus wrote, to reclaim the raking tassel-gentle:—

"MY LORD: Though I know all the baits and enticements of the world will not be able to make you do any thing unworthy of yourself, yet, my Lord, my constant affection and brotherhood to yourself, and respect to your old honourable family, whereunto now you have chiefest interest, inforceth me to present to your Lordship, in *your honour*, that which doth concern your Lordship, that knowing of it you may be upon your guard. Argyle leaves no winds unfurled to sow dissension among you, and draw your Lordship off, and hath ordered a friend of yours to write to that effect to you and your father, by Provost Leslie of Aberdeen. Likewise Harry Montgomery hath commissions to my Lord your father, and your Lordship's self for that end, and is on his journey. I think he be now northward, having got my Lord Drummond's fine of £30,000. Both Drummond

[1] *Original*, Morton archives.

and your sister[1] hath sent me word, desiring I should with all expedition shew your Lordship, that your Lordship should take some fit opportunity for taking Montgomery prisoner. As also that Argyle, notwithstanding of any oaths or promises that he may seem to make to you, does intend nothing but your dishonour; the utter extirpating of all memory of your old family; and, if it could lie on *your* hands, the ruinating and betraying of the King's service: And this my Lady Drummond told me before I came out of prison; and, since, she sent me commission to entreat that you will not be ensnared; for they are striving to draw your Lordship off, and others, thinking thereby to turn every man as desperate as themselves. So they are begging grace to themselves, but cannot obtain it; and seeing they see nothing but inevitable ruin before them, they would engage, deeply, innocents with them. I know your Lordship's gallantry to be such that I will not presume to go further than faithfully to render up my commission to you. When any thing further worthy your Lordship's knowledge occurs, I shall instantly give notice thereof. In the interim I continue your Lordship's humble servant,

"OGILVY."[2]

Aboyne's defection was the more fatal, and his conduct appears the more deliberately malicious, seeing that, immediately before he carried off the cavalry, Montrose, as President Spottiswoode expresses it, "was forced to dismiss his Highlanders for a season, who *would needs* return home to look to their own affairs." His Major-General, instead of using his influence at this time to keep the Claymores to the Standard, lent his endeavours to seduce them. Elated with the renown which Montrose alone had enabled him to acquire, and elevated in the eyes of his countrymen by the highest grade of knighthood, which the sword of the Viceroy of Scotland had conferred upon

[1] Married to Lord Drummond.

[2] This interesting letter I find among the Wodrow manuscripts in the Advocates' Library. It is entitled, "Copy of my Lord Ogilvie's letter to my Lord Aboyne." The date is not given; but it must have been written between the 4th of September 1645, when Aboyne deserted Montrose, and the ensuing 13th of September, when Ogilvy was again made prisoner, at Philiphaugh.

him, in presence of the applauding army, he evinced his gratitude by deserting the Standard at the most critical juncture. This faithless act was not the less mean and ruinous that it was perpetrated with some show of decency and discipline. The clansmen as usual applied for the leave they meant to take, of returning to their homes to deposit their spoil, and chaunt their victories. Macdonald, at his own earnest desire, and with the concurrence of the home-sick chiefs, was appointed their captain-general under Montrose, and pledged himself to bring them back to the Standard, when required. Never were their services more requisite than at that very moment. But Montrose had no power over his unpaid soldiery. Finding it in vain to attempt to detain them, he permitted their departure with a grace which he hoped would encourage them to return. It was, however, the object of the Macdonalds to wage a particular war on their own account in the country of Argyle. Old Coll Keitache was free again with all his sons. Sir Allaster was now captain of the clans under the Viceroy of Scotland; and, moreover, a knight of such renown in the Highlands, that to him their traditions give the glory of Montrose's wars. Dr Wishart declares, that when Macdonald, in a formal oration, returned thanks to the Lord Governor for his great condescension, and pledged himself for their speedy return, he had no intention of ever returning. The event justifies the imputation. From the moment when Macdonald marched northward with the flower of the clans, and a picked body-guard for himself of a hundred and twenty of the Irish, they never met again.

On the 4th of September 1645, Montrose, having, by virtue of his new commission, sent proclamations to all the great towns of the kingdom, of a "Parliament indicted to be kept at Glasgow upon the twentieth day of October next, for settling religion and peace, and freeing the oppressed subjects of those insupportable burdens they have groaned under this time bygone,"—broke up his leaguer at the Kirkton of Bothwell. His intention was to proceed through the eastern shires, to the Tweed, in fulfilment of his Majesty's orders. These were that he should confidently rely upon the co-operation of the border Earls, Traquair, Home, and Roxburgh, form a junction with them, and be on the look-out either for the King himself or such

auxiliaries as he could afford to send him from England. Argyle was now at Berwick, using all his diplomacy to seduce or alarm those wavering peers; and had even put himself in communication with the ill-conditioned Aboyne, who carried off the northern horse from the Standard the very day after Montrose had re-commenced his march, and just when they had arrived at Calder. That he was influenced in that ruinous act of pique and temper by the arts of his uncle, seems verified by the letter from Ogilvy we have now produced. But had every soldier deserted Montrose at this time, he would have gone alone, to fulfil those orders of his Sovereign, without which he never stirred a step in all his campaigns. With but the shadow of an army he passed Edinburgh; and marching through the Lothians, encamped at Cranston-kirk, on Saturday the 6th of September. His recovered chaplain, Dr Wishart, was appointed to preach a sermon next day, intended as a day of rest. On the morning of Sunday, however, Lord Erskine informed him that General David Leslie, recalled from England by Argyle with the whole body of the Scotch horse, had already reached Berwick. Considering the reduced state of the royal army, Erskine counselled a timely retreat to the north, to reclaim the claymores. Leslie, in fact, had by this time crossed the Tweed, and was at Gladsmuir in East Lothian. But Montrose would not doubt the border Earls, or swerve from his instructions. He countermanded his chaplain's sermon, and pressed southwards through the strath of the Gala, the route on which, as we learn from his letter already quoted, he had ordered the Lords Douglas and Ogilvy to meet him. These ever faithful and loyal noblemen were true to the tryste. They joined his Excellency on the banks of the Gala, but with levies that ill supplied the absence of the northern horse. In these straits, doubtless, it was that Ogilvy wrote his touching appeal to Aboyne. Their own mission had failed. Home and Roxburgh had not appeared. Time was when the name of Douglas was a talisman on the Borders. Now it failed to raise a Pricker worth a pin. The days of that chivalry were gone. Even the bold Buccleuch adhered to the Covenant; or rather the Covenant adhered to him, and all the Scots were defiled. No longer,—

"An aged knight, to danger steel'd,
With many a mosstrooper came on,
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston."

No longer,—

"From fair St Mary's silver wave,
From dreary Gamescleuch's dusky height,
His ready lances Thirlstane brave,
Array'd beneath a banner bright."

The Douglas returned, backed by some degenerate weeds of mosstroopers that could scarcely ride; the *Warts* and *Feebles* of those free-booters of old, who once held the Borders in subjection.

Traquair, indeed, that ancient selfish intriguing courtier, paid his respects to the representative of his Sovereign, as Montrose passed near his house. He even sent his son, Lord Linton, to support the Standard with a troop of horse. Disappointed of Home and Roxburgh, the heroic Marquis pursued his march to Kelso in search of them. There he learnt that, without having raised a troop, or winding a single blast on their bugles, these recreant knights had delivered themselves, and their castles, into the safe keeping of that fortunate soldier, David Leslie. From those border Earls it was, that Argyle's General obtained the welcome and unexpected intelligence of the present utter destitution of the royal army in Scotland. After having determined, in a council of war, to make for the Grampians, so as to place himself betwixt Montrose and his strongholds in the north, Leslie suddenly changed his route, turned south, and marched down the Gala directly in search of him. Soon afterwards, sure index of foul weather, a hurried order from Traquair recalled Lord Linton and his troop from the Standard.

Montrose encamped near Kelso, before the 10th of September. On that day, Sir Robert Spottiswoode, the King's Secretary of State for Scotland, wrote to the Secretary in England Lord Digby, with whom the great scheme of Montrose had been originally concocted at Oxford. Why he came not with the long promised auxiliaries was a mystery. Montrose had

performed his promise, and fulfilled his mission. He was now at *Beersheba*, or as the good President more classically phrased it, "arrived *ad Columnas Herculis*," and not an enemy behind him. Where was Digby? where was the King? In this sad state of expectations disappointed, and hopes deferred, the one Secretary writes to the other, as follows :—

"My Lord: We are now arrived *ad Columnas Herculis*,—to Tweedside; dispersed all the King's enemies, within this kingdom, to several places, some to Ireland, most of them to Berwick; and had no open enemy more to deal with, *if you had kept David Leslie there*, and not suffered him to come in here, to make head against us of new. It is thought strange here, that *at least you have sent no party after him;* which we expected although he should not come at all. You little imagine the difficulties my Lord Marquis hath here to wrestle with. The overcoming of the enemy is the least of them; he hath more to do with his *seeming friends*. Since I came to him (which was but within these ten days, after much toil and hazard), I have seen much of it. He was *forced* to dismiss his Highlanders for a season, who would needs return home to look to their own affairs. When they were gone, *Aboyne took a caprice*, and had away with him the greatest strength he had of horse. Notwithstanding whereof he resolved to follow his work, and clear this part of the kingdom (that was only resting,) of the rebels that had fled to Berwick, and kept a bustling here. Besides, he was *invited* hereunto, by the Earls of Roxburgh and Home;[1] who, when he was within a dozen miles of them, have rendered their houses and themselves to David Leslie, and are carried in as prisoners to Berwick. Traquair hath been with him, and promised more than he hath yet performed. All these were great disheartenings to any other but to him, whom nothing of this kind can amaze. With the small forces he hath presently with him, he is resolved to pursue David Leslie, and not suffer him to grow stronger. *If you would perform that which you lately promised*,[2] both this kingdom and the north of England

[1] This is confirmed by Montrose, in his letter to Ogilvy, *supra*, p. 567.

[2] Lord Digby had promised to bring a force of at least fifteen hundred horse across the Border to Montrose, at this time. It would have saved the King.

might be soon reduced, and considerable assistance sent from hence to his Majesty. However, nothing will be wanting on our parts here. These that are together are both loyal and resolute; only a little encouragement from you (as much to let it be seen that they are not neglected as for any thing else) would crown the work speedily. This is all I have for the present, but that I am your Lordship's most faithful friend,

"RO. SPOTTISWOODE."

Awaiting an opportunity of transmission, the "good President" put this letter in his pocket. It was his death warrant. On the third day after its date, the letter was found on his person at Philiphaugh. Well, indeed, might they have "kept David Leslie there." Clarendon, speaking of the very crisis, says, "As far as *any* resolution was fixed in those days, the purpose was to march directly into Scotland, to join with the Marquis of Montrose, who, had, upon the matter, reduced that whole kingdom." Charles was so ill advised as not immediately to follow out this scheme, which could easily have been effected at the time. Under causeless alarm at the movements of Leslie's cavalry, he was urged to retreat to Newark. General Leslie was not thinking of the King. He came, says Clarendon, "tired and weary, with his troops into Rotheram; and *he confessed afterwards*, if the King had fallen upon him, as he might easily have done, he had found him in a very ill fortune to have made resistance, and had *absolutely preserved Montrose.*" There can be little doubt, that this false move, of the remnant of the King's army, was fatal to him, even after the eleventh hour had struck. And so, in the midst of his miseries, he fell into melancholy feasting and hunting, during the Marquis of Worcester's magnificent reception of him at Ragland, leaving the road clear between David Leslie and Scotland. From this place, on the day previous to Spottiswoode's letter written at Kelso, Charles thus apologizes to Montrose:—

"MONTROSE: Not having patience nor time to write in cypher, I must refer you to Digby for what concerns my business, either as in relation to you, or these southern parts. I shall only mention that which I care not, or, to say better, would be sorry

the world did not know,—how much I esteem those real, generous, indeed *useful* obligations (and without which, in all probability, before this time, I had not been capable to have *acknowledged any*)[1] you have put upon me: But I will not so injure words as to put upon them what they are not capable of; for in this they can but point at that which otherways must be performed; so as assurance of what *shall be* is one of their chief uses; and, indeed, it is no small part of my misfortune, though the more for your glory, that this 'shall be' is yet all my song to you,—and it were inexcusable, if real impossibility were not the just excuse: Assuring you that nothing shall be omitted, at present or hereafter, for your assistance, or that may testify me to be

"Your most assured, faithful, constant friend,

"CHARLES R."

"Ragland, 9th September 1645."[2]

The day after the date of this letter it was, that Prince Rupert rendered Bristol to the rebels. Charles heard the news at Ragland, and it broke his heart. On the fifth day after writing, as above, to the *facile princeps* of the cavaliers of Scotland, he thus wrote to the prince of the English cavaliers, his own nephew. The contrast is painfully curious:—

"NEPHEW: Though the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendering it as you did, is of so much affliction to me, that it makes me forget not only the consideration of that place, but is likewise the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me: For what is to be done, after one who is so near to me as you are, both in blood and friendship, submits himself to so mean an action? I give it the easiest term."

[1] That is,—but for Montrose's unparalleled career in Scotland, and the utter destruction of so many covenanting armies there, his Majesty would have been, ere now, overwhelmed by the additional rebel forces from that country.

[2] This letter is from the original now in possession of the family; but it could scarcely have reached Montrose before the rout at Philiphaugh, (which happened only six days after its date), if it ever reached him at all. The context seems to say that it had been intrusted to Lord Digby, whose futile attempt to bring succour to Montrose was not made until David Leslie had performed his feat.

As for Digby, he never shewed. The great cavalier of Scotland, we may say of the age, had not missed a point in his own game. King and Cavaliers in England had lost every move in theirs. It was now, indeed, as regards Montrose, "very desperate for ourselves." Still lingering on the Borders, looking and longing for the promised aid, with the doomed remnant of his Irish he marched first to Jedburgh, and then to Selkirk. Thus baffled at Beersheba, and losing all hopes of the King or Digby, he was now on the move, as Wishart informs us, to recruit in the western counties. But the President's letter, of the 10th, intimates that he was "determined to pursue" David Leslie. In that case, Montrose himself, for the first time, was in the predicament of catching a Tartar. He neither knew of Leslie's great strength, nor his tiger-like approach.

It was early on the morning of the 13th of September 1645, that he suffered himself to be surprised at Selkirk. Wishart admits that over night his hero entrusted to others a duty it was his usual practice to take upon himself; namely, the placing his horse patroles in the proper quarters, and the selecting and sending off in every direction, scouts upon whose activity and fidelity he could perfectly rely. Yet never was his personal superintendence of the machinery of his camp more requisite than now. David Leslie, the best soldier that ever degraded the character under the Covenant, was close upon him, with from five to six thousand of the flower of the Scottish cavalry from England.[1] Montrose had lost both the Highlanders and the Gordons, the very staple of his army. The Ogilvys were only a force sufficient for his body-guard. His Irish infantry were not more, at the highest estimate, than seven hundred strong; and his recent levies in the south were a mob of clowns, who scarcely knew how to manage their horses. Of all this the

[1] Rushworth gives the following account of the force sent from England against Montrose: "The Scots army in England hearing of these great successes of Montrose at home, raised their siege from before Hereford, and dispatched Lieutenant-General David Leslie, with most of their horse for Scotland. The 6th of September, Leslie passed the Tweed, and in Scotland mustered nine regiments of horse, two regiments of Dragoons, and eight hundred foot, which were taken out of the garrison of Newcastle, and other forces rallied in that kingdom. Montrose had instructions from the King to march towards the Tweed, to be ready there to join with a party of horse which should be sent him out of England."—Vol. vi. p. 231.

fortunate Leslie was well informed. The weather too conspired against Montrose. The face of the country for miles around was enveloped in a dense fog. Moreover, the inhabitants of those southern districts were too much under the influence of the Covenant to busy themselves in bringing intelligence to the King's Lieutenant. To the captains of his horse he entrusted the duty of placing sentinels, and sending forth the scouts. His infantry he established on the left bank of the Ettrick, on the plain of Philiphaugh, supported by the Harehead-wood, which he fondly deemed a sufficient protection from a sudden infall of cavalry. He himself, with the best of his own cavalry, took up his quarters in the village on the other side of the river. There, in council with his noble friends, Napier, Airlie, and Crawford, he was occupied during most of the night, framing dispatches to the King, which were to be sent by break of day in charge of a trusty messenger.[1] During the night, uncertain rumours were brought to him, of the enemy, which he transmitted from time to time to the officers of his guard. As often the reply came back, that all was well. When day dawned, scouts were again sent out. They returned declaring that they had searched the country far and wide, examined every road and by-path, and "rashly wished damnation to themselves, if an enemy were within ten miles." Montrose went to breakfast.

Shrouded like a thunderbolt in the surrounding gloom, Leslie lay quartered that night within four miles of Selkirk. Before the dawn could pierce the fog that so greatly favoured him, he was within half a mile of Philiphaugh, his approach being totally unknown to Montrose. When the first intelligence reached him, he flung himself on horseback, and, with a confused attendance chiefly of nobles and gentlemen, instantly galloped across the river to the scene of action, where the complete disorganization of his leaguer indicated the fatal effect of his temporary absence. Not an officer was in his place; scarcely a Pricker mounted; when the clang of Leslie's trumpets broke through the gloom, and the right wing of the Royalists was at the same moment sustaining the overwhelming mass of his iron brigades, in full

[1] Wishart. Bishop Guthrie records that it was about midnight, before the morning of the surprise, that Traquair "privately called away his son, the Lord Linton, and his troop, without giving any notice thereof to Montrose."

career. There, too, fought Montrose's chivalry, about a hundred and twenty noblemen and knights. The borderers never came into action. Twice were the rebels repulsed with some loss. But Montrose never had a chance. Two thousand of Leslie's horse, by an easy detour across the river, came upon the rear of the devoted band, already sustaining the shock of nearly double that number in front. The struggle of the royalists was only for life. A few hundreds of the gallant Irish behaved with their accustomed bravery. But they were completely surrounded by masses of cavalry. Having gained some trifling entrenchment, they were about to sell their lives dearly, when promised quarter if they would throw down their arms. They did so, and stood defenceless prisoners. Montrose himself and about thirty cavaliers, continued a hand to hand conflict with the surrounding enemy. He had given up all hope of escape, and fought as one who meant to die rather than yield. But the friends around him, especially the Marquis of Douglas and Sir John Dalziel, implored him to make an effort for his liberty, and to live for better fortune. At last, while the enemy were distracted by their desire to plunder the baggage, Montrose, and the friends immediately beside him, cut their way in a desperate charge, and went off followed by a party of the rebel horse. This pursuit only served to dignify the flight of the hero of his country and age. Captain Bruce, and two cornets, each bearing a standard, led the party ambitious of his capture. The Marquis faced them in a charge which cost some of the pursuers their lives, and routed the rest, with the exception of Captain Bruce and the two standard-bearers, whom our hero chained even to the wheels of his flying chariot.

The battle of Philiphaugh! It was no more a battle than it was a wedding. Battles have been fought and gained against desperate odds. But six thousand cavalry, or five thousand, surrounding five, or seven, hundred infantry, and a few score of horse, left the Royalists no more chance than was afforded to the Janizaries in our own times. In recording the bloody day of Philiphaugh, we may speak of a surprise, a rout, a capture, a massacre, but never of a battle.

"Upon Philiphaugh he lost," says Sir Walter Scott, "*the*

fruit of six splendid victories."[1] We deny the fact. He lost, indeed, the popular prestige of perpetual success. But even that prestige he did not lose until it had become useless to his country, and without value to himself. Nor is it that species of *eclat* that should be called "the fruit" of his victories. By each one of them he had absolutely destroyed a great army of the Covenant. He had "conquered from Dan to Beersheba." He had destroyed the *military* sway of Argyle and his clan in arms for ever. He had not only arrested the most powerful hostile pressure of covenanting Scotland,—from before the battle of Marston Moor until after the hopeless defeat at Naseby, and the surrender of Bristol,—but he had annihilated the resources which created that pressure. This, properly, was *the fruit* of his victories. And it was a kind of fruit that can only be considered lost in the sense of having been rendered unavailing to the grand object of saving the Throne, and the King, by the unhappy monarch's own martial career having proceeded in an inverse ratio, up to the very hour when he ought to have met his laurelled Lieutenant on the Tweed. Montrose was in the act of retreating from the Border, because Charles had failed to respond to the call, "Come *thou* and take the city." He had fulfilled his own mission, but in vain. Had he repulsed the ten to one against him at Philiphaugh, killed Leslie with his own hand, and flitted with that skeleton of an army in useless triumph to the Highlands, the proper "fruit of his victories" would still have been as blighted as when he cut his way with a few cavaliers from the field of Philiphaugh.

Burnet says, he took care of himself "too much." Pity, the Bishop was not there to see. The cavaliers that, by dint of hand to hand fighting, made their way from the field along with him, were, the Marquis of Douglas, who, as Earl of Angus, was the travelling companion of his youth; Lord Napier, though he had said of himself, to Lord Balmerino, that he was "*ould* and not fit for fighting"; the Master of Napier; young Drummond of Balloch, Napier's nephew; the Lords Erskine and Fleming; Sir John Dalziel, Carnwath's brother; and a few others of minor distinction. Successfully repulsing their pursuers, as already stated, they went up Yarrow, and across the

[1] Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

Minch-moor, overtaking in their progress a body of their own horsemen who had quitted the field sooner. Sixteen miles from the scene of this sad disaster, our hero, to whom such flight was a novelty, first drew bridle. It was at that quaint old mansion of Traquair's near Peebles, some of the identical pepper-boxes of which we verily believe to be star-gazing yet. There was no pepper in them then, however. It was an awkward forenoon's call. No Scotch statesman, except Hamilton, ever possessed the confidence of Charles the First in a higher degree than John Stewart of Traquair, whom he ennobled and enriched. Charles was repaid with petty selfish intrigues, and plausible, but ruinously trimming measures, in that nobleman's conduct of the affairs of Scotland at the commencement of the troubles. We have seen how Traquair was insulted and persecuted by the covenanting clique, railed at by Rothes, and howled at by Warriston. What was he doing now? Deserting the King at his utmost need, and labouring to earn a disgraceful covenanting character for himself at the foot of King Campbell's throne! Wishart's anecdote, published in the lifetime of all the parties, sanctioned by Montrose, and corroborated by the meanest of documents under Traquair's own hand, is not to be doubted. Very likely, had our hero called in the attitude of a victor, as he did upon the sturdy plain-spoken minister of Tippermuir, who gave him a drink of water, the fallen Earl would not have hesitated, had he been required, to kiss the Marquis,—if we may use that modified version of Mass John of Tippermuir's unrecordable phrase,—"in the meanest manner." What really happened Dr Wishart tells us: "And as he went by the Earl of Traquair's castle,—by whose dishonesty he did not yet know that he had been betrayed,—he sent one before him, to call forth the Earl and his son, that he might speak with them: But his servants bring word that they were both from home: Notwithstanding, there are gentlemen of credit that testify they were both within: Nor did that gallant courtier only bid the rebels joy of their victory; but was not ashamed to tell abroad,—not without profuse and ill-becoming laughter,—that Montrose and the King's forces in Scotland were at last totally routed; his own daughter, the

Countess of Queensberry, as far as modestly she might, blaming him for it.[1]

Both of the royal standards were saved, and ere long restored to Montrose. William Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, carried that assigned to the horse. Having escaped in a different direction, he crossed the border, and lay concealed for a time in England. When the storm had swept past, he travelled in disguise to the north of Scotland, and had the pleasure of restoring his charge to Montrose in person. The standard of the infantry was saved by a brave Irish soldier, who, with great presence of mind, stript it from the staff, and wrapt it round his body. That same night he brought it to Montrose, who appointed him one of his body guard, and meanwhile consigned it to his keeping. But ere we follow our hero further in his not inglorious flight, we must bestow a melancholy chapter upon the cruel fate of some of the most noble and best beloved of his companions in arms, and compeers in true-hearted loyalty.

[1] The following petition, dated 26th December 1646, which we find in the original MS. Record of the Rescinded Acts, now preserved in the General Register House, Edinburgh, will suffice to prove that Wishart had not calumniated Traquair :—

"The humble petition of John Earl of Traquair, humbly sheweth, that, as I am *heartily sorry* that any thing should have escaped me, which should have made me liable to your displeasure, so have I made it *this long time bypast* my *greatest earthly study* to recover your good opinions: And, having satisfied the Church, and the Committee of Estates, my humble suit is, to be received in your Honors' favour, as one who is, and shall be always, most willing to sacrifice life and fortune, to testify and approve myself, in the sight of God and man, a *faithful Covenanter*, and *true patriot:* And your Honor's answer I humbly await.

"TRAQUAIR."

The covenanting authorities receive him with open arms; exonerate him from all past offences; and re-admit him to all his privileges.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MONTROSE DEFENDED FROM THE CALUMNIES OF HIS ENEMIES, AND THE BLUNDERS AND MISTAKES OF MODERN HISTORICAL WRITERS—HIS CONDUCT CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF THE COVENANTERS—IMMEDIATE RESULTS OF THE TRIUMPH OF THE COVENANT, AND THE GOVERNMENT OF ARGYLE—THE COVENANTING KIRK REVELS IN BLOOD.

NOT a few in Scotland still cherish, almost as an article of their faith, the idea of covenanting holiness, and the corresponding vulgar error, that Montrose was "the most cruel and inhuman butcher of his country." Others, not quite so irrational, are inclined to dismiss a vexed question, which they are not prepared to discuss, by referring all such atrocities to the temper and habits of the times. These affect a philosophical impartiality, by assuming an equal balance of cruelty between Montrose and the Covenanters. It is the duty of his biographer to enquire whether that balance be a fair one.

The notorious Lauderdale, Clarendon informs us, was asked, "what foul offence the Marquis of Montrose had ever committed, that should hinder those to make a conjunction with him?" That "prime Covenanter" replied, upon the slaughter committed by him in his wars, particularly at Inverlochy. The other, probably Clarendon himself, after referring to the ruthless character of the war on both sides, put the question, whether "Montrose had ever caused any man to die in cold blood, or after the battle was ended? since what was done in it *flagrante* was more to be imputed to the fierceness of his soldiers, than to his want of humanity." The answer of one of his bitterest enemies exonerates Montrose: "The Earl confessed that he did not know he was guilty of any but what was done in the field."

At Tippermuir, where the battle-word of the Covenanters was,

"Jesus, and no quarter,"[1] Montrose would not allow the captured cannon to be turned against the disordered masses of the flying foe. In his letter to the King from Inverlochy, he speaks regretfully of "a great slaughter, which I would have hindered if possible; for well I know your Majesty does not delight in their blood, but in their returning to their duty." Even as to "gentlemen of the name of Campbell," he says,—"I have saved, and taken prisoners, several of them, that have acknowledged to me their fault, and lay all the blame on their chief:" And, —"Some gentlemen of the lowlands that had behaved themselves bravely in the battle, when they saw all lost, fled into the old castle, and upon their surrender I have treated them honourably, and taken their parole never to bear arms against your Majesty." Such was the disposition, and invariable conduct, which enabled him to reply to his accusers with his latest breath,—"Disorders in an army cannot be prevented; but they were no sooner known than punished: Never was any man's blood spilt but *in battle;* and even then, *many thousand lives have I preserved.*" When a soldier of the Covenant, he was condemned, by the covenanting clergy, for his "lenity in sparing the enemy's houses;"—"the *discretion* of that generous and noble youth was but *too great.*" And not all the laborious malice of the blood-stained sect against which he subsequently warred, has been able to produce one single instance of inhumanity, or even harshness, that can attach itself to the character of Montrose. Could as much be said even for England's Nelson?

But the untiring calumny has told. Hasty concessions have been made to its mere pertinacity, by writers of another stamp, unwilling or unable to institute the research which such calumnies had long rendered necessary. Even Sir Walter Scott seemed inclined to compromise the matter with the calumnious Covenant, when he so loosely conceded, in his History of Scotland, that "*some* of Montrose's actions arose more from the dictates of private revenge than became his *nobler* qualities." Which of his actions? Were that proved of *any* of his actions, all his "nobler qualities" would become more than suspect. The crude compilation of an "Historical Essay," too hurriedly ex-

[1] From a rare pamphlet of the occurrences of the war, including the battle of Tippermuir, printed in 1644, immediately after the event.

tracted from researches not its own, betrayed that accomplished historian Lord Mahon into an assertion which he certainly did not derive from the source he had more freely used than attentively studied:—"For the *cruelties*," his Lordship is pleased to say, "that are *alleged* in *Montrose's conduct*, they can neither be denied nor defended." Cruelties that cannot be denied, cannot be defended. But can cruelties that are only "alleged," not be denied? A luxurious historian's disinclination to severe research upon every collateral point, combined with a desire to seem master of all, has disfigured Hallam's History of England with this reckless, unmeaning sentence, that, by "the Scots Presbyterian *army*," Montrose was "*abhorred*, and *very justly*, for his cruelties and treacheries, above all men living"! Was this set down "to give the world assurance of a villain"?

But when we find Malcolm Laing, the Tacitus of Dunedin, the historical antiquary *par excellence* of the Advocates' Library, in full possession of a wilderness of documents exculpatory of Montrose,—when we find this explorer of his native archives preferring to write the hero down an *assassin*, and parading his own pompous dogma, that "Montrose was unconscious that humanity is the most distinguished attribute of an heroical character," we are constrained to say, that the integrity of history has been sacrificed to a personal political bias.

This is not the spirit in which we are dealing with the Covenanters. We have hitherto alleged, and mean further to allege, nothing against them that is not substantiated by evidence which no rational mind can reject.

The Reverend Robert Baillie,—under whose own hand we have it that he considered the assassination of Lord Kilpont by his brutal familiar, to have been "justly inflicted,"—referring to Philiphaugh, says,—"The Lord made these men so mad, as to stay for our army's coming to them in a plain field: Above a thousand were buried in the place; whereof scarcely fifteen were ours." This does not mean a thousand men at arms. Wishart reckons the Irish infantry then remaining with Montrose, at five hundred. Guthrie states them at seven hundred. But neither include in that reckoning the wretched and multitudinous camp following. Patrick Gordon, in like manner,

speaking only of the effective infantry, says there were "about five hundred Irish." The desultory array of the southern levies never came into action, but shifted for themselves on the first alarm.

The Irish who met their fate so bravely, were the same men that in many a fair field had signally defeated, and put to the sword, the best Scotch the government of Argyle could send against them. They had proved themselves able to out-manœuvre the Covenanters, out-walk them, out-race them, and out-fight them. Tippermuir, Aberdeen, Fyvie, Inverlochie, Dundee, Auldearn, Alford, and Kilsyth bear witness. The illustrious commanders whom Montrose defeated, Argyle, Lothian, Elcho, Tullibardine, Drummond, Burleigh, Fraser, Frendraught, Seaforth, Forbes, Balcarres, and Lindsay of the Byres, the Generals, Hurry, Baillie, and Holbourn, could well have proved the fact. No quarter, in battle, did the Kirk-militant owe the ruthless Redshanks. No measure of hip-and-thigh work could be too much to quit scores between them. Had five, or ten, of Leslie's steel-clad troopers, hewn down, in remorseless chase, each individual of that deserted and betrayed remnant of the royal army, it could only have been said, that the dreaded Irish, always contending against superior numbers, were at length hopelessly out-numbered, and the Covenanters bloodily revenged.

But many of these courageous men, and their helpless families, were *murdered.* Certain acts of unmitigated cruelty, illustrate the affair of Philiphaugh, for which the covenanting leaders are responsible, and not their soldiers:—

"Montrose's foot," says Dr Guthrie, "so soon as the horse were gone, drew to a little fold, which they maintained until Stewart the Adjutant procured quarter for them, from David Leslie: Whereupon they delivered up their arms, and came forth to a plain field, as they were directed: But then did the *Church-men* quarrel (complain) that quarter should be given to such wretches as they; and declared it to be an act of most sinful impiety to spare them; wherein divers of the noblemen complied with the clergy: And so they found out a *distinction* whereby to bring David Leslie off; and this it was, that quarter was only meant to Stewart the Adjutant himself, but not to his company: After which, having delivered the Adjutant to

Middleton, to be his prisoner, the army was let loose upon them, and cut them all in pieces."[1]

Malcolm Laing treats this circumstantial narrative as if Guthrie had "transcribed" it "from Wishart, the partial historian of Montrose, a writer less attached to veracity than studious to frame and adorn a panegyrical romance." We hasten to redeem truer and juster records than Laing's from such an imputation; more especially since we find so distinguished an author as Lord Mahon, simply misled, we suspect, by an historian to whom he had too implicitly trusted, loosely and vaguely characterising the *Commentarius* of Wishart, as "an eloquent work, but not free from *large amplifications*."

Familiar with the public events and secret history of his own times, the Reverend Dr Henry Guthrie had no need to transcribe from his contemporary, the Reverend Dr George Wishart. Their narratives are different, but corroborate each other. The chaplain of Montrose states it thus: "But the foot, who could have little security by flight, fighting a good while stoutly and resolutely, at last, upon quarter asked and given for their lives, threw down their arms, and yielded themselves prisoners: Every one of whom being naked and unarmed, without any regard to quarter given, Leslie caused to be inhumanly butchered: The stain of which perfidious cruelty, by which he hath so filthily blurred his honour,—if any he got in foreign service,—he shall never be able to wipe away." These well informed contemporaries are not transcribing from each other. A third, Patrick Gordon, refers to the same event, when he says,—

[1] This account is so circumstantial, that doubtless it had been obtained from some of those present. Notwithstanding the exception made in favour of Stewart the Adjutant, he was about to be executed by the home authorities, a few weeks afterwards, when he made his escape, and joined Montrose. Patrick Gordon's version, less minute, varies in this respect, that, according to him, the disarmed victims were carried on to *Linlithgow*, and there destroyed by being cast over the bridge, along with the women and children. If there was a committee (as was usual), of covenanting nobles and ministers with Leslie at Philiphaugh, the disarmed prisoners would certainly suffer there. But if the committee only joined him on his way to Glasgow through West Lothian, probably the chief massacre had been staid until they reached Linlithgow. Some of these disarmed prisoners are said to have been destroyed in the court-yard of Newark castle. See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, where Sir Walter Scott refers to his ocular inspection of the bones discovered at "Slainman's Lea."

"Thus letting the horsemen go, they fell upon three hundred of the Irish who had stood together; whereof having killed two hundred and fifty the rest render their arms, upon promise of safe quarter; but it *was not kept*." This last chronicler then adds a fearfully circumstantial account of the fate of those unfortunates who attended the baggage:—

"With the whole baggage and stuff, which was exceeding rich, there remained none but boys, cooks, and a rabble of rascals, and women with their children in their arms: All those, without commiseration, were cut in pieces; whereof there were three hundred women, that, being natives of Ireland, were the married wives of the Irish: There were many big with child, yet none of them were spared; all were cut in pieces, with such savage and inhuman cruelty, as neither Turk nor Scythian was ever heard to have done the like: For they ript up the bellies of the women with their swords; till the fruit of their womb, some in the embryo, some perfectly formed, some crawling for life, and some ready for birth, fall down upon the ground, weltering in the gory blood of their mangled mothers. Oh! impiety; oh! horrible cruelty, which Heaven doubtless will revenge before this bloody, unjust, and unlawful war be brought to an end."[1]

The same story is told by Wishart, though less minutely. "As for those," he says, "that escaped out of the battle, the enemy pursued them no further, being busy in plundering the carriages, where they made a lamentable slaughter of women, pedees, and cookboys: No pity was shewn to sex nor age; they went to pot altogether." And with these wholesale atrocities (not, as in the case of Montrose's soldiers at Aberdeen, when the town was stormed after treachery to a flag of truce, a few individual instances of cruelty to women and children, which Montrose did his best to restrain) the General, and the committee of that army identified themselves, by what followed. In a chapter subsequent to that in which he narrates the scene at Philiphaugh, Wishart thus records the miserable fate of some of the stragglers who were brought in to General Leslie, on his march through the Lothians to Glasgow. These poor prisoners, "being gathered together, were, by order from the

[1] The context proves this to have been written at the time.

rebel Lords, thrown headlong from *off a high bridge;* and the men, together with their wives and sucking children, drowned in the river beneath; and if any chanced to swim towards the side, they were beaten off with pikes and staves, and thrust down again into the water."[1]

"Salmonet and Guthrie," says Malcolm Laing, "were ashamed to *transcribe* the story from Wishart of the prisoners thrown alive *into the Tweed:* The fact is, that from Berwick to Peebles there was not a single bridge on the Tweed; and Father Hay (MS. Advocates' Library) is obliged to *tranfer* the scene to Linlithgow bridge, above forty miles from the field of battle." And by means of this notable mare's nest, he hopes to have fastened a circumstantial falsehood upon a clergyman who certainly published the story without contradiction in the face of those whom the modern historian assumes to have been thereby stupidly calumniated.

Laing, however, had failed to consult the original Latin text of the reverend author whose veracity he so magisterially impugns. Wishart, in the passage in question, is not recording what occurred on the field of Philiphaugh. Neither does he speak of any bridge on the Tweed. Father Hay had not "transferred the scene." Patrick Gordon, whose version is less circumstantial, obviously refers to the same story when he says, —"The fifty that remained,"—over those who died defending themselves at Philiphaugh,—"were murdered *by the way*, at *Lithgow.*" Another more precise testimony, which may also be considered contemporary, seems to remove all doubt as to the main fact. Sir George Mackenzie, nine years of age when it occurred, thus refers to the event, with additional circumstances, as being in his time notorious and uncontroverted:—

"And our accusers should remember, that these women were executed for higher crimes than the following Montrose's camp, for which *four-score women and children* were drowned; being all, in one day, thrown over the bridge *at Linlithgow* by the Covenanters; and *six more at Elgin* by the same faction; all without sentence or the least formality of law."[2]

[1] Contemporary translation, 1648.

[2] Works, vol. ii. p. 348; "Vindication of K. Charles II.'s Government." Sir George here refers to the judicial condemnation, and execution, of two women, de-

Linlithgow was in the line of Leslie's march. Straggling prisoners were continually brought in to him, on the route. He was attended by a working committee of Estates; and by some of those "gracious ministers" whom their colleague Baillie so earnestly bespoke as attendants on the army. The picture is awfully darkened by the fact that the Bible was perverted to enforce such deeds of blood. "Thine eye shall not pity, and thou shalt not spare,"—and, "what meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in my ears, and the lowing of the oxen,"—were the sacred texts by which, upon this and other occasions, the covenanting preachers diverted, from defenceless prisoners, the rude mercies of soldiers already weary of slaughter.[1]

Colonel O'Ryan, and Major Lachlin, two distinguished leaders of the Irish, greatly endeared to Montrose by their gallantry and fidelity, had conducted the only stand that was made by the infantry at Philiphaugh. Having rendered themselves prisoners of war, under the circumstances narrated by Guthrie, they were reserved from the massacre inflicted on their soldiers. But this was only to suffer a more ignominious death. They were transmitted forthwith to Edinburgh, and hanged on the Castle hill, without the pretence of a trial.

termined resetters of the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe, and who were offered pardon on the most lenient terms, which they doggedly rejected.

[1] The passage, in the original Latin text, is as follows: "Captivorum verò, nullo sexus, aut ætatis discrimine, atrocissima cædes jam, *non dubiâ famâ*, divulgata est: captos nimirùm ab agrestibus plerosque immanem in modum trucidatos; alios (quorum et immitissimi illi homines miserti fuerant) in unum coactos, decreto conjuratorum procerum, *ab edito ponte* præcipitatos, et sublabentibus aquis immersos, unà viros, matresque, et ab uberibus pendentes infantulos: emergentes verò, fustibus acceptos, et denuò deturbatos in aquas."

Here, it will be observed, the name of no river is mentioned; and, in the contemporary translation of 1648, the text is accurately rendered, "thrown headlong from off a high bridge." But in Ruddiman's translation of 1756, (which we have already convicted of a great liberty) the words are added,—"and drowned *in the river Tweed*"! Neither was this gross blunder corrected in Constable's edition of 1819. And hence Sir Walter Scott (Border Minstrelsy) rashly concedes to Laing that *Wishart* has committed a blunder in specifying the *Tweed;* but he ingeniously suggests that some bridge over the neighbouring Ettrick or Yarrow *might* have been meant. From all this it is apparent that neither had read the original Latin text, or even the contemporary translation. Nor do they seem to have been aware of the independent and unquestionable testimony afforded by Patrick Gordon and Sir George Mackenzie.

But men of higher mark had fallen into their hands, with whom they did not venture to deal thus summarily. Unfortunately, after having extricated themselves from the fatal field, the Earl of Hartfell, the Lords Drummond and Ogilvy, Sir Robert Spottiswoode, Sir William Rollo, Sir Philip Nisbet, Sir Alexander Leslie of Auchintoul, William Murray brother to the Earl of Tullibardine, Alexander Ogilvy younger of Innerquharity, Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, Captain Andrew Guthrie, son to the Bishop of Moray, all missed their way, and being taken by the country people, were delivered into the hands of their enemies. This was a rich harvest for the Covenant. Before the end of September David Leslie had conducted his army through West Lothian to Glasgow, where committees, of the Estates and of the Kirk, sat in judgment upon these distinguished prisoners. The Estates were disinclined to take their lives. The Moderator was deputed to urge their execution in the name of the Kirk, and that overture was not to be denied. Ten, upon what principle of selection it is useless to inquire, were marked for death, to be inflicted at a more convenient season. These were, Hartfell, Ogilvy, Spottiswoode, Rollo, Nisbet, Nathaniel Gordon, Alexander Ogilvy, William Murray, Andrew Guthrie, and Stewart, the Irish Adjutant who had been specially admitted to quarter. Both committees then adjourned until the following month, when they again assembled at Glasgow, on the 20th of October, being the time and place announced by Montrose, for the Parliament he had been commissioned to summon in the name of the King.

On that day, says Robert Burns, (the Glasgow bailie whom we have already quoted), "The committee of Estates sat down at Glasgow: They sat in the tolbooth hall, when the three prisoners were condemned for treason: Sir William Rollo suffered first, a large scaffold being erected above the cross, and was beheaded at four afternoon, 21st October: On the morrow, the 22d, Sir Philip Nisbet, and Ogilvy of Innerquharity, a lovely young youth, suffered: They were all three beheaded."[1]

[1] See before, p. 457, *note*. The original record in the Register House confirms the Glasgow bailie (who presided at the execution) as to the dates. In the print of Guthrie's MS. the dates assigned are the 28th and 29th. Guthrie says of young Ogilvy, that he was "a boy of scarce eighteen years of age, lately come from the

A pause now occurred in this murderous work. The Parliament was shrinking. Some alarm was also created, as we shall presently find, by the approach of Montrose to Glasgow, at the head of new forces. That merciless dealing with a mere boy, young Innerquharity, and with men of such character as his fellow sufferers, Sir William Rollo, and Sir Philip Nisbet, left the covenanting Peers of Scotland, indeed, without an intelligible argument on which to decline proceeding to the same extremity against the rest of their distinguished prisoners; such as the Lords Hartfell and Ogilvy, President Spottiswoode, young Murray of Tullibardine, and Colonel Nathaniel Gordon. Still they shrank from the sea of blood into which they had been so suddenly plunged, and many of them would fain have drawn back. The Reverend Robert Baillie,—whose own opinion was that this sort of work ought to have been commenced so early as by Montrose when reducing Aberdeen to the Covenant,—seems to have had some misgivings, that his appetite might again be baulked. Writing to his reverend friend Spang, on the 17th October 1645, a few days before the executions in Glasgow, he says: "It is thought, Johnston (Hartfell) Ogilvy, Sir John Hay, Spottiswoode, and *divers other prisoners*, will lose their heads; that *once* some justice may be done on *some*, for example; albeit to this day *no man in England* has been executed for bearing arms against the Parliament." This clergyman, in fact, was expressing his wishes, and really would have had no objection if every prisoner in their power had been so dealt with. But it required the utmost exertions of the Kirk to bring the Parliament up to the high-blood mark of that merciless tide. It was indeed quite true, that the enormity of executing prisoners of war, more especially such as had been promised life, was without example in England. It was peculiar to that religious sect among the Scotch clergy, at this time unfor-

schools; and upon that occasion it was that Mr David Dickson (a minister) said '*the work goes bonnily on*'; which passed afterwards into a proverb." Patrick Gordon also says: "At Glasgow they put to death Innerquharity, a brave and hopeful young gentleman, of eighteen years of age only." The personal beauty of this interesting youth is pointedly referred to by Wishart; and his cruel fate justly attributed to Argyle's enmity to the Ogilvys. See before, p. 246, Argyle's letter to the father of this innocent victim.

tunately in the ascendant, whose delight was to search the Scriptures for impressive and eloquent death-warrants.

They had a difficult case to deal with, in that of President Spottiswoode. The manner in which he had long filled the chief judgment-seat in Scotland, had left no other feeling towards him, in the minds of the helpless and bewildered people of Scotland, than veneration and pity. Then the circumstances of his capture, so innocently told by himself, were such as to excite sympathy in his favour, and indignation against his destroyers. "For clearing," he says, "the generality of that part of my deposition, bearing that I was *taken with my sword in my hand*, the manner of it was this: By the time that I came from the town of Selkirk down to Philiphaugh, the fight was begun, wherein I was never engaged, and the flight taken, in the which I was carried along with the throng, having *nothing but a cane in my hand:* But, being upon a *borrowed nag* that was not able to bring me off, and being pursued close by some troopers with their drawn swords, seeing no means to get free of them, I then drew my sword to keep them off, if possibly I might, until I had obtained quarter of them; *which I did*, and in that posture was taken." This, his own statement, is found among his family papers. In the Cumbernauld papers has been preserved an "Information for Sir Robert Spottiswoode," being the legal argument vainly used to save his life. There we find, that "he had been taken prisoner in the field of Philiphaugh, by an officer of the Earl of Lanerick's, of whom he had first quarter given him, and thereafter was brought to *the Earl himself*, who ratified the same by his humane and courteous carriage to him, whereby he had reason to think himself secured of his life." And that telling circumstance which the conscious Baillie adverted to in his correspondence, is also thus enforced: "This unhappy war amongst us being occasioned principally out of respect to the English Parliament, it would seem that *their* example should be a strong inducement to use the same moderation towards our prisoners which they do towards theirs; and it *cannot be instanced* that ever any prisoner, during these wars in England, have been drawn in question of his life, for siding with either party." The "good President," aware that the Scriptures were perverted to bear against all such arguments of civilized

humanity, failed not to appeal to the sacred volume too. "Scripture," he urged, and urged in vain, "itself confirmeth this law and practice (of quarter) most clearly, 2d Kings, chap. 6; where, the Syrians being stricken blind, and brought captives by Elisha to the King of Israel within Samaria, the King inquires at the Prophet whether he should smite them or not? who answered *negativè*,—'Thou shalt *not* smite them: wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and thy bow? Set bread before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master.' Therefore, far less is it lawful to kill them whom thou hast gotten into thy power by such a stratagem."

The Parliament met at St Andrews on the 26th of November 1645. The state prisoners, their lives trembling in the balance, were all removed to the castle there. Mr Robert Blair, minister of St Andrews, opened the session with a lecture on the hundred and first psalm, the last verse of which is,—"I will early destroy all the wicked of the land, that I may cut off all wicked doers from the city of the Lord." On the same day, immediately after calling the roll, "Sir Archibald Johnston," says the Lord Lyon, "had a long harangue to the House, entreating them to unity amongst themselves, to lay all private respects and interest aside; and *to do justice on* delinquents and malignants; showing that their *delaying formerly* had provoked God's two great servants against them, the sword and pestilence, which had ploughed up the land with deep furrows: He showed that the massacre of Kilsyth was never to be forgotten; and that God, who was the just Judge of the world, would not but judge righteously, and keep in remembrance that sea of innocent blood, which lay before his throne crying for vengeance on these blood-thirsty rebels, the butchers of so many innocent souls."[1] And, in order to ensure the "*unity* amongst themselves" which he desiderated, the same eloquent speaker urged a strict scrutiny into the sentiments of the members of that House, which he compared to "Noah's ark, which had in it both foul and clean creatures."

Upon the 4th of December the noblemen and gentlemen in

[1] The "innocent souls" here alluded to are those of the army of the Covenant who fell at Kilsyth *in the fight and flight*. Montrose never put a prisoner to death.

the castle of St Andrews petitioned, "that they may be proceeded against *not by a committee*, but that they may be judged either by their peers, the Justice-General, or before the whole Parliament." In this just and constitutional petition, disregarded of course, they earnestly objected to the interference of the Procurator of the Kirk, who had already violently prejudged their case.

Upon the 5th of December, there was read, "Unto the Honourable and High Court of Parliament, the humble remonstrance of the *Commission of the General Assembly*." It commences thus:—

"Your Honours are not ignorant *how often* we have expressed our *earnest desires* unto you, for *justice to be execute* against those, from whose treacherous designs, and bloody practices, hath issued that flood of calamities which hath overflowed the face of the land, threatening all the inhabitants thereof with ruin, and swallowing many thousands in destruction: Neither can it escape your Lordships, how *displeasing unto the Supreme Judge of the world*, how dangerous unto yourselves, how grievous unto the hearts of *the Lord's people*, and how advantageous unto the enemy, your *former delays* have been."

This blasphemous cry for the blood of men so little worthy of death as Lord Ogilvy, Sir Robert Spottiswoode, and the rest, is enforced on the part of the Assembly of the Kirk, "as the servants of the living God," and in the name of the "Searcher of hearts;" who, it is added, "knoweth that we bow our knees daily before the throne of grace for removal of the sword!"

This "Remonstrance" of the Assembly was backed by four petitions, from the Synods and provincial assemblies of Merse and Teviotdale, Fife, Dumfries, and Galloway, "read in audience of the Parliament," on the same day. That from the southern Synod, which had been convened for the purpose at Jedburgh on the 24th of October 1645, is signed "Mr James Guthrie, *Moderator*, at the command of the Synod." He must not be mistaken for that other clergyman of the same surname, whose manuscript we have so often quoted. The Reverend *James* Guthrie was hanged, as an incorrigible traitor, at the Restoration. Wodrow records him as a martyr. Malcolm Laing tries to dignify his exit. But he had been mainly instrumental in

acquiring for the scaffold of the Covenant its characteristic appellation of "shambles:" He had personally insulted Charles II.: He had excommunicated his representative: He was doing his utmost endeavours to subvert the restored dynasty, and to keep alive the agitation against established government: And let none grudge that man a gallows to himself, who was one of the chief promoters of such earnest appeals against mercy as what here follows:—

"We need not," says the petition from Jedburgh, "lay before your Honours what *the Lord* calls for at your hands, in the point of justice; nor what you owe unto the many thousands of his people, whose blood is as water spilt upon the ground." And then it presses the suit of blood, as "the common and deliberate motions of the *Assemblies of the Lord's servants*, after they have supplicated himself for direction, and searched for truth in *his own word*, which presseth the administration of justice, with much *vehemence and perspicuity:* We are therefore confident that your hearts will not faint, nor your hands fail, until you have *cut off the horns of the wicked*, and made enemies bear the just reward of their violence and cruelty."

The Synod of Galloway speaks in plainer language. Calling themselves "watchmen of this Kirk," they remind the Parliament, that the chief cause of the suffering of Scotland from the plague, and the sword, "is the sparing of *Incendiaries*, and *Malignants*, put in your hands: And now it hath pleased God, beyond men's expectation, to put again in your power divers of these pernicious instruments, yet to prove your zeal to justice, and to the safety of your mother Kirk, and Kingdom." Therefore, laying especial stress upon the *disgrace* brought on the Kirk-militant, in the field of battle, which they call "*the shame of our Nation*, the like whereof hath not befallen this kingdom for many ages,"—they "crave most earnestly that the sword of justice may be impartially drawn against *those persons now in bonds.*"

The provincial assembly of Fife, was, of course, no less earnest in this behalf. But these worthies seemed fearful of throwing a doubt upon the intentions of the Parliament. They remind the Estates, how often their ministers urged the men of Fife to take the field against Montrose, and that "neither were

the people slow or backward, but very ready upon all occasions, albeit the Lord, in his just displeasure, *did withhold the desired success.*" And then follows this modest and considerate appeal:—"Far be it from us to seem to prescribe to your Honours: But we trust it will not be thought unbecoming our *place and calling*, humbly and earnestly to supplicate, that, as we have heard your zealous purpose of executing justice upon these *bloody men* whom God hath put in your hands, so just and laudable a resolution may *speedily be put in execution.*"[1]

It is not to the credit of Lord Lindsay of the Byres, whom they had dubbed Crawford, and who presided over that Parliament, that he answered thus:—

"That the Parliament took their *modest* petitions and *seasonable* remonstrances very kindly, and rendered them hearty thanks, and willed them to be confident that with all alacrity and diligence they would go about and proceed in answering the expectation of all their reasonable desires, as they might themselves perceive in their procedure thithertills: And withal he entreated them, in the name of the House, that they would be earnest with God, to implore and beg his blessing to assist and *encourage* them to the performance of what they demanded: He showed them also, that the House had appointed two of each estate to draw an answer to them in writing, and their petitions and remonstrances to be *record to posterity.*"[2]

Accordingly, upon the 26th of December, "there is read in audience of the Parliament, and remitted to the several bodies," the reply of the Estates to the petitions of the Kirk. To the shame of our senatorial ancestors be it said, that addressing the Assemblies of the Kirk, they "do thankfully acknowledge their great care, prudence, and faithfulness in all; especially in moving *so seasonably* these desires contained in the remonstrance now presented." They further assure them, "for their satis-

[1] These petitions, (the originals,) were all recently discovered by the author among the Montrose papers, and are fully printed in "Memorials of Montrose," edited for the Maitland Club, 1850. See vol. ii. p. 245, *et infra.* They were not known to exist. Balfour has merely recorded the fact of the presentation generally of such petitions, from the provincial assemblies of Fife, Dumfries, Merse and Teviotdale, and Galloway. They had all found their way into the Montrose Archives, except the petition from Dumfries, which is not forthcoming.

[2] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. See Memorials of Montrose.

faction in *so just and pious desires*," that all shall be complied with; and, "for the better performing of all this do desire the ministers' fervent prayers to God,"[1] &c.

Ignorant savages, performing their religious rites while preparing to dine upon their enemies, were less reprehensible than these loudly professing Christians. We learn from Balfour, that on the very same day, 26th December 1645, "The House ordains the Irish prisoners taken at and after Philiphaugh, in all the prisons of the kingdom, especially in the prisons of Selkirk, Jedburgh, Glasgow, Dumbarton, and Perth, *to be executed without any assize or process*, conform to the treaty betwixt both kingdoms passed in act." These were only the gleanings of that glorious harvest day of the Covenant. There was no treaty between the kingdoms that touched the case. That was a miserable subterfuge. A flimsy phraseology by which conscious cruelty sought to cloak a cowardly crime.

We have now to record the fate of their more distinguished victims. Lord Ogilvy, Sir Robert Spottiswoode, Nathaniel Gordon, William Murray, and Andrew Guthrie, maintained their innocence, and pleaded, moreover, that they had been taken on quarter asked and granted. After a debate of three hours their defences were repelled; and, upon the 16th of January 1646, they were, by a plurality of votes, condemned to be beheaded at the cross of St Andrews, on the following Tuesday. The Argyle-ridden peers of Scotland felt their consciences not a little taxed upon this occasion. Some of them, as we learn from Balfour, timidly expressed the pang, and thereby only rendered more conspicuous their own degraded condition. "The Earls of Dunfermline, Cassilis, Lanerick, and Carnwath, were *not clear* anent the point of quarter." Eglinton, Glencairn, Kinghorn, Dunfermline, and Buccleuch, gave their votes for perpetual imprisonment, instead of death to young William Murray. Eglinton, Cassilis, Dunfermline, and Carnwath voted for the same measure of mercy to the venerable President.

Hartfell and Ogilvy both narrowly escaped the block. For the blood of Ogilvy, Argyle thirsted. But the rival faction of Hamilton were inclined to save him, and, it is said, were privy to his escape. On the pretext that he was ill, and through the

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. See Memorials of Montrose.

interest of his relatives Lanerick and Lindsay, his wife, mother, and sister were permitted to visit him in prison. The guards respectfully withdrew from the chamber. Ogilvy dressed himself in the clothes of his sister, who put on his nightcap and took his place in bed. At eight o'clock at night the ladies were heard taking leave, in an agony of grief. The guards ushered them out by torch-light, and Ogilvy reached the horses provided for him. It took the whole power of the Hamilton party to save these noble ladies from the wrath of Argyle. A thousand pounds sterling was offered, in vain, for Ogilvy, dead or alive. The Earl of Hartfell, on the other hand, was obnoxious to the Hamiltons; and it is said that, in opposition to that party, Argyle obtained a pardon for him,—a species of merciful retaliation in which King Campbell did not often indulge.

On the 17th of January, "The Earl of Tullibardine humbly petitions the House that they would be pleased to pardon his brother William Murray's life, in respect, as he averred on his honour, that he was not *compos mentis*, as also *within age*. The House, after debate, refuses his petition, and ordains their sentence to stand." Yet Tullibardine, on the day when sentence was pronounced upon his young brother, simply absented himself. They were all ordered for execution on the 20th, with the exception of Murray, respited for two days that he might be examined in consequence of Tullibardine's again offering for him the pleas of insanity and minority. Shame and remorse, or the intercession of the youth's mother and sisters, may have occasioned this late and miserable attempt to save his brother. Guthrie declares that Tullibardine, in the first instance, urged on the doom of his brother with the rest. Wishart records the same fact against him. The covenanting Earl must have known that these pleas were hopeless. William Murray was indeed not nineteen. But Alexander Ogilvy, whom they had recently butchered at Glasgow, was a twelvemonth younger. The plea of insanity was a useless fiction. On the scaffold this youth astonished the spectators with his magnanimous bearing. Towards the end of his address he elevated his voice, and uttered these words:—"I trust, my countrymen, that you will consider that the house of Tullibardine, and the family of Murray, are

more honoured than disgraced this day. It adds honour to an ancient race, that its scion, without a stain on his character, and in the prime of his youth, should, readily and cheerfully, render up his life for the sake of such a King, the father of his people, and the munificent patron of my family in particular. Let not my venerated mother, nor my dearest sisters, nor my kindred and friends, weep for the untimely end of one whom death thus honours: Pray for me, and fare ye well." Two days before this execution, Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, Captain Andrew Guthrie, and Sir Robert Spottiswoode, perished, with equal constancy, on the same scaffold. The two soldiers demeaned themselves in a manner worthy of their gallantry through life, and of the cause in which they died. In the exit of the latter there was something so saint-like as to seem a type of the death of his Sovereign. The crimes libelled against him with unparalleled effrontery were, the having "purchased by pretended ways," the office of Secretary of State, without the consent of Parliament, and, as such, having docqueted Montrose's Commission, and carried it to him in person, by command of his Sovereign. In short, he had succeeded *Lanerick* as Secretary of State. Two words comprehend the offences for which he died,—integrity and loyalty. He appreciated and dearly loved Montrose, as that letter to Lord Digby from Kelso sufficiently proves. Dated on the 19th of January 1646, the eve of his execution, from St Andrews Castle, the last letter he ever wrote, was addressed "For the Lord Marquis of Montrose his Excellence."

"My Noble Lord: You will be pleased to accept this last tribute of my service. This people having condemned me to die for my loyalty to his Majesty, and the respect I am known to carry towards your Excellence, which, I believe, hath been the greater cause, of the two, of my undoing. Always,[1] I hope, by the assistance of God's grace, to do more good to the King's cause, and to the advancement of the service your Excellence

[1] *Always*, in antiquated Scotch, signifies *but*. Montrose uses the same phraseology in some of his letters.

hath in hand, by my death, than perhaps otherwise I could have done, being living. For notwithstanding all the rubs and discouragements I perceive your Excellence hath had of late, I trust you will not be disheartened to go on, and crown that work you did so gloriously begin, and had achieved so happily if you had not been *deserted in the nick*. In the end God will surely set up again his own anointed, and, as I have been confident from the beginning, make your Excellence a prime instrument of it. One thing I must humbly recommend to your Excellence, that, *as you have done always hitherto*, so you will continue by *fair and gentle carriage* to gain the people's affection to their Prince, rather than to imitate the barbarous inhumanity of your adversaries, although they give your Excellence too great provocations to follow their example.

"Now for my last request. In hope that the poor service I could do hath been acceptable to your Excellence, let me be bold to recommend the care of my orphans to you; that when God shall be pleased to settle his Majesty in peace, your Excellence will be a remembrancer to him in their behalf; as also in behalf of my brother's house, that hath been, and is, mightily oppressed for the same respect. Thus, being forced to part with your Excellence, as I lived, so I die, your Excellency's most humble and faithful servant,

"Ro. Spottiswoode."[1]

The calm and Christian spirit of this affecting letter, betokens a mind at peace even with his murderers, and shows that the bitterness of death had already passed from him. Notwithstanding the usual attempts of the covenanting clergy, who haunted him on the scaffold, he preserved to the last the dignity of a hero and the temper of a saint. Nor was the heroic Marquis unmindful of his dying appeal. Saintserf, in the dedication to the second Marquis formerly quoted, records this fact: "Nay, his inexpressibly malicious enemies found that Montrose's mercy transcended their malice. When those brave persons, after quarter given, were butchered at St Andrews, he refused to retaliate on the prisoners in his power, saying, their

[1] Spottiswoode Papers.

barbarity was to him no example, and if the meanest corporal in his army should give quarter to their General, it should be strictly and religiously observed." Dr Wishart refers to the same fact, and declares that Montrose was advised to retaliate upon some within his power. But he rejected the proposition in these noble words: "Let them set a price upon our heads; let them employ assassins to destroy us; let them break faith, and be as wicked as they can; yet shall that never induce us to forsake the brighter paths of virtue, or to rival them in deeds of barbarous cruelty."

When Sir Robert Spottiswoode joined Montrose at Bothwell, he had also brought along with him a royal proclamation, dated "at our Court at Welbeck, 17 August 1645," the second day after the victory at Kilsyth, the superscription being in the autograph of Charles. It is entitled "A proclamation of grace and pardon to all such as shall submit to his Majesty's mercy, and return to their allegiance." Doubtless it had been procured by the royal Lieutenant, in correspondence with the Secretary for Scotland, to strengthen his hands there, upon those principles of humane policy that were congenial to their natures. This proclamation had been forthwith issued; for the original, which appears to have fallen into the hands of the enemy at Philiphaugh, is endorsed in a contemporary hand, "His Majesty's proclamation *emitted by James Graham.*" After an affecting narrative, and exposition of the state of the case, particularly referring to the specious pretexts by which the people had been abused and seduced, the royal clemency is thus earnestly tendered:—

"We do, out of our grace and goodness, tender them our free pardon, hereby publishing and declaring, that all our subjects, of what estate, degree, and condition whatsoever, *without exception*, that shall within ten days after the publication of this proclamation submit to our mercy, and return to their allegiance for suppressing this rebellion, shall receive our free and gracious pardon for all offences committed or done, in or by the prosecuting, promoting, assisting, or countenancing this rebellion, or which have any relation thereunto: And we shall receive their persons and estates into our protection; which,

on the word of a King, we will effectually make good unto them."[1]

After his last great victory, when, for a brief space, Scotland may be said to have been at the feet of Montrose, instead of instituting inquisitorial and merciless tribunals, or erecting shambles for the slaughter of prisoners of war, he did that which the Kirk immediately magnified into a crime no less heinous, when their lurid star too soon emerged again. Gentle reader, he was guilty of instituting a new record, which, while it brought into his precarious Exchequer some revenue, by means of an equitable system of fees, or fines, had the immediate effect of staying the ravages of civil war, relieving the public mind from all terror, and enabling the peaceably disposed to return in safety to their homes, and to possess their lands, and property, in comparative security and comfort. Among his papers taken at Philiphaugh was found Montrose's "principal book of protections and passes." The record was imperfect, having, as the Covenanters themselves note, "half a side riven away from the principal book of the protections." There remained the nominal record of upwards of four hundred protections and passes, which had been signed by the royal Lieutenant, during the period between the battle of Kilsyth and the disaster at Philiphaugh, barely one month. The readiness and the confidence, with which wealthy and poor, the nobles as well as the serfs of the land, had instantly flocked to the humane victor, acknowledged his supremacy, and sought the protection of his sign manual, at once enraged and alarmed the rabid covenanting preachers, when the fact became disclosed to them by the discovery of the record itself. Beside the town councils of the various burghs,—Peers, Baronets, Knights, and Lairds, of the most distinguished and influential in Scotland, figure in its crowded columns. The clerical reign of terror had actually ceased for a season, and a violent check been given to the

[1] *Original*, Hamilton archives. Most probably the document is found in that noble historical collection, because of its having come into the hands of Lanerick (the 2d Duke), at Philiphaugh, when the Secretary Spottiswoode became his prisoner. It is one of the documents of which his Grace the late Duke of Hamilton ordered accurate transcripts to be furnished to the author, when compiling "Memorials of Montrose," for the Maitland Club; which see, vol. ii. p. 318.

grinding wheels of their Juggernaut car, by the momentary intrusion of a spoke of humanity. When that was as suddenly withdrawn, the Synods of the Kirk it was, that instantly set themselves to redeem and punish the backslidings. Of cruel or harsh conduct, they had not a single instance to parade against Montrose. But "the excommunicated traitor, and bloody butcher" was doubly dyed in the guilt of inducing the acceptance, from the faithful, of *capitulations*, *protections*, and *passes!* The Synods of Merse and Tweeddale, Lothian and Fife, met in their respective divans, and passed a code of laws on the subject. The tocsin of fanaticism was sounded from the treacherous shores of the Solway, to the craziest nook of Fife.

"We consider," says Merse and Tweeddale, "every protection taken from *James Graham*, or any of his accomplices, by any who has sworn and subscribed the Solemn League and Covenant, to be unlawful, and contrary to that covenant."—"We conceive," says Lothian, "that the best way of discovering the evil of *capitulations*, *passes*, and *protections*, is to show how destructive they are to the national covenant, to the Solemn League and Covenant, to the declarations, remonstrances, and supplications, for *executing of justice against malignants and delinquents;* and to all acts of *Ecclesiastical Judicatories.*"—"Concerning *passes* accepted from *James Graham*," says Fife, with that known *damnable clause*, we judge them unlawful, because the accepting thereof implies not only a tacit acknowledgment of the lawfulness of the *usurped* power and authority of the *excommunicated rebel*, but also that the persons accepters are rebels, and that our League and Covenant is an horrid and unnatural rebellion: Concerning *protections*, we judge them simply unlawful, in regard they are taken by those who were not under the power of the enemy," &c. And upon this and such like *anathema maranatha*, follows their penal code, in order "to bring delinquents to condign punishment;" and even such as have been guilty of "falling into indifferent neutrality."[1]

[1] *Originals*, communicated by Mr John Mackinlay of Whitehaven; along with "Double of James Graham his principal book of Protections," being the copy made for the Kirk of the original record which had been taken at Philiphaugh. See the author's "Memorials of Montrose," printed for the Maitland Club, vol. ii. pp. 320, 325.

General David Leslie, even when himself sickened with the cold-blooded murders he was induced to superintend as a conqueror, and which obtained for him the more characteristic *sobriquet* of "the Executioner," was disgusted at the clerical pressure under which he had to proceed in that savage course. Accompanied by the Marquis of Argyle, he marched against Sir Allaster Macdonald, now carrying on a predatory war of his own in the western isles. The once famous Major-General of Montrose was soon driven from thence into Ireland, where ere long he fell obscurely in some unrecorded provincial quarrel. His poor followers whom he had left behind him in the fort of Dunavertie, were soon reduced to that species of capitulation which best suited the tactics of Argyle, and against which the Synods of the Covenant enacted no laws,—the capitulation that was only made to be broken. "Having surrendered their arms," says Guthrie, "the Marquis of Argyle and a bloody preacher, Mr John Nevoy, prevailed with him to break his word; and so the army was let loose upon them, and killed them all without mercy; whereat David Leslie seemed to have some inward check: For, while the Marquis and he, with Mr Nevoy, were walking over the ankles in blood, he turned about and said: 'Now, Mass John, have you not *for once* gotten your fill of blood?' This was reported by many that heard it."[1]

[1] Sir James Turner *was present* at Dunavertie; and that iron mercenary soldier, after narrating in his Memoirs (p. 46.) the inhuman proceedings, thus comments upon the share of responsibility attaching to Argyle, the nod of whose head, or the turn of whose thumb, was, unquestionably, then and there all potent to slay or to save:—

"Here it will be fit to make a stop till this cruel action be canvassed. First, the Lieutenant-General was two days irresolute what to do. The Marquis of Argyle was accused, at his arraignment, of this murder, and I was *examined as a witness*. I deponed that which was true, that I never *heard him* advise the Lieutenant-General to it. *What he did in private I know not.* Secondly, Argyle was but a Colonel there, and so had no power to do it of himself. Thirdly, though he had advised him to it, it was no capital crime; for *counsel* is no *command*. Fourthly, I had several times spoke to the Lieutenant-General to save these men's lives, and *he* always assented to it; and I know of himself he was *unwilling* to shed their blood. Fifthly, Mr John Nave (or Nevoy), who was appointed by the commissioners of the Kirk to wait on him as his chaplain, *never ceased to tempt him to that bloodshed*; yea, and threatened him with the curses befel Saul for sparing the Amalekites; for with them his theology taught him to compare the Dunavertie men. And I verily

We can now appreciate the full force of the Reverend Robert Baillie's instruction, that the Scotch auxiliaries should be accompanied by some "gracious ministers." We can now estimate the beauty of holiness that consecrated the battle-word of the Covenanters,—"Jesus, and no quarter"! While the facts we have recorded in this melancholy chapter, are all proved by contemporary evidence, amply corroborated, no facts whatever, to sustain the idea of equivalent cruelties in the conduct of Montrose, have even been stated against him, by his bitterest contemporary enemies. The last covenanting manifesto issued to pervert the people on the subject, is the reply of the Kirk to the Declaration which, in the name of the King, Montrose put forth upon the occasion of his final and fatal attempt in Scotland. In the violent tissue of malice and falsehood with which Montrose's proclamation was met, a reply signed, and probably composed by the Kirk's prime minister, Archibald Johnston, the Marquis is only accused of *apostacy*, *malignancy*, and murder *by battle.* That all was therein said against him that could be said, cannot be doubted. For such is the temper of the railing, that the illustrious object of it is thus designed,—"That viperous brood of Satan, James Graham, whom the Estates of Parliament have long since declared traitor, the *Church* hath *delivered into the hands of the Devil*, and the Nation doth generally detest and abhor." Upon this our constitutional historians, Brodie and Hallam, have founded their estimate of Montrose.

believe that this prevailed most with David Leslie, who looked upon Nave as the representative of the Kirk of Scotland."

Of this Nave, or Nevoy, Wodrow pronounces,—"This *excellent man* was the Earl of Loudon's minister, and *very much valued by his Lordship.*"

CHAPTER XXIX.

MONTROSE AND HUNTLY.

It was sunset when Montrose and his fugitive cavaliers, after the fruitless call on Traquair, reached the town of Peebles, where they rested for a few hours. By break of day, they had crossed the Clyde. Here the old Earl of Airlie joined them, along with Ludovick Earl of Crawford, but unfortunately, not Lord Ogilvy. They had extricated themselves by another road, and brought along with them two hundred horse. Montrose never lost heart. On the fourth day after his discomfiture, we trace him, by the following order to the bailie of Athole, at the hill of Buchanty, in Glenalmond, the spot where, exactly one twelvemonth before, he had been joined by Lord Kilpont :—

"*Orders for John Stewart of Sheirglass, and the rest of the country of Athole.*"

"James Marquis of Montrose, his Majesty's Lieutenant, and Governor-General of the Kingdom of Scotland :—

"Whereas we did direct a former order unto you, for apprehending all such straggling Irish as you shall find within your country, and sending them home to the army : These be therefore again to will and command you, that, immediately after sight hereof, you take and apprehend all such straggling Irish as you shall find within your country, and send them fast bound to the army, with a guard, except such as have our warrant ; as you will answer on the contrary at your highest peril.

"Given at our camp at Buchanty, the 19th day of September, 1645.

"Montrose."[1]

[1] *Original*, in possession of B. Nightingale, Esq.

Better would it have fared with the poor Irish, had every straggler been brought to his camp in terms of that stringent order. Having thus rapidly re-established his camp in Perthshire, with the name and semblance of an army, this only energetic and devoted commander for King Charles, proceeded to his recruiting ground in Athole, issuing orders by the way as if nothing had interrupted his course of victory. On the 2d of October we discover him encamped in Strathearn, whence he issues the following order, addressed—

"*For John Robertson of Inver, Captain of the castle of Blair of Athole;*" and dated "*Comrie*, 2d October 1645."

"Whereas you did receive *former* orders from us, for causing of Alexander and Neil Stewarts, brothers to John Stewart of Innerchanochane, *restore and deliver back* such goods as they did take from Captain Rattray: These are therefore to will and command you, that, immediately after sight hereof, you put the said orders to execution, and that you take particular notice to see the said goods restored, as you will answer on the contrary.

"MONTROSE."

"You will receive from this bearer three-hundred, threescore ball; and, as occasion shall offer, your necessities shall be supplied. Meanwhile you will be doing what you can; and be *extremely careful of the prisoners;* especially of Archibald Campbell."[1]

The point of this last injunction is obvious. Most of his dearest friends, and best allies, were again in the hands of the covenanting government. The few prisoners he had retained, were now invaluable to him, for exchanges. But, alas! his best card was one that rejoiced in the name of Archibald Campbell. Another resource to which he still anxiously looked, was more to the purpose, could he have commanded it. From Comrie he hastened to Athole, and there recruited his infantry to the extent of at least four hundred good claymores. But he was paralyzed for want of cavalry. How few would have served his purpose, was proved by what he achieved with some hundreds

[1] *Original*, in possession of Henry Porter, Esq., London.

of the Gordon and Ogilvy cavaliers. Clouds of cavalry were thrown away in England, while the most brilliant game of war ever played for a throne, was checkmated, starved, in Scotland, for want of a trifle of that support, which was leading all to ruin elsewhere. In vain had he besieged the ear of Rupert in person, with this demand, ere he started on his northern expedition. In vain had he appealed to the King, and pressed the same on Newcastle. Nor had he ever ceased urging his suit for a brigade or two of horse from England, in his letters to Lord Digby, who admits the fact, and feebly acceded when too late. They not only never sent him any aid, but cast not a stone in the path of David Leslie, on his way to overwhelm him. "Montrose," writes Digby to Sir Edward Hyde, "in all his letters had seemed much to *resent the neglect of him*, in not sending him a supply of horse; assuring, that with the help of *but a thousand*, he could carry through his work."[1]

Now, alas, the immediate necessity for such aid was nearer home. He had to snatch his dearest friends, some of the very flower of the Scottish nation, from the jaws of the Covenant. Unquestionably Huntly, even yet, could have enabled him to do so. The Gordons to a man, nay the whole loyalty of the north, would have followed their chief, had he at this crisis, cordially placed himself, not to say under the banner of Montrose, but under the standard of his Sovereign, supported by that victorious nobleman who had so well earned his paramount commission, of Governor-General of Scotland. Well might he lament the death of Lord Gordon. That left the Standard defenceless on the Border; for George Gordon would never have deserted it. That deprived Montrose of the power of acting now. During his twelvemonth's career of astounding victories, Huntly, devoured like Traquair by spleen and jealousy, lay motionless and hid in Lord Rae's country when his loyal services were most essential. After the crowning victory of Kilsyth, however, he ventured to emerge, and returned to Gordon castle. So did the Huntly horse, at his bidding. Nothing could be more miserable, more useless, or more mean, than the feeble demon-

[1] Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. p. 199.

strations which the chief of the Gordons at this time made, of taking the field himself! What he did, or tried to do, is not worth tracing. Yet with earnest hope, and longing heart, Montrose now looked to his rising, as the wrecked and storm-beaten mariner looks to the breaking cloud. Letters and emissaries were anxiously dispatched, at least to reclaim Aboyne. 'I cannot over-awe these blood-thirsty tribunals, I cannot save our friends without cavalry,'—was the heartrending plea. From Blair Athole he rushed with his claymores across the Grampians to the country of the Gordons. Young Drummond of Balloch had preceded him, as a special messenger to Huntly. By the 7th of October he was as far north as Drumminor, (Castle Forbes), in Aberdeenshire. There Aboyne, accompanied by young Balloch, at the head of a gallant array of fifteen hundred foot, and three hundred horse, at length joined him. The heir of Huntly greeted his illustrious commander, whom he had "deserted in the nick," with fine speeches from his father, anything but sincere, and with promises of faithful adherence on the part of himself, and his wilder brother Lord Lewis, destined to be immediately broken. Wishart's narrative is completely corroborated by the following letter, from Montrose to Huntly, only recently recovered from the Gordon archives. The extreme anxiety of the royal Lieutenant, to secure the co-operation of this doting nobleman, is visible in every line, and expression. But surely the hero of a hundred fights could not suppress a smile of bitter irony as he wrote his "congratulation" to Huntly on his "happy arrival;" meaning, the having at length emerged from his place of hiding, and ventured once more to appear at Gordon castle!

"*For my noble Lord the Marquis of Huntly.*

"NOBLE LORD: After my congratulations of your Lordship's happy arrival, I must acknowledge all your noble and affectionate expressions, concerning his Majesty's service, *told me* by your son, and Balloch; as also your Lordship's favourable respects to myself, and the course you wish to be taken in business for hereafter: For what hath formerly passed, I hope those two have satisfied your Lordship in it: And, for times to

come, I am absolutely resolved to observe the way you propose; and in every thing, upon my honour, to witness myself as *your son*, and faithful servant, MONTROSE."

"Drumminor, 7th October 1645."[1]

This was a rash and injudicious letter; evidently penned in an unreflecting moment of excited feelings, and great anxiety suddenly relieved. Montrose held the King's commission, as Governor of Scotland, with power to call a Parliament. Accordingly, he had summoned it to meet at Glasgow on the 20th of October, about a fortnight after the date of the above. His immediate object was to support that summons still; and the many dear and valuable lives now at stake was an additional and most powerful incentive to keep the appointment. He had with himself a strong body of the men of Athole. The Lords Airlie and Erskine were recruiting, in their respective districts, between him and the Forth. Lord Lewis Gordon was to join immediately with an additional power of the Gordon cavalry. Everything seemed to promise that he would be able instantly to descend upon Glasgow with an army of foot and horse sufficient to drive the forces of the Covenant before him, and to hold his Parliament on the 20th.

Another circumstance incited him to this vigorous move without a moment's delay. David Leslie, taking it for granted that Montrose was placed entirely *hors de combat*, had divided his forces. His Major-General, Middleton, had been dispatched to keep the Gordons in check, and he was now encamped at Turriff. A rapid descent upon Leslie, weakened by this separation, had every prospect of being crowned with the success which hitherto attended Montrose in all his similar manœuvres. To defeat the victor of Philiphaugh at the gates of Glasgow, would have instantly restored the prestige of the royal arms, and have enabled the Governor of Scotland to meet his own Parliament there. Could there be a doubt that this was the game to play? Huntly, whose military capacity was defunct, and whose loyalty was rotten to the heart's core, put his veto

[1] *Original;* in possession of the Duke of Richmond. See note at the end of this chapter.

upon the scheme. The enemy, forsooth, had entered his domains, and Middleton must be disposed of, in the first instance. This view of the campaign was, certainly, the most simple. Moreover, it promised to place Huntly himself at the head of the military operations. For the staple of the royal army would be his own followers; and Montrose, by that thoughtless letter, had in a manner placed himself, while benorth the Grampians, at the disposal of the northern Marquis, even as a dutiful son. Yet it was impossible for him to act in conformity with what he had so rashly written. He called a council of war, and brought Aboyne to consent to a forced march across the Grampians, and through Angus, upon David Leslie at Glasgow. "Aboyne,"—says Patrick Gordon, the contemporary historian and apologist of the family,—"who had been bred up a *courtier*, desists from the motion, (to turn *northward* against Middleton,) and is content to comply with Montrose: But Lord Lewis, being of another strain, whose forward and free disposition had not learnt the court way of temporizing, told the General, roundly, that it was *most necessary* to put Middleton first to a point; which if he did not, he would get few to follow him south." A whelp that stole his mother's jewels! The boy deserted Montrose on the spot; carrying with him a large section of that ticklish cavalry, over which his very wildness had acquired ascendency. Aboyne inclined, himself, to adhere to Montrose, did so for another day's march, and then followed his younger brother. Doubtless both were influenced by instructions from their father. The result was, that Montrose, ere he reached the Grampians, found himself almost entirely destitute of the indispensable arm of cavalry. Hence we discover him, so late as the 23d of October, no further advanced, in his approach to the seat of government, than the Castleton of Braemar, still to the north of those barrier mountains. Some of his dearest friends had been executed at Glasgow, as we have seen, on the 20th and 21st, the very days he ought to have been opening his Parliament there. The following note, dated "Castleton of Braemar, 23d October 1645," indicates that the sad news had not as yet reached him; and whatever may have been the trifle of good news which he acknowledges from Inver,

it was destined immediately to be overcast. As for his hopes of being rejoined by the stupidly ungrateful son of Coll Keitache, that great swordsman never shewed again.

"INVER: I am glad of this good news. I am advanced this length, and am, God willing, to be this night in Glenshee.[1] Wherefore you will, immediately after sight hereof, convene the whole countrymen, and direct them to meet me towards *Dunkeld* with all possible diligence. And let me be advertised what you can hear of Sir Alexander Macdonald, or *where he is;* and of all occurrences in the country, or what else intelligence you can learn. We rest, MONTROSE."[2]

Two days afterwards, however, he was so far to the south of Glenshee and Dunkeld, as Loch Earn. Another missive to Inver, dated "Lochearn, 25th October 1645," betrays an altered tone, and great anxiety.

"ASSURED FRIEND: I have often willed you to keep those you have in hold, in terms of *prisoners*. Always (but), for some particular causes which you shall know hereafter, these are to will and desire you, that, as you tender his Majesty's service, my respect and favour, and all and whatsoever concernments, you, upon sight hereof, put those your prisoners in *most strict fermance*, without the least either manner or season of freedom whatsoever; all sort of pretences laid aside; which most assuredly expecting, I am your loving friend MONTROSE.

"You will, by all means, be careful that all the country people come out; that none of them be suffered to stay, by no means, at home; and if any straggle back, that strict notice be taken with them."[3]

By this time Montrose had learnt the fate, and, as regarded some, the still impending fate, of his dear friends at Glasgow, and the more summary dealing at Edinburgh with his brave officers, Colonel O'Kyan, and Major Lachlin. The alarm occasioned by his approach, seems to have been one reason for a pause in these inhuman proceedings. But he was now powerless to save the rest. He could only muster twelve hundred

[1] A tolerable day's march, from the north to the south of the Grampians.

[2] Printed in the appendix of notes to Mr Chambers' History of the Rebellions in Scotland, from the original in possession of Mr Stewart of Dalguise.

[3] Original, in possession of Henry F. Holt, Esq., London.

foot, and three hundred horse. Middleton, not caring to waste his strength against the Gordons in their own country, hastened to join forces with Leslie. Huntly had ruined all once more; and our hero was constrained to retrace his toilsome steps to the north, and to commence anew his never ending exertions to reclaim the chief of the Gordons.

Another circumstance greatly aggravated the present failure. In Perthshire, Montrose was joined by Captain Thomas Ogilvy, younger of Powrie, and Captain Thomas Nisbet, bearing dispatches from the King. These were to inform him that Lord Digby had just been dispatched to meet him on the Border, with fifteen hundred horse. Instantly he sent on the same messengers northward to Huntly, in hopes that the Gordons would not fail to meet him now. Meanwhile, with an adroit display of his slender forces, he hovered about Glasgow, which was not a little alarmed at his approach. But the Gordons came not; and, unable to reach the Border without the aid of their cavalry, he suddenly hurried back to the north, once more to try the influence of his own presence.

It was not until the 15th of October 1645, that Charles the First at length determined to send a force in support of Montrose. Lord Digby was appointed to command it. Under him were Sir Marmaduke Langdale, Sir Richard Hutton, high sheriff of Yorkshire, the Scotch Earls of Carnwath and Nithisdale, with fifteen hundred horse. The King could ill spare them at the time. Before the 26th of that month, while Montrose was approaching Glasgow, and looking for the Gordons, Digby had actually reached Dumfries, with the greater proportion of his cavalry. But he had sustained a severe defeat by the way, when Sir Richard Hutton was killed. He had also lost his baggage and papers, which fell into the hands of the rebels. At Dumfries, says Clarendon, "neither receiving directions which way to march, nor where Montrose was, and less knowing how to retire without falling into the hands of the Scottish army upon the Borders,—in the highest despair, that Lord, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the two Earls, and most of the other officers, embarked for the Isle of Man, and shortly after for Ireland, all the troops being left by them to shift for themselves. Thus, those fifteen hundred horse which marched northward, within

very few days were brought to nothing, and the generalship of Lord Digby to an end." Of such stuff were composed the best English generals of the ruined Monarch.

Meanwhile Charles lingered for tidings at Newark, only guarded by eight hundred cavalry, and some dispirited infantry under Lord Gerrard. But not a gleam of good fortune or comfort was vouchsafed to him. When the miserable news of Digby's flight arrived, he had no other resource left for his personal safety, than to steal, by night marches, to Worcester or Oxford. Before he was able to quit Newark, the severest pang was inflicted upon his generous and affectionate heart, by the mutinous conduct of his nephews Rupert and Maurice. Clarendon, who minutely describes this melancholy scene, very discreditable to the princes, adds, that it "so provoked his Majesty, that, with greater indignation than he was ever seen possessed with, he commanded them to depart from his presence, and to come no more into it; and this with such circumstances in his looks and gesture, as well as words, that they appeared no less confounded, and departed the room, ashamed of what they had done."

When we consider the circumstances here shortly noticed, the following letter becomes doubly interesting. By this time Charles knew from Montrose himself, in a letter to Digby which the King opened, that he was no longer victorious. His hopes of ever meeting with him again (as indeed he never did) must have been very slender: But he the more intensely felt what he owed to that gallant spirit, though all had proved in vain, assuredly from no fault of his. Crushed as he was at Philiphaugh, he never dreamt of a retreat to the Isle of Man, or Ireland. Where now were Newcastle and Digby, and what had they ever done? At the very time when the poor King ordered his sister's sons from his presence, and was oppressed with toil and anxiety, on the night of the 3d of November, he thus wrote to Montrose:

"MONTROSE: As it hath been none of my least afflictions, nor misfortunes, that you have had hitherto *no assistance from me*, so I conjure you to believe that nothing but impossibility hath been the cause of it: Witness my coming hither (not

without some difficulty), being *only for that end:* And, when I saw *that* could not do, the parting with fifteen hundred horse, under the command of Digby, to send unto you: And though the success (which I have here ever since expected, and that with some inconvenience to my other affairs) hath not been according to my wishes, yet that, nor nothing else, shall discourage me from seeking and laying hold upon all occasions to assist you; it being the least part of that kindness I owe you, for the eminent fidelity and generosity you have showed in my service: And be assured that your less prosperous fortune is so far from lessening my estimation of you, that it will rather cause my affection to *kythe the cleerlier*[1] to you: For, by the grace of God, no hardness of condition shall ever make me shake in my friendship towards you, in despite of all the *specious shows of cunning, base propositions;* against which, if there were nothing else, your letter to Digby, of the 24th of September, which I have opened and read, is to me a sufficient antidote.[2] I will now say no more, but that, upon all occasions and in all fortunes, you shall ever find me your most assured, faithful, constant friend,

"CHARLES R.

"Newark, 3d November 1645.

"*For the present state of my affairs, I refer you to Jack Ashburnham.*"[3]

It was early in November 1645, that Montrose returned northwards, from his fruitless demonstration at Glasgow. In his progress a melancholy episode occurred, which must have deepened the shadows on his retrograde path; the death, namely, of his Marchioness. Crushed as their home affections,

[1] *i. e.* Manifest itself the more clearly.

[2] This letter, not recovered, must have contained Montrose's account of his disaster at Philiphaugh, its causes, and how he proposed to remedy it.

[3] This letter had remained unnoticed among the Montrose archives, until recovered by the author. Clarendon mentions, that one circumstance, in the mutinous behaviour of the Princes and Lord Gerrard at Newark, was their offering to denounce the absent Digby as a traitor. Probably Montrose had been included in their jealousy and insults at the time, which would account for the excited expressions in the King's letter.

and domestic comfort, had been, it is consolatory to think, that, even at this stormy and desperate crisis, he was able to witness the peaceful grave close over the bride of his boyhood. "In *November* 1645,"—records James Burns, the Glasgow bailie already quoted,—"Montrose's lady died: He came and buried her at Montrose; and was pursued back again (to the north) by Lieutenant-General Middleton." It is all unknown "how loved, how lived, how died she." Only six months had she survived, beyond the date of that judicial consignment, by the committee of Estates, of her infant son Robert, to her own care and custody. And singular it is, that no other notice of her death than this very brief one, is anywhere to be found. Wishart, Guthrie, Balfour, Baillie, and the Gordon chroniclers, have all failed to record it. Doubtless when our hero broke up his camp near Glasgow, and hurried northward, he would pass through his own domains, and Middleton would be on his track. Nor can the simple, unassuming testimony of one who was a magistrate of Glasgow at the time, be well doubted, with regard to the main fact.[1]

No sooner had Montrose passed into Athole, from the grave of his early love, than he found that his oldest friend, Lord Napier, had just breathed his last at Fincastle, on the Garry. His death is so particularly recorded, both by Wishart and Guthrie, as to render more remarkable their silence regarding the death of the Marchioness of Montrose. The eloquent tribute of Montrose's chaplain, we have already had occasion to quote. Bishop Guthrie narrates it thus:—

"Montrose returned again with his army to Athole, where he received the sad news of the death of Archibald Lord Napier, his brother-in-law, whom he had left sick at Fincastle: That nobleman was so very old, that he could not have marched with them; yet, in respect of his great wisdom and experience, he might have been very useful in his councils: Montrose took care that his funeral in the kirk of Blair, should be performed with due solemnities."[2]

[1] See before, p. 553, *note*.

[2] Their persecution of him extended beyond the grave. "Archibald Lord Napier," says Guthrie in another page, "a nobleman for true worth and loyalty inferior to none in the land, having, in the year 1645, died in his Majesty's ser-

Most probably the fatigue and distress at Philiphaugh, had hastened the death of this long persecuted and blameless nobleman. But there is reason to believe, that when the Marquis left his ancient Mentor on his death-bed, he had the consolation to know that he was fondly nursed by his eldest daughter, Montrose's niece, Lady Stirling of Keir. About the very date of Lord Napier's death, the committee of Estates thus recommence their persecutions of Sir George and Lady Stirling:

"21st November 1645: The Committee ordains the Provost and Bailies of St Andrews, to commit to prison within their tolbooth, the person of the laird of Keir, and to keep him there till they receive further orders.

"The Committee *allows* the laird of Keir to the 10th of December next, for *bringing his wife from the rebels, in whose company she now is*, unto St Andrews."[1]

We next discover our hero at Kilmahog, near Callender in Menteith, *en route* for Athole, and issuing orders which indicate the indomitable heart with which he breasted the adverse current of his fate. Dating from "Kilmahog, 9th November 1645," he thus addresses the captain of the Blair of Athole.

"INVER: Having a purpose to take a settled and solid course through the whole Kingdom, for levies in his Majesty's service; and being to repair to the country of Athole for that effect,—lest the country should be prejudged, either through our stay above a night or two, or in furnishings and provisions,—These be therefore to will and command you, that immediately after sight hereof, you convene all the countrymen of Athole, to keep a rendezvous at the Blair of Athole, upon Friday next, the fourteenth of this instant, by nine o'clock in the morning; that we may take a settled and solid course, by their own sights and advices, for a competent and proportional number to be kept

vice at Fincastle in Athole, the Committee resolved to *raise his bones*, and *pass a sentence of forfeiture thereupon*." He adds, that they instituted a process against the young Lord Napier to that effect, but were satisfied by the payment of 5000 merks. Their object was "to get moneys for us." See before, p. 14, Wishart's account of him; and p. 336, the Committee's own estimate of the nobleman whose bones they proposed to raise.

[1] *Original* Record, Register House. Yet so quiet was the laird of Keir, while ever loyal as the ceaseless persecution of him proves, that he never joined Montrose in arms, although a young man and married to his niece.

upon service: Wherein you are to use exact diligence; that we be not obliged to stay over a night or two, nor the country troubled with furnishings and provisions. So we rest,

"MONTROSE."[1]

Yet everything was running counter to him. Ogilvy of Powrie, and Captain Nisbet, who had been sent north to Huntly with the dispatches from the King, at this time rejoined him in Athole. These reported, that their mission, and themselves, had been treated even with disrespect by the chief of the Gordons. Montrose, whose temper was as indomitable as his spirit, then sent to him Sir John Dalziel, brother of the Earl of Carnwath. The missive with which he was charged, of course was not so congratulatory, and filial, as the former somewhat sanguine greeting. But the provocation will be understood from the foregoing narrative, and surely the tone is not to be condemned.

"I hope,"—says the letter, as we find it in a contemporary authority already referred to,—"I need not inculcate to your remembrance the danger the King and Kingdom at present are in; and the misery that hangs over his, and all faithful subjects' heads: Blame me not, my Lord, if I can lay the fault on none but yourself and son; first, for hindering the supplies which the King sent; and next, for the loss of those gallant and faithful men lately with so much cruelty butchered. Yet, nevertheless, since things past cannot be recalled, I beseech you to recollect yourself for the future; and if you will not assist, yet at least grant the favour of a conference to the King's Governor, MONTROSE."[2]

Dr Wishart tells us that many of Huntly's dependents, and gallant following, were disgusted with the disloyal conduct of their chief. "Nor did some of them," he says, "fear to profess openly, that they would yield their duty and service to Montrose, if Huntly should stand out in his humour: *And they*

[1] *Original*, in possession of the author.

[2] This letter is quoted in the text of "Blood for Blood," printed in 1661. See before, p. 423, *note*. The date has not been preserved in the old volume, but, obviously, the reference in the letter is to the failure of Digby's expedition, and the executions at Glasgow. The compiler of "Blood for Blood" appears to have acquired some of the Gordon papers relative to Montrose. See afterwards.

were as good as their words. But he, refusing the advice of his friends, resolved, whatever came of it, to run counter to Montrose; nor did Montrose ever propose anything, though ever so just, or honourable, or advantageous, which he would not cross or reject."

This severe statement seems amply corroborated by another original document, also quoted, but without signatures, in "Blood for Blood;" where it is entitled, "The Gordons to Montrose."

"My Lord: We need not, we hope, seek to ingratiate ourselves into your Excellence's favour, by informing you of our hearts. 'Tis true, we have not, with that readiness as befitted us, waited on you, according to your expectation, with our swords in our hands, which, if we had, knowing our dependance on the Marquis of Huntly, we had been ruined. For hitherto we still hoped his integrity, but now with grief are enforced to let your Honour know the contrary. For Huntly is your back friend; and, both by his example and private directions, hath withheld us all; forbidding, even with threats, all with whom he hath power, to have any thing to do with your Lordship, or to assist you either with their power or counsel. This we thought fit to signify unto you, desiring still to continue in your good favour, as your faithful friends and servants."

The mission of Sir John Dalziel proving of as little avail as the former, our hero determined to seek Huntly in person. The difficulty was to catch him. He had so conducted himself throughout the whole of the campaign, that now he would rather have faced the evil-one than Montrose. He declined to "grant the favour of a conference to the King's Governor." Wishart says that, "Huntly being pricked in his conscience, was always as afraid of Montrose's presence as of a pest-house." Nevertheless the chief of the Grahams determined to make his point good. In the month of December 1645, the winter being unusually severe, he struggled with his scanty army through half-frozen torrents, and deep drifted snow among the mountains, from the braes of Athole, through Angus, over the Grampians, and so northward to the country of the ill guided Gordons, intending to visit their chief unawares at Huntly castle. The latter hurriedly shifted his quarters to Gordon castle, to

avoid him. Our hero, leaving his followers encamped in Strathbogie, and only attended by a slender body guard of cavaliers, started in the night time for the mouth of the Spey, and fairly run that slippery loyalist to his remotest cover, "The Bog o' Gicht." There he arrived early in the morning, and surprised Huntly (who was a little alarmed at the apparition) into a private conference. The gentle courteous forbearance of Montrose's manner, and his eloquent expostulation, seemed to effect what hitherto had been tried in vain. When the royal Lieutenant rode back to his own camp, it was in the firm belief that his rival would now cordially co-operate. "They seemed now," says Wishart, "to be perfectly agreed in everything; insomuch that Lord Aboyne, and his brother Lewis, wished *damnation to themselves* if they did not from thenceforth continue firm and constant in their fidelity and attachment to Montrose all their lives; and all the Gordons were joyous beyond measure, and hailed their lord and chieftain as if they had recovered him from the dead." But scarcely had the sound of the departing footsteps of Montrose's charger died away, than the black dog returned to Gordon Castle.

Huntly was now by way of commencing great operations, as the King's Lieutenant *be-north* the Grampians. Had he done anything at all, even at the eleventh hour, his insubordination, to the paramount commission and claims of Montrose, might have been forgiven. The hero himself displayed every disposition to do so. But so feeble, and useless, were Huntly's efforts, that they are not to be recognised in history at all. He crossed the Spey at Gordon castle, and was greatly pluming himself on his warlike attempts against some rebel strongholds in Morayshire. Montrose kept watching him, complimenting him, smoothing him, and biting his nails all the while. For well he knew, that, even yet, one active step in the right direction was of vital importance to the King. All his missives to him at this time are addressed, "For my noble Lord, the Marquis of Huntly, his Majesty's Lieutenant of these northern parts." He had actually mustered under the Gordon banner fourteen hundred foot and six hundred horse, when the Governor of Scotland could only count, under the standard proper, eight hundred foot, and two hundred horse. Montrose's plan was instantly to combine

forces, to seize Inverness, bring Seaforth to his senses, and then, having restored the whole confidence and loyalty of the north, to descend by a rapid movement upon General Middleton, whom the Estates had commissioned with a new army; General David Leslie having been sent back with his oppressive and unruly troopers to look after "moneys for us" in England. Seeing all that had come and gone, the opinion of Montrose ought to have commanded entire confidence and instant obedience. Huntly, only bent upon asserting the independence of his feudal following, and ghost of a Lieutenancy, which commission he never adorned with a laurel in its youngest days, wasted the most precious time and energies before the insignificant place of Lethin. This was a castle belonging to the laird of Brodie, into which that covenanter had thrown himself, with some of his friends and followers, when Huntly took the field, at the close of the year 1645. Meanwhile our hero kept hovering between the Spey and the Findhorn, fevered with anxiety and disgust, but constantly in correspondence with his perverse rival, appearing greatly to defer to him, and ever looking for some vigorous combination, as the fruit of this irksome diplomacy. When the father was absolutely in hiding, and the sons playing fast and loose with the Standard, he could ever and anon accomplish a victory with the fitful aid of their cavalry. But now, Huntly himself once more ruffling on his own dunghill, a great retrieving blow was not to be struck without his co-operation. Montrose was at Kinnermony, a place on the Spey, when he appears to have been favoured, (which very rarely happened) with a letter from Huntly, then laying siege to the house of Lethin in Moray, and somewhat alarmed at rumours of active hostility on the part of Seaforth, and the approach of Middleton's army. He seems at the same time to have reported some results, of course in the most favourable terms, of his own new career in arms, to the hero of Tippermuir, Aberdeen, Inverlochy, Auldearn, Alford, and Kilsyth; who surely could not suppress a smile when replying as follows, in a letter dated "Kinnermony, 23d December 1645:"

"I received your Lordship's, and do *congratulate your good beginnings*, which I hope shall make a *leading case* to you, in all *those parts*. As for what your Lordship remembers of Seaforth,

it will be a very void attempt if he intend it: For, though I were not most assured of Macdonald, yet,—*you* being before him,—he shall find me enough alone, behind his hand: Neither do I think, though he were able, he would ever be found guilty of so much resolution.[1] I hear nothing of any enemy; but look hourly for advertisements, from all hands: At which time you shall receive a more full account, from your Lordship's most humble servant."

In less than a week afterwards, namely on the 29th December 1645, he again writes to Huntly from *Advie*, (a district of the Grants, on the banks of the Spey) the following news, which appears to have had little foundation in fact:—

"I had, yesternight, some advertisements from the south, in which the Prince of Wales's victory is fully confirmed; and another related for certain, which has been gained by those of Newark, wherein David Leslie was soundly swinged, and come off with but nine horse, and fled to Newcastle. The Lords Livingston, Montgomery, and Sinclair, are taken, and to be brought to their parliament, for some plot they had for the King. I hope, by all appearance, you shall have Seaforth *very cheap:* For one Colonel Hay, who was in my company, desired leave of me to go down to Moray, to see some of his friends there; and was like to have been snapt by the garrison of Inverness; but Seaforth, as they say, took his *protection*.[2] I have heard nothing from the man himself; but what is in it your Lordship will have better occasion to learn, and make your own use: Which is all for the present can be told your Lordship, by your humble servant."

(On the margin.) "There are ten thousand men a-coming from Ireland, to be landed at Chester, over whom my Lord Herbert is General: And, they say, thereafter they will send some here, which I pray God they do."

Two days afterwards he writes to Huntly from "Ballacastle,

[1] Montrose was fully justified in this severe comment upon Seaforth. See before, p. 491.

[2] That is to say, Montrose had furnished his officer with a protecting pass, the potency of which had been bowed to by Seaforth; who was still, however, by way of being in arms for the Covenant. This Colonel Hay was not Kinnoul's brother formerly mentioned. There were several officers of that name in Montrose's army.

31st December 1645," the old name for Castle Grant, as follows:

"Being advertised, by the laird of Glengarry, that he has given your Lordship assurance that Seaforth will come in, and join for his Majesty's service, and that we should be sparing with his interests,[1] and have no need to advance against him, I must by these entreat to know from your Lordship *what is in it.* Withal I have directed one to Glengarry to know what are his grounds for giving your Lordship so much assurance. And, meantime, I wish to know your Lordship's judgment anent the delay. For if Seaforth be really come in, it shall hold us in much time and pains. If not, he is not able to stand our advance. But, if he be willing, it is better he *come in at the slap to us*, than that we should *go over the dike to him.* So, wishing your Lordship all happiness and good fortune, I am your Lordship's most humble servant."

(On the margin.) "My Lord, during your Lordship's absence, I gave an order to Credells, for seizing of that house which is now in his custody; and if you shall be pleased to continue him in it, I dare promise he will deserve the trust, and merit your favour."

Ten days afterwards, in a letter dated "Strathspey, 10th January 1646," he evinces his impatience "really to fall to work," in this pithy note:—

"It being necessary we should now take the opportunity of the season, and employ the time that so favourably offereth unto us, I have directed this bearer to acquaint your Lordship with my thoughts of the business, and to know your Lordship's own opinion. For it concerns us now *really to fall to work.* I am your Lordship's most humble servant."

On the second day after the above, he writes from the same place:—

"My last, and those gentlemen I directed to attend your Lordship,[2] have expressed my thoughts so fully, that I have nothing to add. As for that particular of Colonel Hay, there is little to be built on that confidence; for he is a well meaning man, and thinks every one should be as honest as himself. He

[1] *i. e.* Not severe upon his possessions.

[2] Those gentlemen were, Colonel Stewart, and Towers of Inverleith.

desired, indeed, leave of me (in regard he claims great interest in Seaforth) to use his own endeavours, in an indirect way, and that he would work wonders. But I find no effect earthly from it; which must make us the rather hold to our old grounds. Which is all for the time can be told your Lordship by your Lordship's most humble servant."

By the 25th of January Montrose had shifted his own camp from the strath of the Spey to Kylochy, a place nearer Inverness, in the strath of the Findhorn. From thence, of that date, he thus acknowledges receipt of a letter from Huntly:—

"I received your Lordship's, and do heartily thank you for the hopes you give me of the Lord Ogilvy's liberty; which does confirm me in the expectations I had, that something would be done thereaway; which I believe will occasion the enemy's march thither.[1] As for Seaforth, Glengarry is very confident that he will prove right. But few days will now put it to the proof, whether so or otherwise. Meanwhile, having no further to trouble your Lordship withal, I am your Lordship's most humble servant."

Montrose's next letter, dated on the 1st of February from the same place, indicates the jealousy with which Huntly asserted what he considered his own proper following, and how completely he paralyzed the military movements of the great General, whom he treated as a subordinate.

"Being told by Colonel Stewart, that it was your Lordship's desire, that I should leave those of the name of Grant to go alongst with you, I would not suffer one of them, at my parting thence, to come with me hither. But now, understanding they

[1] Lord Ogilvy had made his escape on the 5th of January 1646; though in great danger of being retaken, as appears from the original MS. Record in the Register House:—"8th January 1646: Ordinance anent James Ogilvy his escape: The Estates of Parliament being certified, from the Commission for the processes, of the escape of James Ogilvy, late Lord Ogilvy, out of the Castle of St Andrews, where he was incarcerated, they approve the orders already emitted thereanent by the Commission for the processes, and do hereby make offer, and give assurance of the real payment, of *one thousand pounds Sterling*, to be paid to any who shall bring in the said James Ogilvy, *dead or alive*, to the Estates of Parliament: And ordains public proclamation hereof by open proclamation, after sound of trumpet, at the market cross of St Andrews."

This immense reward emanated from the bitterness of Argyle against the Ogilvys; but had not the desired effect.

keep most of them all their homes, and having likewise but few with me here for the present, I thought good to acquaint your Lordship with the expediency that I should call hither only a few of them that are at home, who otherwise would be useful to neither of us. And, how soon my folks are a little better convened, your Lordship shall still have them upon the least advertisement. For I am so *little curious of numbers*, that I desire none but for *necessity*. For more is but superfluous, and a trouble; So, longing to know of your Lordship's welfare, and good occurrences, I am your Lordship's most humble servant."

Five days afterwards, from the same place, he writes:—

"The laird of Glengarry came to me lately, and showed me, that all those highlanders had a general rendezvous with the Earl of Seaforth, the 29th of this last bypast, for joining themselves to his Majesty's service; where he was also to find himself. So, having gone, he tells me the meeting did not hold; but that my Lord Seaforth is busily gathering, and making all the dispatch he can. Whereof I am heartily glad, for it shall save us much time and trouble. Upon the directing of my last to your Lordship, I wrote also to Grant for some of his men. But since the receipt of your Lordship's return,—wherewithal I am heartily satisfied,—I have sent him contrary orders, and willed that all his men should repair to your Lordship, and that I would not have one of them to come to me at this diet. So they can pretend nothing that way. Having no further for the present to trouble your Lordship withal, I am your Lordship's most humble and faithful servant."

And again, on the 18th of February, still dating from Kylochy,—

"Since my last I have received no further occurrence; only, the list of prisoners, taken at this last fight, was lost by the carrier, by the way. But I am certainly informed, by those who come from thence, that there are sixteen or twenty taken; amongst whom, James Stewart, that murdered Lord Kilpont, is one; and one Makondochy of the Reau, Argyle's great champion, another. I hear also for certain, but not by any express, that the Lord Ogilvy is joined with them, and Macdonald also, and that they are all presently towards Glasgow. As further

comes to my knowledge, your Lordship shall receive it from your Lordship's most humble servant."

The particulars here communicated did not all prove true. In the month of February 1646, Montrose had sent Patrick Graham younger of Inchbrakie, and John Drummond, younger of Balloch, to recruit in Athole. These two, having mustered seven hundred of the claymores of that country, pursued and attacked a body of about twelve hundred in arms for Argyle, and defeated them in a style worthy of their military school. The battle occurred upon the lands of Lord Napier in Menteith, where Argyle had ordered these troops, chiefly the collected remnants of his clan, to be quartered, and many were drowned in the water of Gudy. But the fate of the murderer of Lord Kilpont does not seem to be known. Certainly he did not fall into the hands of Montrose; who surely would have made that an exception to his rule of never hanging a prisoner of war. Those who escaped fled for protection to Argyle himself; who quartered them upon Lord Napier's lands in the Lennox, when Drummond and Inchbrakie rejoined Montrose.

This last gleam of good fortune shed upon the arms of Montrose, on the 13th of February 1646, was a brilliant affair, but led to no results. It proved, however, what might have been done by vigorous combinations, had Huntly permitted. While corresponding with him as above, Montrose was at the same time anxiously looking for intelligence from Athole. On the 8th of February, five days before Inchbrakie's victory, he thus writes from Kylochy to his captain of the Blair, who appears to have been a most unsatisfactory correspondent.

"INVER: As I wrote to you formerly, whereunto I have received no answer, albeit I have long expected and oft required it, I cannot sufficiently admire (wonder) what can be the reason wherefore I have not heard from you this long time bypast; having sent you so frequent advertisements, and you having daily occasions. Always (but) I will say no more, until I hear from you what can be the occasion thereof. Wherefore, these are to will and require you, that immediately after sight hereof, you will advertise me with all possible diligence. I rest,

"MONTROSE."

On the same day, Montrose's secretary, Master James Kennedy, also writes to Inver as follows:—

"SIR: I cannot but advertise you that I have not seen the Marquis of Montrose so discontent, since ever I knew him, as he is presently with yours, and others, negligence in Athole, in not acquainting him, these six weeks bypast, with the state and condition of matters there, albeit he hath written to you often formerly. Wherefore, you will do well for yourselves to post back an express bearer, with all possible diligence; and to acquaint him with all occurrents in your country, or elsewhere; and to write your own excuse for so long delaying:

"As for occurrents here, we be in good hopes that Seaforth, Sir James Macdonald, and Macleod, shall join to the King's service with all their forces, in all haste. For they have given all the assurances, both by word and writ, that can be asked. They are to have a rendezvous of all their forces on Wednesday next, in Ross, within fourteen miles of this country, and thereafter to come along to my Lord Marquis. The Marquis of Huntly doth still lie besieging the house of Lethin in Moray, which we be confident he shall gain this week.[1] The enemy's forces lie still at Aberdeen, not exceeding eight hundred foot, and three hundred horse.[2] The young laird of Drum hath beaten up one of their quarters near by the town of Aberdeen, and killed and taken prisoners about an hundred horsemen; gotten all their horses and arms. Some of the Marquis of Huntly's forces and Harthill, with divers others, have, at seve-

[1] Dr Wishart says, that Huntly remained ten weeks before Lethin, lost some of his best men, and "was forced with dishonour to raise the siege, when he was never the nearer." Patrick Gordon, whose laboured attempts to excuse his chief are as flimsy and weak as they were natural, asserts that Huntly took Lethin, after this long siege. The contemporary dispute itself shows that the affair had not been very decisive; nor is the fact worth the trouble of investigation. Patrick Gordon admits that Huntly left the place as he found it, on the proprietor's entering caution for his loyalty. The useless exertion only served as Huntly's excuse for having paralyzed Montrose. It saved Inverness and Middleton, threw the King into the hands of his murderers, and brought Huntly's own head to the shambles of the Covenant, very soon afterwards.

[2] This was part of Middleton's army under Colonels Montgomery and Barclay. Middleton himself had gone in pursuit of that portion of Montrose's army which had just defeated the remnant of Argyle's people on Lord Napier's lands in Menteith.

ral occasions, cut off another hundred horsemen to them;[1] which is all I can write for the present.

"There was much expected of your country of Athole, this time bypast. But it is like to prove as *an hoar-frost to lowp* (leap) *in the air again.* I wish your people may disappoint the common opinion of all men here.[2] And thus, my service remembered to the laird of Inchbrakie, to the Tutor of Strowan, your brother Kincragie, and yourself, I shall still remain your affectionate friend and servant, MASTER J. KENNEDY."[3]

Still intent upon taking Inverness, which would have been to command the north of Scotland, and settle the *quæstio vexata* of Seaforth's loyalty, Montrose shifted his camp from the Findhorn to Petty, on the coast between Inverness and Campbeltown. Aboyne was a little further off, at Elgin, from whence he had dispatched a *verbal* message to our hero, which occasioned the following letter from Montrose, dated "Petty, 15th March 1646:"—

"MY LORD: Having received, yesternight, a desire from your Lordship, by Alexander Gordon, son to Arnadoul, that I should advance and join with you *to fight the enemy*, who were presently on their march, and the gentleman being hardly able to make your Lordship's intention be comprehended, in regard you favoured the business with *no letter*, I have desired the bearer hereof, Sir John Hurry, to wait upon your Lordship, that I may be more fully informed of the course. Your Lordship knows it is *three or four months* since I desired the same, very earnestly, by Colonel Stuart and Captain Towers, whom I directed to my Lord your father for the same end. Neither is there any thing in the world *I so much passion.* Wherefore, my *earnest*

[1] The Covenanters had their revenge *more solito.* In the following year, when Huntly was betrayed by the clan Cameron, young Leith of Harthill commanded a party which fought gallantly to rescue him. The youth, however, was surrounded by the Camerons, in a defile, made prisoner, and taken to Edinburgh, where he was executed in the month of October 1647. Patrick Gordon says he was "a youth of twenty years, or little more; but of such admirable valour, courage, and dexterity in arms, that he was, amongst his enemies, the most redoubted man that followed Huntly at that time."

[2] Inchbrakie's victory, which occurred a few days after the date of Kennedy's letter, probably served to do so.

[3] *Original*, in possession of Henry F. Holt, Esquire, London.

desire to your Lordship is, that you will be pleased to let me know your strength, and what forces you can assure me of; as likewise the *certain diet* which your Lordship is, *undoubtedly*, to hold; and that your Lordship would be particular in it that I may be informed *from your own hand;* assuring your Lordship that you shall be fully satisfied, in all points, by your Lordship's very humble servant MONTROSE."

It was cool in the young nobleman, who had "deserted him in the nick" at Philiphaugh, to send an incomprehensible verbal message of the kind to Montrose. It was cooler still to send such a written reply, to the above sensible and anxious letter, as left the matter no less unintelligible than it was before. Upon the original of Montrose's autograph letter, there is noted, in a contemporary hand, probably that of Aboyne's secretary, the words, "turn over;" and on the blank page we find,—

"*My Lord Aboyne's answer to the former letter.*"

"MY LORD: The truth is, I several times have heard there was much suspicion of scruple betwixt your Lordship and my father, anent the present carriage of his Majesty's service; which made me, lest it might perhaps have reached even to your Lordship, send that gentleman towards your Lordship; both to assure your Lordship of our willingness, and also of my earnest desire to *kiss your hands* in these parts; where I may, as formerly, wait upon you. As for Colonel Stewart, and Towers' message, the paper is scarcely able to carry that satisfaction which I wish to give of it. I therefore leave it till meeting. Our strength, I make no question, is sufficiently known to your Lordship; and, I dare say, shall be strong enough for all the enemy we hear of yet in these parts; and I hope no *good fellow* will be wanting, hath ever showed his face in the business. Our general rendezvous is to be in Mar, upon the 19th of this instant. However, I shall be here to-morrow all day expecting your Lordship's commands; and likewise send to the other side of the river, that they may, as far as they can, apply themselves to your Lordship's diet. (*The rest of the letter concerned not this purpose.*) *Subscribitur*, Your Excellency's most affectionate and humble servant, ABOYNE."

"Elgin, 15 March, *at 5 o'clock at night.*"

Nevertheless, we should like to have seen the rest of the let-

ter. It could not be much less to the purpose than what has been preserved. The paper must have blushed when Aboyne wrote, of waiting upon Montrose "as formerly," and about every good fellow, "who hath ever shown face in this cause." His telling the royal Lieutenant,—(in reply to an earnest request to know his strength precisely) "our strength, I make no question, is sufficiently known to your Lordship," is perhaps unmatched in the annals of cool mystification; and as for the "enemy in these parts," whom he treated so lightly, General Middleton was on the eve of joining the forces he had left benorth the Grampians, with eight hundred foot, and six hundred horse attending himself; which combination gave the Covenant "in these parts," eighteen hundred foot, and eleven hundred horse.

After Inchbrakie's exploit in Menteith, young Lord Napier, hearing of the wasting of his extensive possessions in that district, and the Lennox, quitted his beloved uncle to look after his own people. In company with his cousin young Balloch, and the laird of Macnab, he descended into Strathearn, occupied Montrose's castle of Kincardine with about fifty men, and fortified the same as well as he could; intending to organize some protection for his own and his uncle's estates. General Middleton invested the place in person, with that large section of his forces, and battered the walls with cannon brought from Stirling castle. For fourteen days the castle was held out by this brave little band, who were then reduced to extremity from their well having failed them. It was impossible to do more, and the doom of Napier and his cousin seemed to be sealed. Unquestionably if taken both would have been put to death. But these gallant youths contrived a plan to break through the enemy, who surrounded the castle on all sides. Lord Napier was attended by a page of the name of John Graham, well acquainted with the localities of Kincardine, who undertook to be their guide in the perilous attempt. When the moon had disappeared and darkness favoured them, Napier and young Balloch issued from the castle, at a small postern, where they found the faithful page waiting for them with three horses. The whole party instantly mounted, and, passing quietly through the enemy's host, made their escape, and reached Montrose in safety,

in the north. On the morning after their escape the castle was surrendered on capitulation, and thirty-five of the besieged were sent to the tolbooth of Edinburgh. But to satisfy the justice of the Covenant, which, as we have seen, condemned capitulations, General Middleton ordered the remaining twelve, of those who had surrendered, to be shot at a post, and the castle to be burnt.

Thus fell, on the 16th of March 1646, the finest of Montrose's ancient homesteads, where the happy days of his youth had been spent, and where the feudal funeral of his father was so imposingly "accomplished." Aboyne's letter to him is dated on the evening of the very same night that Napier and his cousin accomplished their perilous escape.

The Earl of Seaforth, (that riddle of a loyalist) Lord Reay, Sir James Macdonald of the Isles, Maclean, Glengarry, the Captain of Clanranald, the Tutor of Strowan, and several other cocks of the north, were now all so ready to form a combination under Montrose's royal banner, that he was on the point of organizing them independently of the chief of the Gordons, and of uniting them by another such "damnable band" as preceded the battle of Inverlochy, when a letter from his ruined Sovereign sheathed the sword of the hero, rung the knell of Huntly, and closed the case for the Crown.[1]

[1] Montrose's correspondence with Huntly and Aboyne, given in this chapter, was unknown to history, and has not previously entered the biography of our hero. The letters, which have been preserved, though hitherto disregarded, among the Gordon Archives, were placed at the author's disposal, by the kindness and liberality of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, *subsequent* to the publication of the former edition of the Life and Times of Montrose. They were brought to light and printed for the first time in 1850, among the vast collection of historical documents, edited by the author for the Maitland Club, under the title of "Memorials of Montrose, and his Times." The antiquated orthography, there strictly preserved, has not been retained in our quotations in the text.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE KING PLACES HIMSELF IN THE HANDS OF THE COVENANTERS—DELUSIVE HOPES OF BEING ALLOWED TO JOIN MONTROSE—IS COMPELLED TO DESIRE MONTROSE TO DISBAND HIS FORCES AND QUIT THE COUNTRY—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE KING AND MONTROSE—MONTROSE AND MIDDLETON—THE NEW POSITION OF HAMILTON—BURNET CONTROVERTED—DESIGN TO SEIZE THE PERSON OF MONTROSE—FRUSTRATED BY HIS ESCAPE IN DISGUISE—CONDITION OF HIS FAMILY CIRCLE—THE LORD ADVOCATE OF THE TROUBLES APPLIES TO THE KING FOR A RENEWAL OF HIS OFFICE—SINGS THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM, AND DIES.

THE failure of the French agent's crude attempt to effect, after the eleventh hour, a safe retreat for the King of England, is well known. That feeble negotiation was based upon the assumption that the prevalent faction in Scotland was not utterly destitute of integrity. How completely does the result justify the clear-minded Montrose, in what he wrote from Inverlochy,—"Though God forbid I should stint your Majesty's *mercy*, yet I must declare *the horror I am in*, when I think of a treaty while your Majesty and they are in the field with two armies, unless they disband and submit themselves entirely to your Majesty's goodness and pardon." Matters were still worse now; yet Charles was not sufficiently awakened to the fact that, so far as his own safety was concerned, there was nothing to choose between Leven and Cromwell. That Scotch Earl, of Charles's own creation against his will, was as usual a military puppet in the hands of an attendant *committee* of the Argyle government. There is a melancholy memorandum among the Evelyn papers, endorsed by Secretary Nicholas,—"A note written with the King's own pen concerning his going to the Scots,"—which proves how little he understood, even in the month of April 1646, the true nature of the Covenanters, or the exact position of Montrose. This was the dream of his expiring

hopes:—"Freedom in *conscience and honour;* and *security* for all those that shall come with me; and, in case I shall not agree with them, that I may be set down at such of my garrisons as I shall name to them; which condition I hope not to put them to; for I shall not differ with them about ecclesiastical businesses, which they shall make out to me not to be against my conscience; and for other matters I expect no difference; and in case there be, I am content to be judged by the two Queens: And, *before* I take my journey, I must send to the Marquis of Montrose, to advertise him upon what conditions I come to the Scots' army, that he may be *admitted forthwith into our conjunction*, and *instantly march up to us.*"

In conformity with this view of his own case, the hunted Monarch addressed the following letter to Montrose, dated 18th April 1646, which he sent in cypher, through Secretary Nicholas, to M. Montreuil, the foreign agent in this miserable negotiation, who was instructed to use his discretion as to transmitting it. Of course the useless missive was never sent. Doubtless had all the *ifs* in it been fulfilled, the peace-making would have been perfect. Doubtless the King would have been safe, and History unstained by the sale of him, had Montrose been allowed to "march up to us." The result of his marching up to him was unfortunately settled in the previous month of September. Through the blood of his countrymen, and his kindred, of his enemies and his dearest friends,—through the ashes of the glorious scenery of his native districts, and the happy homesteads of his recent youth,—had he not marched up "from Dan to Beersheba,"—in vain? Was the doomed Throne, and King, to be saved, by loyalty always marching *downwards*, from the very first, in every possible direction, except in the one fiery line of Montrose? Never was vision wilder, than that memorandum, and this letter:—

"MONTROSE: Having, upon the engagement of the French King, and Queen Regent, made an agreement to join with my Scots subjects now before Newark, and being resolved upon the first opportunity to put myself into that army,—they being reciprocally engaged, by the intervention of Mons. de Montreuil, the said King's Resident now in the said army, to join with me and my forces, and to assist me in the procuring a

happy peace,—I have thought it necessary to acquaint you herewith (being here so close begirt as without much hazard and difficulty I cannot suddenly break from hence to come to them), desiring you, if you shall find, by the said de Montreuil, that my Scots army have really declared for me, and that you be satisfied by him that there is by them not only an *amnestia* of all that hath been done by you, and those who have adhered unto me, but very *hearty*, *sincere*, *friendly* and *honourable* resolutions in them, for whatsoever concerns your person and party, —that then *you take them by the hand*, and use all possible diligence to unite your forces with theirs for the advancement of my service, as if I were there in person: And I doubt not but you, being joined, will be able to relieve me here, in case I shall not find any possible means to come to you, which shall be *still endeavoured* with all earnestness by yours, CHARLES R."[1]

When, however, Montreuil had failed, and was even cautioning the King against the very measure he had attempted to negotiate, Leven or Cromwell was the only choice left. Upon the 27th of April, Charles made his escape, and reached the camp of the Covenanters on the 5th of May. Sir James Turner, who was present, affords this graphic view of the melancholy scene:—

"In the summer of 1646, the King's fate driving him on to his near approaching end, he cast himself in the Scots' arms at Newark. There did Earl Lothian, as President of the Committee, to his eternal reproach, imperiously require his Majesty (before he had either drunk, refreshed, or reposed himself), to command my Lord Bellasis to deliver up Newark to the Parliament's forces; to sign the Covenant; and to command James Graham,—for so he called Great Montrose,—to lay down arms; all which the king stoutly refused, telling him, that *he who had made him an Earl, had made James Graham a Marquis*."

But Charles was ere long compelled, by the traitors whom he had so rashly trusted, to forego his champion. While Montrose was still exerting all his energies to overcome the jealousy of Huntly, and to rouse the well-affected in Scotland, on the last day of May 1646, the following letter from the awakened

[1] Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 224. *Endorsed*, "A copy by Mr Edgman."

King, dated "Newcastle, May 19, 1646," reached him on the banks of the Spey.

"MONTROSE,—I am *in such a condition* as is much fitter for relation than writing; wherefore I refer you to this trusty bearer, Robin Car, for the reasons and manner of my coming to this army: As also, *what my treatment hath been since I came*, and my resolutions upon my whole business. This shall, therefore, only give you positive commands, and tell you real truths, leaving the *why* of all to this bearer. You must disband your forces, and go into France, where you shall receive my further directions. This at first may justly startle you; but I assure you that if, for the present, I should offer to do *more* for you, I could not do *so much*, and that you shall always find me your most assured, constant, real, and faithful friend, CHARLES R."[1]

No doubt the Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland was startled; and "Robin Car" would have little wherewith to reassure him. The King was now a prisoner in the hands of the covenanting General, who was in the leading strings of Argyle, his Chancellor Loudon, Lothian, Lindsay, Balmerino, and Johnston of Warriston, all of them long familiar with treason, and mortal enemies of Montrose. The reply which he wrote on the second day after Robin Car reached him, is dated "Strathspey, 2d June 1646," and now for the first time enters his biography.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SACRED MAJESTY: I received your Majesty's, by this bearer Lieutenant-Colonel Ker, carrying your Majesty's being at Newcastle: Together with your Majesty's pleasure for disbanding of all forces: And, my own repair abroad.

"For the *first*, I shall not presume to canvass; but humbly acquiesce in your Majesty's resolutions.

"As for that of *present disbanding*, I am likewise, in all humility, to render obedience; as never having had, nor having, any thing earthly before my eyes, but your Majesty's service; as all my carriages have hitherto, and shall at this time witness: Only, I must humbly beg your Majesty to be pleased consider, that there is *nothing remembered* concerning the immunity of those who have been upon your service: that all deeds in their pre-

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room.

judice be reduced, and those of them who stay at home enjoy their lives and properties without being questioned; for such as go abroad that they have all freedom of transport; and also that all prisoners be released; so that no *characters* of what has happened remain. For, when all is done that we can, I am much afraid that it shall trouble both those there with your Majesty, and all your servants here, to *quit these parts:*

"And as for *my own* leaving this Kingdom, I shall, in all humility and obedience, *endeavour* to perform your Majesty's command; wishing,—rather than any should make pretext of me,—never to see it again with mine eyes; willing, as well by *passion* as *action*, to witness myself your Majesty's most humble, and most faithful, subject and servant, MONTROSE."

"Strathspey, 2d June 1646." [*Endorsed*] "Received, 13th June 1646."[1]

Aware that this letter would be seen by those at whose insolent requisition Charles had thus dismissed his noblest and only efficient adherent, and having the worst opinion of their faith, Montrose, as we learn both from Wishart and Guthrie, wrote privately by a separate messenger, entreating his Majesty to let him know the degree of compulsion under which he was acting, and assuring him that he would devote himself a willing sacrifice to whatever his royal master really required of him. After dispatching these missives, immediately he descended with his little army from the Spey across the Grampians to Glenshee, from whence, 10th June 1646, is dated the following significant note

[1] *Original*, Hamilton Archives.

In the author's "Montrose and the Covenanters," published in 1838, he had noted, vol. ii. p. 499: "Wishart says that the first letter from the King to Montrose was delivered to him '*pridie Kal. Junii*,' *i.e.* the last day of May. The letters themselves were only first printed, in the appendix to the translation of Wishart, edited by Mr Adams in 1720. It is a great pity that Montrose's part of the correspondence is not discovered. Nor am I aware that it is known where the King's original letters now are." Subsequently, however, the author discovered the whole of them, with many other papers illustrative of the career of Montrose, among the archives of the Montrose family, to which, from time to time they must have accidentally returned. Montrose's reply to the King was only recently recovered from the Hamilton Archives, and first printed for the Maitland Club, 1850, in the author's "Memorials of Montrose," vol. ii. p. 278; in which volume the whole correspondence is printed, with illustrative notes.

to Donald Robertson, "Tutor of Strowan," whom he had commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel of a foot regiment of Athole:

"ASSURED FRIEND: Being informed that you have presently all your regiment in readiness at an head, these are therefore to will you, immediately after sight hereof, to repair to us with all possible diligence; till when I remit all other particulars, and continue your assured friend, MONTROSE."[1]

Not long afterwards, he received the following from his sovereign, dated "Newcastle, 15th June 1646:"

"MONTROSE: I assure you that I no less esteem your willingness to lay down arms at my command, for a gallant and real expression of your zeal and affection to my service, than any of your former actions. But I hope that you cannot have so mean an opinion of me, that for any particular or worldly respects I could suffer *you* to be ruined. No,—I avow that it is one of the greatest and truest marks of my present miseries that I cannot recompense you according to your deserts, but, on the contrary, must yet suffer a cloud of the misfortunes of the times to hang over you. Wherefore I must interpret those expressions, in your letter, concerning yourself, to have only relation to *your own generosity*. For you cannot but know that they are contrary to my unalterable resolutions, which, I assure you, I neither conceal nor mince; for there is no man who ever heard me speak of you that is ignorant that the reason which makes me at this time send you out of the country is, that you may return home with the greater glory, and, in the mean time, to have *as honourable an employment as I can put upon you.* This trusty bearer, Robin Car, will tell you the care I have had of all your friends, and mine; to whom albeit I cannot promise such conditions as I would, yet they will be such as, all things considered, are most fit for them to accept. Wherefore I renew my former directions, of laying down arms unto you; desiring you to let Huntly, Crawford, Airlie, Seaforth,[2] and Ogilvy know that want of time hath made me now omit to reiterate my for-

[1] *Original*, Strowan Charter-chest; communicated by James Robertson, Esq., Sheriff-Substitute of Orkney, a near cadet of Strowan. See "Memorials of Montrose," vol. ii. p. 281, *note*.

[2] Seaforth, at least, did not deserve to find his name in such a list, or his conduct under such a category. But the King was ever ignorant of particulars, the main source of his ruin.

mer commands to them, intending that this shall serve for all, assuring them, and all the rest of my friends, that, whensoever God shall enable me, they shall reap the fruits of their loyalty and affection to my service. So I rest your most assured, constant, real, faithful friend, CHARLES R."

Besides these royal letters, the Marquis received from the leaders of the faction into whose hands the King had consigned himself, certain written conditions of surrender, to which, says Wishart, he made answer, "that as he had taken up arms under the commission, and by the desire of his Majesty, he would receive conditions for laying them down from no mortal but the King himself." This spirited reply produced more peremptory orders in the name of the King, who at the same time wrote, privately, the following letter, dated "Newcastle, 16th July 1646:"—

"MONTROSE: The most sensible part of my many misfortunes is to see my friends in distress, and not to be able to help them.[1] And of this kind you are the chief. Wherefore, according to that real freedom and friendship which is between us, as I cannot absolutely *command* you to accept of *unhandsome conditions*, so I must tell you that I believe your refusal will put you in a far worse estate than your compliance will. This is the reason that I have told this bearer, Robin Car, and the commissioners here, that I have commanded you to accept of *Middleton's conditions*, which really I judge to be your best course, according to this present time. For if this opportunity be let slip, you must not expect any more treaties. In which case you must either conquer all Scotland, or be inevitably ruined. That you may make the clearer judgment what to do, I have sent you here enclosed the chancellor's answers to your demands. Whereupon, if you find it fit to accept, you may justly say *I have commanded you;* and if you take another course, you cannot expect that I can publicly avow you in it, until I shall be able—which God knows how soon that will be—to stand upon my own feet, but, on the contrary, seem to be not well satisfied with your refusal, which I find clearly will bring all this army upon you: And then I shall

[1] A good commentary on Montrose's letter to the King in 1640: "Weak and miserable is that people whose Prince hath not power sufficient to punish oppression, and to maintain peace and justice." See before, p. 312.

be in a very sad condition, such as I shall rather leave to your judgment than seek to express. However, you shall always find me to be your most assured, real, constant, faithful, friend,

"CHARLES R."

"*P.S.*—Whatsoever you may otherwise hear, this is truly my sense, which I have ventured freely unto you without a cypher, because I conceive this to [be] *coup de partie.*"

It is asserted by Bishop Burnet, in his apologetic Memoirs for the Hamiltons, that Montrose owed his own preservation, and that of his friends, as well as the permission he now obtained to depart out of the Kingdom, to the benevolent exertions of the Duke of Hamilton, who, he says, used all his influence to that effect with Middleton. This, adds the Bishop, was "a very *unexampled* and *sublime* exercise of his virtue." Not sooner than the end of April 1646, a few days before Charles placed himself in the hands of Leven and his committee, had the Duke of Hamilton been released from the Mount, in Cornwall. Nothing whatever had occurred to restore him to the royal confidence, or to cause the unhappy Monarch to doubt the truth of that impeachment, of his integrity in the affairs of Scotland, which not Montrose alone, but other high-minded nobles had unhesitatingly preferred, and of which Charles had become absolutely convinced against his will. Indeed, the *covenanting zeal* of the fugitive Lanerick, ever since that event, added strong confirmation, if such had been wanting, of the sinister alliance of these favoured brothers, who had been ever nearest the Throne, with its worst enemies in Scotland. Accordingly, Hamilton was restored to freedom, not by the returning favour of his master, but by *the army of the Parliament*, when they took the fortress in which he was confined. Then, indeed, the unhappy King had as little power to dispense with him, as to retain the victor of Kilsyth. Burnet's account of their first reunion is amusing. "In July the Duke came to Newcastle, to wait on his Majesty; and when he first kissed the King's hand, *his Majesty and he blushed at once.*" If this simultaneous expression of inward feeling actually occurred,—and the Bishop was not there to see,—the one must have coloured from indignation, and the other from shame. But, he adds,

" as the Duke was retiring back with a *little confusion*, into the crowd that was in the room, the King asked if he *was afraid* to come near him? Upon which he came to the King, and they entered into a large conversation together, wherein his Majesty expressed the sense he had of his *long sufferings*, in terms so full of affection, that he not only brake through all his *resentments*, but set a new edge again upon his old affection and duty." And, if we are to believe Burnet, Charles then told the Duke, only now released by the intervention of the rebels, that he had ever believed him innocent of the principal charges made against him, and " that his restraint was extorted from him much against his heart." Most true it is, that Charles sent Hamilton to Pendennis, " much against his heart." That he did so against his *will*, or against his *belief*, or ever said so afterwards, *credat Judæus.*

The proof, however, is unquestionable, that the conditions now offered to Montrose, through a capitulation with Middleton, are in no degree to be attributed to the " unexampled and sublime virtue" of his double-dealing, and deservedly disgraced rival. It was not until the 17th of July 1646, that Hamilton was again in presence of his Sovereign. But from the letters we have produced it appears, that, in the previous months of May and June, Charles had already assured the Marquis, in the most solemn terms of unaltered affection, that he was to obtain honourable conditions. Moreover, upon the day *previous* to that when the liberated covenanter Hamilton again entered the presence chamber, Charles the First wrote that letter, dated from Newcastle on the 16th of July, which so unequivocally imports, that the terms with Middleton, were arranged before the Duke had been again introduced to the councils of his now dethroned and captive benefactor.

Immediately on receipt of the letter last quoted, the Ex-Governor of Scotland, as we must now call him, arranged the terms of a cessation of arms, and the necessary conditions of safety for the devoted royalists, with that extremely fortunate, but never distinguished General, who at this time commanded in chief for the Covenant in Scotland. It was well for our hero and his friends, that this soldier of the Covenant was neither

imbued with the vicious dispositions, nor influenced by the unprincipled designs of those whom he had so long served, and upon the ruins of whose reign of terror he was destined, at no distant period, to attain his extraordinary elevation,—the very position which would in all probability have been occupied by Montrose himself, had he saved his own life abroad.

> "His name was *Major Middleton*,
> That manned the brig o' Dee."[1]

They met accordingly, after the romantic fashion in which our hero seems always to have conducted such conferences. Under the canopy of heaven, and on a plain by a river's side, *Scoticè* a haugh, they conferred together for two hours, each with but a single attendant to hold his horse. It was by the water of Isla, the same across which Montrose sent his complimenting challenge to Baillie, who so discreetly declined it. The conditions which Middleton offered, and Montrose accepted, were, that the Marquis himself, Ludovick Earl of Crawford, and Sir John Hurry, were to be excluded from all pardon or favour, except safe transportation beyond sea, in a vessel provided by the Estates, upon condition of their setting sail before the first of September. Graham of Gorthie was to be restored from forfeiture only in so far as regarded his person, because his estate had been given to Balcarres. All the rest of Montrose's friends and followers, forfeited or not, were to retain their lives and estates, in all respects as if they had not engaged with him. The Committee of the Kirk, greatly enraged at these comparatively humane conditions, declared them to be contrary to the Covenant. To mark their dissent, upon the 27th of July they thundered their excommunications against the Earl of Airlie, the Grahams of Gorthie and Inchbrakie, Sir Allaster Macdonald, Stuart the Irish Adjutant, the Tutor of Strowan, and the bailie of Athole, John Stewart of Sheirglass. But Middleton, to his great credit be it recorded, adhered to the conditions.

Montrose assembled the melancholy remains of his army, and of his staff, at Rattray, in Perthshire, on the 30th of July 1646,

[1] See before, pp. 211, 216. Middleton's first important position was, being second in command to David Leslie at Philiphaugh.

where he bade them farewell, and dismissed them in the name of the King. His heart must have been wrung when thus parting with those who had shared with him so many glories, toils, and dangers; and the few remaining who had followed him from the first to the last hour of his terrible campaigns, and were willing to follow him still, could not but feel the deepest sorrow and anxiety. Some fell on their knees, and with tears entreated that they might go with him wherever he went. Glorious old Airlie, at Montrose's own request, now returned home; and each of the hero's friends went a several way to put order to his involved affairs. A solitary man was the chief of the Grahams. Not eighteen months had passed since he had wept over the grave of his gallant boy. In how short a time had the battle, the fatigues of the field, the assassin's knife, and the murderous axe of the Covenant, dashed nearly every gem from the shining circle of his friends. His great possessions were desolated, and transferred; his stately castles dilapidated, or utterly destroyed; his ancient barony of Mugdock had been made over to Argyle. With a heart bleeding, but a spirit unbroken, and a fame untarnished, he now bent his course to his pillaged house of Old Montrose, to prepare for his exile. And the only companion of his way, at this moment, was, of all men in the world, the tearing dragoon who had slaughtered the pride of Braemar, and made captives of Lord Graham and his pedagogue, Sir John Hurry, whom he had overthrown in mortal conflict at Auldearn!

That, down to the very hour of his departure, he was acting under the written commands, and consoled by the unqualified approbation of his Sovereign, will be seen from this other letter, dated "Newcastle, 21st August 1646," probably the answer to his own report to the King of his final proceedings.

"MONTROSE:—

"In all kinds of fortunes you find a way more and more to oblige me; and it is none of my least misfortunes, that all this time I can only return to you verbal repayment. But I assure you, that the world shall see that the real expressions of my friendship to you shall be an infallible sign of my change of fortune. As for your desires, they are all so just, that I shall

endeavour what I can to have them all satisfied; not without hope to give you contentment in most of them; the particulars whereof you will receive an account by this bearer, Robin Car; to whom referring you, I rest your most assured, real, faithful, constant friend, CHARLES R.

"Defer your going beyond seas as long as you may, without breaking your word."

The order in the postscript may have been meant as a favour, but was a most dangerous suggestion. Montrose soon discovered, what indeed he had from the first anticipated, that it was the design of the Covenanters to break faith with him, and either to seize him in Scotland, on the pretext that he had allowed the time for his departure to expire, or to reach their prey by means of some English men of war, stationed for that purpose off the mouth of the Esk. The vessel promised by the Estates did not make its appearance in the harbour of Montrose until the last day of August, the utmost limit of his pretended security. The commander of the vessel declared doggedly, that he could not be ready to put to sea for several days. The sailors had been carefully selected of the same stamp, sullen and morose.

"Oh! cruel was the Captain, and cruel was the Crew."[1]

Montrose at once detected in all this, the horns of the Covenant, the cloven foot of Argyle. So, with his usual energetic and adventurous spirit, he provided for his own safety. In the harbour of Stonehaven he discovered a small pinnace belonging to Bergen in Norway, the master of which was easily bribed to be ready by the day appointed. Thither he sent Sir John Hurry, young Drummond of Balloch, Henry Graham, John Spottiswoode (the nephew of the President), John Lilly, and Patrick Melville, both officers of courage and experience, his celebrated chaplain Dr Wishart, David Guthrie, whom the Doctor calls a very brave and gallant gentleman, Pardus Lasound (a Frenchman, who had been Lord Gordon's servant, and ever since his death retained by Montrose), a German boy of the name of

[1] A free translation of Wishart's description of them: "*Navarchus, non modo ignotus, sed et conjuratorum propugnator rudis, ac pertinax; nautæ, militesque ejusdem, farinæ homines, infusi, morosi, ac minabundi.*"

Rodolph, distinguished for his fidelity and honesty, with several trusty domestic servants. These set sail for Norway on the 3d of September. That same evening, Montrose, compelled to disguise himself in a coarse habit, as the servant of the Reverend James Wood, a very worthy clergyman who was his sole companion, reached, by means of a small boat, a wherry that lay at anchor without the port of Montrose. Thus he escaped, says Wishart, " in the year of our Lord 1646, and the thirty-fourth of his age."[1]

Ere we follow our hero abroad, and return with him to his doom, we shall here glance at the ruins he left behind him, his shivered household gods.

Lord Graham, about thirteen years of age, his father was obliged to leave at the mercy of the government. While the Marquis was yet abroad, that most fantastical as well as tyrannical of all democracies, the dominant Kirk, having no pretext for putting the boy to death, paid the House of Graham the compliment of treating him as if the fate of the Kingdom, or of

[1] Burnet labours to establish Hamilton in the lofty position, of having at this time *saved Montrose*, at the request of the King; and also, in that of a *much injured* man, thus returning good for evil. The Bishop asserts, that as the King could command *no vessel*, Hamilton's influence with Middleton, and with the Committee of Estates, was essential to procure for Montrose both the conditions of safety, and the means of fulfilling them. The short answer to him is this. 1. That Hamilton was a man maliciously or unjustly injured by Montrose, is an assertion against conclusive evidence. Montrose was but one of many witnesses, in the high Court of Inquiry which *compelled the King's unwilling conviction*; and although long and deeply attached to Hamilton, and having no tie whatever to Montrose, Charles sent his favourite to prison upon that evidence, and *never reversed the sentence*. 2. There is not a vestige of evidence, other than Burnet's own hearsay gossip, that Montrose was at all beholden to Hamilton, for his escape from Scotland. 3. The letters in our text are contradictory of the assertion. 4. It is not improbable that the King desired Hamilton to use his influence with the Covenanters that the stipulations with Middleton should be *observed*. But, whatever pretence Hamilton may have made, or there be made for him, of his having successfully done so, the *fact* remains, that Montrose was *not saved in that manner*. If Hamilton really was in conjunction at all with the Committee of Estates in that matter, of which there is no evidence, then what must be said is, that Montrose, notwithstanding the guarantee of his Majesty's letters, and Middleton's stipulations, was compelled, for his life, to make his escape in disguise, *from Hamilton and the Committee of Estates*. See Burnet's Memoirs of the Hamiltons, *ad ann.* 1646.

the Covenant, depended upon his training. In the manuscript minutes of the General Assembly, the following characteristic entry appears :—

" Edinburgh, 4th December 1648.—The Commission of Assembly recommends the education of James Graham, son to James Graham, some time Earl of Montrose, to the masters of the universities of St Andrews or Glasgow, or of the college of the new town of Aberdeen, or either of them that his tutors and friends shall think fit to send him to ; recommending also to the said masters, and to the ministers of these towns *respectivè*, to take *special inspection* of the education of the said youth, and to try the qualification, affection, and conversation of any governor that shall be with him."

His younger son, Lord Robert, of whom we can discover no more than that he survived to witness the Restoration, and whom death, as we have seen, had deprived of the guardianship of his mother, was probably left in charge of his successfully trimming grandfather, the Earl of Southesk.

Next in Montrose's affections, and more domesticated with him than his own sons, was his nephew, Archibald, second Lord Napier. It was their fortune to be for a time still more closely united. On the 31st of May 1646, the very day on which was delivered into the hands of Montrose the King's first letter requiring him to lay down his arms, was written that letter, already quoted, in which the young Lord's covenanting and puritanical uncle, the laird of Bowhopple, Culcreuch, and Drumquhannie, so earnestly and eloquently entreats him, not to allow " the preposterous love you carry to him (Montrose) any longer blind the eyes of your understanding, nor miscarry you." He then enters upon a long catalogue of direful consequences, " the sad effects which your preposterous love in following your uncle will produce." He sets before him the picture of " your lady and children reduced to extreme want, whereof they already feel the beginning ; your whole estate being already so cantoned, divided, and taken up, that neither have they their necessary maintenance off it, neither payeth it any of your father's debts, neither shall your sister (Lilias) have anything to maintain her." And the desiderated desertion, by the young nobleman, of his heroic idol, he thus strives to reconcile with his loyalty,—" Now, at this

present time, by *the King's incoming to us*, by his recalling his commissions formerly granted to your uncle, and by the commanding the laying down of arms, it is high time for you to resolve not to adhere any more to your uncle's courses and ways."[1]

Being included in the capitulation with Middleton, Lord Napier remained for a short time in Scotland, to settle his affairs, when his uncle the Marquis quitted it. The Committee of Estates, besides doing what they pleased with all his baronies, benorth and besouth the Forth, compelled Lord Napier to pay two thousand pounds sterling, in name of fine for his escape from Holyrood. Yet his father had already paid about nine hundred pounds sterling for that same offence; and a debt of eight hundred pounds sterling, due to him by the covenanting government, was refused to be taken into account. Beggared at all hands, the young Lord was allowed to retain his title, to remain in Scotland if he pleased, and the bones of his revered father were reluctantly suffered to rest in the kirk of Blair, instead of being dug up to undergo forfeiture,—a savage process which had actually been instituted. But he elected to follow his loyal uncle abroad, instead of attaching himself to his covenanting uncle at home, whose letter of the 31st of May made no impression. In the following month, writing from Cluny in Athole, of date 28th July 1646, six days after Montrose's meeting with Middleton to arrange the capitulation, Napier thus addresses his captive Sovereign, Charles the First:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SACRED MAJESTY:

"Now since it is free for your Majesty's servants, in this kingdom, to live at home or repair abroad at their pleasure, I have taken the boldness, before my departure, humbly to show your Majesty the *passionate* desire I have to do you service; which I have hitherto preferred to all sublunary things; and shall study hereafter, when the *blessed occasion* of serving your Majesty again in this kingdom shall offer, to give greater testimony of my respects to it. Meanwhile, if your Majesty have any commandments to lay upon me, I should think it the greatest happiness to be employed, that he could be capable of who

[1] See before, p. 509, *note*.

shall *inviolably* be your Majesty's most faithful, loyal, and obedient subject and servant, NAPIER."[1]

He was at this time little more than of age, although married and the father of five children. To save a remnant of his estates, it was arranged that his wife, Lady Elizabeth Erskine, should remain in Scotland with the children, while the young Lord, having signed a commission to her and her father the Earl of Mar, dated 2d March 1647, joined Montrose in Paris. Having thus made his election, he was favoured by the liberality of the covenanting government, now in an unusually good humour, with their judicial *permit* to look at his exiled uncle abroad, provided he *cut him* :—

" Edinburgh, 23d October 1646 : The Committee of Estates declares that the Lord Napier his *accidentally meeting with* the late Earl of Montrose, his uncle, abroad out of the country, shall not infer a contravention of his act, provided he *converse not* with the said late Earl."

So much for the eloquence of the godly laird of Bowhopple.

That Napier's young unmarried sister would be left destitute, was an argument not without foundation. In the original record of the covenanting Parliament, there is minuted a petition, of date 13th December 1645, from " Mrs Lilias Naper, daughter lawful to umquhile (late) Archibald Lord Naper." As she was born on the 15th of December 1626, at the date of this petition she had not completed her nineteenth year. The petition, probably drawn for her by her uncle Bowhopple, narrates, that the late Lord had portioned her suitably ; but " now, since his decease, being destitute of parents, having nothing to look for but that sum for the advancement of my fortune, when it shall please God the same shall offer, and in the mean time nothing but the interest and profit thereof to maintain me, and hearing that your Lordships be about to dispone my father's estate *for the use of the public*,"—therefore this young creature,—who had already suffered solitary and dangerous imprisonment, long protracted, because of being the loyal and loving niece of Montrose, —prays them to take her very hard case into consideration. The petition was read in Parliament, and remitted to the

[1] *Original*, Hamilton Archives.

"committee for money." Meanwhile it was agreed to afford her a pittance of aliment. This occurred not long after her uncle's defeat at Philiphaugh. Matters were not mended now. But in prison, or out of prison, tochered or penniless, Lilias Napier never wavered in her devotion to the Monarchy and Montrose. Two months after his departure, she was residing either at the Keir, or the neighbouring town of Stirling; her brother-in-law, Sir George Stirling, having by this time also quitted the country. In a letter, dated on the 6th of November 1646, from Stirling, she thus writes to him (by the opportunity of some other loyalists departing into exile), in a strain melancholy enough, but indicative of a spirit that was neither to be imprisoned, starved, nor *Bowchoppled*, out of its severely tried loyalty.

"DEAR BROTHER:—Though I be glad of so frequent occasions, yet I am sorry they are with *such bearers;* for if business had not gone *miserably* here, there would a been *more ado* with these honest men, who now are forced to leave their own country. I need say no more, since I know by them you will be informed particularly; nor have I *any contentment to write it;* yet, for your satisfaction, I shall acquaint you of what passes hereafter, and constantly shall be your most affectionate sister, and humble servant, LILIAS NAPIER."

"I have sent away the letter to Powrie. Margaret Graham presents her humble service to you.

"For my dear brother, the laird of Keir, these."[1]

Sir George Stirling of Keir took refuge in Holland—departed into exile; and, as they appear to have had no family,[2] probably the Lady of the Keir, whose love for Montrose was equally "preposterous" as her brother's, accompanied her husband. The following letter, to Sir George in his exile, is from Lady Napier's brother, John Lord Erskine, who became ninth Earl

[1] *Original,* Keir Charter-chest.

Ere long we discover this young lady, not twenty years of age at the date of the above letter, living in Holland with her brothers, Lord Napier, and Keir, and their faithful chaplain, Dr Wishart.

[2] Spalding mentions "the laird of Keir *younger*" as having joined Montrose at the same time that young Napier made his escape to his uncle. See before, p. 499. But I suspect Spalding had committed some mistake; as I can discover no other trace of Sir George Stirling having had a son, or any family.

of Mar in 1654. It is dated from Stirling, 16th December 1647.

"HONOURABLE SIR: I confess the letter I received from you, upon your servant's return from Holland, was so great a compliment, as I know not how to answer it so well as by silence: And yet I shall never doubt your respect to me, that honours and esteems you as I do. I am still desirous to know your welfare,—the best news I can hear from thence. Neither have I any to send you from this place, but that their Commissioners are going on with the late Lord Napier's forfeiture, and sueing hard to have that fine which I was surety for him in, at the Parliament at Perth. It is but a *little sum* of 40,000 marks! whereof 20,000 pounds is assigned to the *advocates*, for the service done the State! By this, Sir, you will perceive that matters are not much changed here since you went away. But, let these things go as they will, I am unchangeably, Sir, your most faithful cousin, ERSKINE.

"The unfortunate Marquis of Huntly is taken. How the Commissioners will dispose of him, God knows."[1]

In the month of March following, Huntly, who had slowly, and somewhat elaborately, worked out his own destruction, was executed at the merciless nod of Argyle, his own brother-in-law, —as Ogilvy had warned Aboyne. Huntly's affectionate family chronicler, Patrick Gordon, says that Argyle refused to save him, although "his (Huntly's) sister, my Lady Marchioness of Douglas, with his three daughters, of Drummond, Seaton, and Haddington, went to the Marquis of Argyle on their knees, and begged the life of their father,—but all in vain."

Another striking picture, in that crowded dance of death which the Troubles unfolded in Scotland, was the more leisurely and pleasant exit of Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, no insignificant member of the *dramatis personæ*, his Majesty's Advocate for *his own* interest. Having consummated his great exertions for the Covenanters, by representing Charles the First in that Assembly of the Kirk which produced the Solemn League and Covenant,—an Assembly wherein "the *Moderator* and *Argyle* did so always overawe his Grace, that he made us not great

[1] *Original*, Keir Charter-chest.

trouble,"—and wherein he proved "so wise, and so well dealt with by his *two sons*, that he resolved to say nothing to the Church, or Country's prejudice,"—that ancient jurisconsult was thrown by, upon the weedy shore of anarchy, as a thing completely used up. When the King delivered himself into their hands at Newcastle, the man whom he had the greatest reason to detest and dread, Sir Archibald Johnstone of Warriston, was put forward for the place of King's Advocate. The excuse was, the senility and weakness of the old incumbent. Sir Thomas Hope, the most active promoter of the Scots army that crossed the border and overthrew the Monarchy at Marston-moor, and the most ardent agitator of those male and female crusades against Episcopacy, that were conducted on the outrageous assumption of that form of the Church being "contrary to God's word, and *unlawful in itself*,"—could have no very strong hold of the affections of Charles the First. Not a little surprised must the ruined Monarch have been, by the very simplicity of effrontery displayed in the following letter, addressed to him from such a quarter, when he was in the hands of those who were about to sell his blood for money.

"MOST SACRED SOVEREIGN: The sad and sorrowful times which has intervened, since my letter to your Majesty of 19th August 1643, in which I gave your Majesty an account of my *most humble and faithful service* in that Commission, wherewith I was honoured and *trusted* by your Majesty, to the General Assembly, has made me *dumb and speechless* till now. And albeit occasion of great grief did press me, at the spoiling and captiving of my son Sir Alexander, your Majesty's servant,—whose faithfulness to your Majesty was, and is, free of all blame,—yet trusting to your Majesty's goodness, and waiting for a time when the Lord should be pleased to free your Majesty of all those troubles and tempests wherein your Majesty was then involved, I did neither supplicate for my son's release, nor importune your Majesty for *the allowance due to me* as your Majesty's Commissioner to the foresaid Assembly. But now since it hath pleased the Lord in his great mercy to open a door to peace, by your Majesty's *happy approach* to this your Majesty's native kingdom, I humbly expect that your Majesty,

after trial of my son's behaviour, will give order for redress of his sufferings.

"And because I hear that some, taking occasion of my age, and opinion of my weakness, have been *suitors for my place*,—albeit, blessed be God, the vigour both of my body and spirit is such as is sufficient to undergo my charge,—yet, if so be your Majesty's pleasure to have one adjoined to me, without prejudice to me induring my life, I humbly expect your Majesty will be pleased to hear my humble opinion anent the person; seeing, by my gift ratified in Parliament, I am made *sole and only Advocate* to your Majesty, and to your Majesty's dearest son, the Prince, induring my lifetime. And if your Majesty allow me herein, I shall import my opinion to my Lord Chancellor (Loudon), who will acquaint your Majesty therewith. So, humbly praying the Almighty God to multiply his best blessings upon your Majesty's royal person, kingdoms, and estate, I humbly kiss your Majesty's sacred hand, and rests,—your sacred Majesty's most humble subject and servitor,

"Sir Thomas Hope.

"Edinburgh, 23d June 1646."[1]

He had forgotten to consult the prophetic tags of his left boot, ere writing that letter.[2] While he was thus boasting of "the vigour both of my body and spirit,"—blessing God and worshipping Mammon to the end,—the prime minister, of the first whig, was at the old gentleman's elbow. Grinning Death was shaking his hour-glass over his shoulder. He was dead as his own "*Practiques*" are now, by the month of October thereafter! In a letter dated "Craighall, October 1646," Sir John Hope, the Advocate's son and heir, speaking very solemnly and affectionately of his father's death after five days illness, declares, that "all who were about him heard an old Simeon with praises in his mouth and joy in his heart: This morning he called for me, and, although extremely weak, he himself desired me to join with him,—took up the 23d psalm, and sung it out to the end, distinctly and feelingly: I have made a mighty loss; and, I trow, this land doth share with me also."[3]

[1] *Original*, Wodrow MS. Collections, vol. lxvii. No. 57. *Advocates' Library.*

[2] See before, p. 82.

[3] *Original*, Charter-chest of Bruce of Arnot.

The loss to "this land" was more than compensated by the immediate accession of Sir Archibald Johnstone of Warriston; who, as Lord Advocate, now reigned,—and sold the King,—in the stead of Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall.[1]

[1] There is a prefatory notice of this celebrated lawyer, attached to the print of his Diary edited for the Bannatyne Club in 1643, by its accomplished President, Mr Thomas Thomson; but it is by no means worthy of the literary reputation of that great legal and historical antiquary. After a few hasty and ill considered comments upon the character of Charles the First's Lord Advocate, he says: "A collection of the letters of this distinguished person would, probably, afford additional illustrations of his own character, as well as of the momentous events of his own time; very few of these are at present known to exist." Probably they would. We have now produced one, tolerably characteristic, from the manuscript room of the Advocates' Library. But was the grave and profound editor laughing in his sleeve, when he wrote of Sir Thomas Hope's "veneration for the ancient Monarchy, and his anxiety for its preservation,—his grateful affection for the person of the King, and his anxious regards for his welfare?" And this appended to a Diary where, *inter alia*, we find such a private comment, by the King's own Advocate, upon the success of his Majesty's arms at Inverlochy, as this,—"God be merciful to us! The Lord be merciful to this poor Kirk, and Kingdom, for this is a sad and heavy stroke!" Their "old Simeon" would have burnt his wig for joy, had the above character of him been in any degree deserved. Then how does he record the battle of Marston-moor? "This day was the battle at York betwixt Prince Rupert *for the King*, and the General of the Scots' army, the Earl of Leven, assisted with Sir Thomas Fairfax and Lord Manchester; where *our army*, by the *blessing of God*, was victorious, and Prince Rupert defeated!" Sir Thomas Hope, and his numerous family of thriving sons, owed all their advancement and success to Charles the First, and requited him *shamefully*. The great official himself, after exulting in every defeat of the Crown, that brought his royal benefactor nearer and nearer to the scaffold whereon he was murdered, gave up the ghost while in the act of asking the helpless Monarch for *more favours!*

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEW CONJUNCTION OF HAMILTON AND ARGYLE—RENEWED ATTEMPT OF MONTROSE TO UNITE THE LOYALTY OF THE NORTH—TRANSMITS HIS SCHEME TO HENRIETTA MARIA—HER COLD RECEPTION OF IT, UNDER EVIL COUNSELS—HER CORRESPONDENCE WITH MONTROSE—AFFECTING LETTER FROM THE KING TO MONTROSE ABROAD—HAMILTON PREVAILS IN PARLIAMENT AGAINST ARGYLE, AND WITH THE QUEEN AGAINST MONTROSE—ARGYLE COLLEAGUES WITH CROMWELL—MONTROSE WITHDRAWS FROM THE COURT OF THE QUEEN—HIS LETTER TO THE LAIRD OF KEIR—DE RETZ AND MONTROSE—LETTER FROM LORD NAPIER, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF MONTROSE'S RECEPTION AND MOVEMENTS ABROAD—HAMILTON'S PATRONAGE OF KING CHARLES—ARGYLE'S PATRONAGE OF CROMWELL.

MONTROSE was not deceived as to the present condition of the King. That this strangely renewed conjunction of Hamilton and Argyle could be productive of no good, he had the best reason to believe. Nor did his Majesty's prospects appear to be brightened by the fact, that, on the death of Sir Thomas Hope, the person whom he was constrained to receive as his Advocate, was the vindictive and savage minion of the Kirk. Indeed the faction now openly declared, that the only condition, on which they could secure even his personal safety, was that he should "take the Covenant," whether against his conscience or not, and sacrifice "James Graham" at the altar of their envy and hate. Under these circumstances, before quitting the country, Montrose exerted himself to organize a northern combination, or *Engagement* (as such bonds were then termed), to save his Sovereign. He had been given to understand that Charles intended to employ him in the capacity of Ambassador-Extraordinary at Paris, where, under the directions of Henrietta Maria, he should endeavour to move the foreign powers to come to the rescue of the British Monarchy. Preparatory to this mission he had been most active, after his army was dis-

banded, in ascertaining what force the loyal chiefs in the north of Scotland could bring into the field, if supported by the countenance of the Queen of England, the Prince of Wales, and their foreign allies. Probably he had found means of communicating this design to the King, which would account for the expressions in his Majesty's letter of the 21st of August: "Montrose, in all kinds of fortune you find a way more and more to oblige me. Delay your going as long as you can, without breaking your word." Certain it is, that, shortly before he made his escape to Norway, he had dispatched his friend, Lord Crawford, with written proposals, to be submitted to the Queen and her counsellors at Paris. Crawford, accordingly, set out in the first place for Ireland, to communicate with the Marquis of Antrim, and from thence proceeded to France, where he arrived with his instructions so early as the month of October 1646.

Unfortunately, at this time Henrietta Maria was almost entirely guided by the advice of her favourite, Lord Jermyn, a vicious courtier, who conceived a great jealousy of Montrose, when he understood that he was on his way to France. The nature of his mission was already known to Jermyn through Ashburnham, who had joined the councils of her Majesty when driven from his royal master soon after their unfortunate journey to Newark. The Queen's favourite, therefore, took all occasions of detracting from the merits of the King's champion, and selfishly laboured to counteract any scheme, however loyal, which seemed to interfere with his own influence. No one ought to have been welcomed with greater cordiality at the court of Henrietta than the Marquis of Montrose. Yet his approach to Paris is mentioned by Jermyn, in a letter to the King, as coldly as possible, and only from the necessity of reporting the arrival of Lord Crawford, with the propositions already mentioned. It appears from the correspondence, preserved among the Clarendon papers, that while the Queen's Presbyterian advisers so unfeelingly urged Charles to sacrifice his conscience to the Covenant, Lords Jermyn and Colepepper, on the 19th of October 1646, thus write:—"The Earl of Crawford came hither six days since from Scotland, by the way of Ireland. His business is to propose to the Queen, in the name of Montrose (whom we expect here every day) and himself, and many

noblemen and gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, a design to raise for your service an army of thirty thousand men, with which he proposes to reduce Scotland this winter entirely under your obedience; and from thence to march into England (he nameth London itself) and to do as much. He hath showed her Majesty a list of all the persons of quality that are to be the heads of these men; and of the numbers which they are to bring, armed with a fusee, sword, and target; and affirms that they will all engage themselves accordingly, if the Queen and Prince shall encourage them so to do. Their quarrel is to be, to free your Majesty from imprisonment. For they take you to be under restraint, and no better than a prisoner." The letter goes on, in a cold depreciating tone, to mention the support required by Montrose in money and Irish troops; and then they say: "We only from them make this relation to you, to whom we leave the judgment, as better understanding the condition and power of Scotland, and the probability of the design than we do." It is added, however, that the Queen had already despatched an express to the Highlands in her own name; and that another had gone in name of Prince Charles, desiring these loyal noblemen and gentlemen, "to respite their reasons a little, until she may more particularly hear from you, and know in what condition your person and affairs are. The Lord Crawford seems to fear nothing but that they will be tampered with, to be taken off with great offers, before they shall be encouraged from hence."[1]

It is singular that in the Queen's letter to his Majesty of the very same date, Montrose's *Engagement* is only cursorily mentioned, and he himself neither named nor alluded to, though expected in Paris every day. All that she says on the subject

[1] A list of the forces is given in the letter, and it is added, "My Lord Brentford has seen the list, and says he knows all the persons, and that he believes they are able to make good the numbers mentioned in the paper." "The Marquis of Antrim, in name of Clandonnell, 2000 men; Maclean, 2000; Macranald, 1300; Macleod of Harris, 1000; Sir James Macdonnell, 2000; Earl of Seaforth, 2000; the Lord Rea, 1200; the country of Athol and Badenoch, 3000; Clangregor, and Farquharson, 1200; Grant, 1000; Clanchattan and Strathern men, 1000; the Marquis of Huntly, 1500; the Earl of Airly, 400; the Earl of Airth, 700; Macniell of Bara, 500; Glengarry, 500; the Earl of Nithisdale, 1000; the Marquis of Montrose, 1000; the Lord Dalkeith, 100 horse. Total, 23,400."

is,—"My Lord Crawford is arrived, who brings me very great offers on the part of your adherents in Scotland; with respect to which I shall take all necessary steps." This reserve is the more remarkable, that, in the same letter, she says,—"I have received no letters from you this week, which makes me very uneasy, as we hear from London that the Scots are resolved to deliver you into the hands of the Parliament."[1]

The King's reply to these heartless letters does not appear. That every possible aid and encouragement ought to have been given to the warlike chiefs who were willing to attempt his rescue, was soon made manifest. Instead of which the Queen had already written to the Highlands an order nearly equivalent to declining their services! On the 2d of January thereafter, Charles writes:—"Dear Heart,—I must tell thee, that now I am *declared* what I have really been ever since I came to this army, which is a prisoner. For the governor told me some four days since, that he was commanded to secure me, lest I should make an escape; the difference being only this, that heretofore my escape was easy enough, but now it is most difficult, if not *impossible*." Shortly afterwards the villanous transaction was concluded, which, when announced to the deserted Monarch, caused him to exclaim, "Then am I *bought and sold*." Hamilton's conduct upon this occasion was in keeping with the whole tenor of his life. Having done much to cause and nothing to avert the disgraceful result, he and his brother Lanerick, at the eleventh hour, *protested* against the sale of the King. But he received thirty thousand pounds as his own share of the price; to Argyle an equal share was allotted; Sir Archibald Johnston, "His Majesty's Advocate," received three thousand; fifteen thousand were set aside for "Argyle's friends;" while the zealots of the clergy were rewarded in proportion to their zeal.

After Charles knew his fate, and a few days before he was delivered into the hands of the commissioners sent by the Parliament, he thus wrote to Montrose, from "Newcastle, January 21st, 1647:"—

[1] Clarendon Papers, vol. ii. p. 271.

"MONTROSE: Having no cypher with you, I think not fit to write but what I care not though all the world read it. First, then, I congratulate your coming to the Low Countries, hoping before this that ye are safely arrived at Paris. Next, I refer you to this trusty bearer for the knowledge of my present condition, which is such, as all the directions I am able to give you is to desire you to dispose of yourself as *my wife shall advise you;* knowing that she truly esteems your worth; for she is mine, and I am your most assured, real, faithful, constant friend,

"CHARLES R."[1]

Charles had been misinformed as to Montrose's progress. At the date of the above letter he was at Hamburgh. He had reached Bergen in Norway, the port to which the vessel belonged, some time in September. From thence he journeyed to Christiana, and soon afterwards embarked for Denmark. His immediate object was to obtain an audience of Christian V., the maternal uncle and most friendly ally of his royal master. But when he arrived in Denmark he learnt that the King was in Germany. So he again embarked, and crossing the Baltic, passed through Holstein, and established himself at Hamburgh. There he remained for some time, anxiously expecting tidings of the fate of Charles, and the result of his own negociation with the Queen.

It is remarkable that, although Henrietta Maria, so early as the month of *October*, had received Montrose's propositions, and immediately thereafter had transmitted a despatch to Scotland for the purpose of *checking the ardour* of the loyal chiefs, her first letter to Montrose himself, should have been dated so late as the *5th of February following*, and appear to treat his proposals as if they were most welcome. She writes from Paris, on the 5th of February, 1647:—

"COUSIN: I am very happy to have this opportunity of writing to you in the mean time, until I can furnish you with more ample despatches, regarding the proposition submitted to me by my Lord Crawford on your part, and that of several good servants of his Majesty in the Highlands of Scotland, of which I *approve extremely;* and, as I hold it to be of great importance

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room.

to the service of his Majesty, I shall do all that I can to further it, and labour therein with all my power. This letter is merely to tell you generally of what you shall be more particularly informed by myself in the ensuing week; and also to assure you, that I shall never be contented until I am able to prove, by deeds, the estimation in which I hold yourself, and the services you have rendered to the King, so that you may be satisfied that I am truly your very good and affectionate cousin and friend,

"HENRIETTA MARIA."[1]

Meanwhile, the Marquis himself had communicated with her Majesty. For, on the 12th of February, she again writes to him,—"I have received your letters, one that came by the Sound, and the other with Major Car, and am extremely rejoiced to learn the condition you are in, the rebels having spread a report that you had been defeated.[2] I wish I could give you as good an account of the state of affairs in England. I have commanded Jermyn to write to you more fully, and this bearer to tell you, moreover, what I cannot venture to commit to writing. Therefore, referring you to them, I conclude with the assurance that I am so deeply impressed with the faithful and great services you have rendered to the King, that I shall always have your interests as much at heart, and more so, than my own. Believe this, I entreat of you, and that I am," &c.

While our hero was entertained by these fine words, for it does not appear that he got any instructions whatever from Jermyn on the subject of the northern *Engagement*, the intelligence reached him that the King had been sold to the Parliament. He then quitted Hamburgh, and was on his way through Flanders to Paris, when met by Ashburnham, bearing the following letter to him from the Queen, dated Paris, March 15:—

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. All the Queen's letters are written in French. See "Memorials of Montrose," where the whole series is printed, as written, in order of their dates.

[2] This seems to mean a report that he had been driven out of Scotland in consequence of the defeat of his troops. But so far was this from being the case, that, when Montrose was desired to lay down his arms, he was on the point of becoming again most formidable to the Covenanters. This they well knew. Baillie, in a letter dated 26th June, 1646, says,—"We are afraid Montrose and Antrim lay not down arms; and if the King *escape to them*, it will be a *woful case*."

"The moment," she says, "that I was apprized of your arrival in Holland, I became anxious to assure you, by this letter, of the continuance of my estimation of the services which you have rendered to his Majesty. I feel assured you will go on in that course whenever you can; your own deeds afford a testimony that is not to be doubted; on the other hand, I hope you will believe that there is nothing within my power I would not do to shew my gratitude to you. I have charged Ashburnham to speak to you more particularly of *something* for the service of the King. Referring you to him, in whom you may place the most implicit reliance, I conclude with repeating the assurance, that I am very sincerely, Cousin, your affectionate cousin and constant friend, HENRIETTA MARIA."

The truth is, Lord Jermyn had already defeated Montrose's scheme, and counteracted whatever inclination the Queen herself might have had to entertain it. And while he thus averted any application of her finances in which he was not to participate,[1] he also endeavoured to exclude from her court and presence the distinguished character now on his way thither. Accordingly, the "something," with which Ashburnham was charged for his ear, proved to be a proposition that he should *return forthwith to Scotland*, without seeing her Majesty, and there renew the war, entirely upon his own credit and resources! And this, too, after the Queen (as appears by Jermyn's letter to Charles) had herself given the Highland chiefs reason to believe that their loyal services were *not particularly required*.

To Ashburnham's discouraging message Montrose replied, that he was on his way to Paris by the command of his Majesty, and must fulfil his mission; that he had no means of renewing the war in Scotland without the countenance and aid of the Queen,

[1] The manner in which the thoughtless Queen dissipated her slender resources and hurt her credit, is indicated by the following note, written by Secretary Nicholas to Clarendon, 8th March 1647, the very time that Montrose was on his way to Paris: "I hear that the Queen hath lately made a marriage between two of her French servants; which, it is said, hath cost her two thousand pistoles. For she gave a bed, and furniture for a chamber, and six suits of cloaths to the bride, besides plate and other presents. I hear she hath received all or most of her money, but pays not her servants. Keep this to yourself."—*Clarendon State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 344.

who appeared to be unable to assist him; that the loyalty of his northern friends had been much depressed by the order to lay down their arms; that Huntly himself had been lately overpowered, and the ardour for the cause in those quarters required a new stimulus; that when he reached Paris, and had paid his respects to her Majesty, he should feel proud of any service put upon him by her, however dangerous and hopeless it might be; but felt assured that he would not find it to be her opinion that he should disregard his Majesty's commands,—which were, to proceed to the French capital and receive his instructions *from herself*. Ashburnham had then the effrontery to affect concern for the Marquis's personal safety; and entreated him to return and make his peace with the Covenanters, court their friendship, and thereby preserve himself and friends for better times. "No one," replied Montrose, "has shown himself more forward in the King's behalf than I have. But I would not obey the King himself, if he told me to do that which would be dishonourable to me and prejudicial to him."

When Montrose arrived in Paris, he went directly to the Queen, and endeavoured to persuade her of the absolute necessity of using every possible means of raising an army at home and abroad, to rescue her husband. But his eloquent appeal was as fruitless upon this occasion as it had been at a former crisis in the fate of Charles. They had not met since his advice had been rejected at York, in 1642, and all had proved as he then predicted. Nay, Argyle had sold the King's life for money, and *Hamilton* shared the spoil! "The Queen answered him," says Dr Wishart, "with a heavy heart, but without explaining herself sufficiently: For, when she was allowed to follow her own inclinations, she was greatly disposed to encourage and advance this noble person, who, of all the King's subjects, had done him the most valuable service: But being deluded by the artifices of her courtiers, who vaunted of the power and riches of the Presbyterians, sometimes in a cajoling and at other times in a menacing manner, she was forced into opposite measures, and perplexed Montrose with various and contradictory sentiments."

Montrose had also been led to expect, from Charles's letters, that on his arrival at Paris he would receive from the Queen

not only full and explicit instructions, upon which he could immediately act, but also his *credentials*, as Ambassador-Extraordinary. He was told at Paris, however, that there were no directions or credentials for him there; although Ashburnham informed him *privately*, that he himself had been sent to apprize her Majesty of the King's intentions to that effect, and had done so accordingly. But "Lord Jermyn, by his address and interest at court, got everything rejected that tended to lessen his power or obstruct his profit."

Meanwhile Charles the First, now approaching the termination of his sufferings, was so strictly confined and closely watched by his present keepers, that he had no means of communicating with any of his friends. Perhaps this was the bitterest moment of our hero's life, when he found himself again rejected by the Queen of England, and forgotten as it seemed by the King himself, after all his labours and sacrifices, and while still devoted to save him. The noble and significant romance of his affection is illustrated by this interesting fact, not hitherto known, that in the midst of his fruitless endeavours at Paris, some time between the months of March and June 1647, he had sent Charles *a sword*, which the King received. From the end of January to the beginning of June, Charles had been rigorously confined at Holdenby, in the county of Northampton. But on the 3d of the latter month a new crisis occurred. "One Joyce," a madman whom the times had transmuted from a tailor into a cornet, at the head of a body of horse, seized the sacred person of his Majesty, and transferred him from the Parliament to Cromwell and his partisans. In his progress to Hampton Court, where the army for a time mocked him with the insignia of monarchy, he had passed through Newmarket, from whence he found an opportunity of writing this most affecting and probably his last letter to Montrose. It is dated "Newmarket, 19th June 1647."

"MONTROSE: When ye shall truly know my present condition, ye will rather wonder that I have received and answered yours, than that this bearer, the last time, went empty from me. But not being confident of the safe delivery of this, nor having any cipher with you, I think not fit to write freely unto you. Therefore, I desire you to *take directions from my wife*

what ye are to do: And be confident that no time, place, or condition, shall make me other than your most assured, real, faithful, constant friend, CHARLES R.

"*I thank you for the sword ye sent me.* Commend me to all my friends that are with you."[1]

As Charles was suffered to keep his old state at Hampton Court, and permitted to engage in devotion with his own chaplains, and even to see his children, this deceitful lull, in the hurricane of his fortunes, brought some comfort even to himself, and caused an impression to go abroad that his complete restoration was about to be effected. Montrose had heard of this changed condition of the Monarch, but entertained no sanguine hopes as to the result, as will appear from his allusion to it in the following letter, addressed to his exiled nephew, the laird of Keir. It is addressed "For the right worshipful Sir George Stirling of Keir, In Holland;" and is dated "*near Paris*, 26th July 1647."

"MON FRERE: I received yours, and am very glad of your welfare, being in some trouble on contrary conjectures; not hearing hitherto from yourself, or of the receipt of the Queen and Prince's letters; or from any other hand concerning your being in those parts: For Balloch spoke nothing at all to me. As for your business there, I am afraid you find it longsome: But if matters stand with the King *as we are made to understand*, or if it please God they go well with myself any other where, I hope you shall not need to think upon yourself, but leave me to do it. As for that which you spoke long ago concerning Lilias,[2] I have been thinking, but to no purpose: For there is neither Scots man nor woman *welcome that way:* Neither would any of honour and virtue, *chiefly a woman*, suffer themselves to live in

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. Does this sword exist? See before, p. 580.

[2] His niece, Lilias Napier. Probably this refers to some proposal to find a place for her at court. It is to be feared that Montrose's severe expressions refer to the court of Henrietta Maria, and the state of society in Paris. Compare this, and also the King's reiterated commands to Montrose, to apply for instructions to the Queen, with the narratives of Clarendon and Burnet, the one depreciatory, the other scandalous, and both false, as regards Montrose. See the two next chapters. Lilias Napier ultimately resided with her brother Lord Napier and Dr Wishart, in Holland.

so lewd and worthless a place. So you may satisfy that person, and divert her thoughts resolutely from it. Wishing you all happiness, I am your faithfullest and affectionate brother,

"MONTROSE."[1]

In this letter, it will be observed he alludes to some prospects of his own abroad, if the King should no longer require his services. Indignant at his reception by Henrietta Maria, and disgusted with the petty intrigues of her advisers, he was now keeping aloof from her Court. But, while slighted and disparaged by the vicious minion, and silly retainers of the Queen, the eyes of France were upon him. The celebrated Cardinal De Retz, then coadjutor to the Archbishop of Paris, became attached to him during his residence there; and even in the full flow of that entertaining melange of history, politics, wit, and debauchery, entitled his memoirs, he pauses with dignity on the name of Montrose, and portrays him with the hand of a master. This celebrated churchman had introduced the hero to Mazarine, and was the medium of some attempt to engage the Marquis in the service of France, by offers of the most distinguished commands. But Montrose, owing to causes that will appear in the sequel, suddenly broke off the negotiation, and went to Germany; for which reason he seems to have been slighted by the great minister, on his casual return to Paris. The ardent De Retz resented what he considered a disrespect to his noble friend, and narrates it as one of several circumstances that had placed himself in opposition to the minister of France. Then it is that the friend of Condé and Turenne takes occasion to exclaim,—"Le Comte de Montross, Ecossois, et chef de la maison de Graham, le seul homme du monde qui m'ait jamais rapellé l'idée de certains heros que l'on ne voit plus que dans les vies de Plutarque, avoit soûtenir le parti du Roi d'Angleterre dans son païs, avec une grandeur d'ame qui n'en avoit point de pareille en ce siècle."

In the month of November 1647, Charles was again induced to seek safety in flight, as some ominous circumstances had occurred to dissipate the semblance of freedom and security he had lately enjoyed. The result was that he placed himself still

[1] *Original*, Keir Charter-chest.

more within the power of his enemies, by his ill-judged retreat to the Isle of Wight. Shortly afterwards, Cromwell proposed, to a secret council of the army, the trial and judgment of their Sovereign as a tyrant and traitor to the State. Montrose had long been satisfied, that betwixt the saints of Cromwell and the saints of Argyle, however they might quarrel over the spoils of the constitution, there was no broader distinction than what Salmasius is somewhere said to have thus expressed,—that the Presbyterians held down the King while the Independents cut his throat. It was, therefore, with disgust and alarm he learnt, that the championship for Charles was now to be taken up by the weak and vicious government of Scotland, who sent their commissioners to the Isle of Wight, to treat with his Majesty in the name of that Covenant which the Independents had declared in the House of Commons to be "an almanack out of date." Hamilton, who had signally failed in every military command, who had never been successful in the management of his Majesty's civil affairs, and who in all his transactions had exposed himself to the suspicion of treason,—Argyle, who in every expedition had brought disgrace upon himself personally, and in political questions had ever proved himself to be (in the words of his father) a "man of craft, subtlety, and falsehood," —these two were now competitors for the honour of raising the Monarchy they had pulled down, and saving the King they had sold. But they differed as to the *principle* upon which they were to take up arms. Argyle proposed, as the sole cause of quarrel, that *Presbyterian government* had not been established in England in terms of the Solemn League and Covenant, although *Episcopacy* had been actually abolished. His rival, while he admitted this to be the chief cause of the war, proposed the special reason that the King was unjustly detained prisoner, contrary to the promises given to the Scots at Newcastle. Hamilton appealed to the covenanting Parliament; Argyle to the Assembly of the Kirk. These tribunals now came into violent collision. As the influence of the former at this time prevailed, they voted, on the 3d of May 1648, an army of thirty thousand foot and six thousand horse, and nominated Hamilton to the chief command. Thus discomfited, King Campbell, for once in the minority of a covenanting Parliament, but still

faithfully supported by his Majesty's Advocate, Sir Archibald Johnstone, put himself into secret communication with Oliver Cromwell, and invited him to espouse the cause of the Kirk, in opposition to the more loyal movement of the other faction.

Shortly before these transactions, the Scottish commissioners, in their new character of champions for the Throne against the democrats of England, opened a communication with the Queen and the Prince of Wales, to obtain their sanction and aid in furtherance of *Hamilton's* "Engagement." Sir William Fleming, an undoubted loyalist, brother to the Earl of Wigton, and nearly related to Montrose, became, from some accident or other, the bearer of their propositions to Paris. Hence our Marquis soon heard of the treaty, and did not fail to give his unreserved opinion to the Queen on the subject. He truly represented the tainted sources whence this proffered aid arose, and that no safety to the King, or honour to the country, was likely to proceed from that anomalous alliance, so tyrannically based upon such a charter as the Solemn League and Covenant. Besides, that army must be committed either to the leading of Hamilton or Argyle, whose names, as commanders, were only coupled with defeat and disgrace. Nor was there one person among the leaders of the present movement that had not been notoriously connected with the ruin of the royal cause.

Once again our hero submitted his conservative views to Queen Henrietta Maria, at Paris, early in the spring of 1648. Once again he found himself competing in her Majesty's cabinet with the counsels of Hamilton. Their respective careers, since last they met in such rivalry, ought to have left the Duke in a minority of one. But the Jermyn influence was paramount in her counsels. That influence was hostile to the personal success of Montrose. And hence it came, that Queen Henrietta Maria was impelled to cast the fate of her husband, and his kingdoms, upon a sickly Presbyterian faction in Scotland, which had neither the vigour of covenanting vice, nor the security of Christian integrity. Under these circumstances it was that Montrose, casting aside all his brilliant prospects in France, suddenly quitted Paris about the end of March 1648, and sought the Emperor of Germany. There a Field-marshal's baton awaited him. And this he thought now the most likely

means of promoting the protection of his Sovereign, and the restoration of the Monarchy.

Such was the state of affairs, and the position of our hero, when Lord Napier wrote the following letter to his lady in Scotland, who then little dreamt that in a few fleeting months she was to procure, at the risk of her own life, the heart of their adored Montrose, from his mutilated body buried under the common gibbet, within sight of her dwelling. It is dated "Brussels, 14th June 1648."

"My dearest Heart: I did forbear these two months to write unto you, till I should hear from my Lord Montrose, that I might have done it for good and all. But fearing that may take some time, I resolved to give you an account of all my Lord's proceedings, and the reasons which did invite me to come to this place.

"Montrose then (as you did hear[1]) was in treaty with the French, who, in my opinion, did offer him very honourable conditions, which were these:—First, that he should be General to the Scots in France, and Lieutenant-General to the royal army, when he joined with them, commanding all Mareschals of the Field. As likewise to be Captain of the Gens-d'armes, with twelve thousand crowns a-year of pension, besides his pay; and assurance the next year to be Mareschal of France, and Captain of the King's own guard, which is a place bought and sold at a hundred and fifty thousand crowns. But these two last places were not insert amongst his other conditions, only promised him by the Cardinal Mazarine. But the others were all articles of their capitulation, which I did see in writing, and used all the inducements and persuasions I could to make him embrace them. He seemed to hearken unto me, which caused me at that time to show you that I hoped shortly to acquaint you with things of more certainty, and to better purpose, than I had done formerly. But while I was thus in hope and daily expectation of his present agreement with them, he did receive advertisements from Germany, that he would be welcome to

[1] It is to be regretted that no more of this interesting correspondence has been discovered.

the Emperor. Upon which he took occasion to send for me, and began to quarrel with the conditions were offered him, and said that any employment below a Mareschal of France was inferior to him; and that the French had become enemies to our King, and did labour still to foment the differences betwixt him and his subjects (that he might not be capable to assist the Spaniard, whom they thought he was extremely inclined to favour), and that if he did engage with them he would be forced to connive and wink at his Prince's ruin; and for these reasons he would let the treaty desert, and go into Germany, where he would be honourably appointed. Which sudden resolution did extremely trouble and astonish me. I was very desirous he should settle in France, and did use again all the arguments I could to make him embrace such profitable conditions: As, if he had been once in charge, I am confident, in a very short time he should have been one of the most considerable strangers in Europe. For, believe it, they had a huge esteem of him. Some eminent persons there came to see him, who refused to make the first visit to the Embassadors Extraordinary of Denmark and Sweden; yet did not stand to salute him first, with all the respect that could be imagined.[1]

"But to the purpose. He, seeing me a little ill satisfied with the course he was going to take, did begin to dispute the matter with me, and, I confess, convinced me so *with reason*, that I rested content, and was desirous he should *execute his resolution with all imaginable speed;* and did agree that I should stay at my exercises in Paris till the end of the month, and go often to court, make visits, and ever in public places, at comedies, and such things, still letting the word go that my uncle was gone to the country for his health. Which was always believed so long as they saw me. For it was ever said that *Montrose and his nephew were like the Pope and the Church, who would be inseparable.*[2] Whereas if I had gone away with him, and left my

[1] It is manifest from this account that Montrose had his Sovereign's interests at heart rather than his own. Compare this with Clarendon's depreciatory and most unjust statement of Montrose's proceedings, quoted in the next chapter.

[2] Compare this explanation, of Montrose's quitting Paris and France at this time, with the scandalous calumny recorded by Burnet, of which we shall dispose in a subsequent chapter.

Engd by R Bell Edin.r from the original by Jameson in the possession of the Lord Napier.

—it was ever sayde of Montrose and his Nephewes was lyke ye pope and the church who wold be inexpugnable; —

My dearest lyfe

only yours

Napier

exercises abruptly, in the middle of the month, his course would have been presently discovered. For how soon I had been missed, they would instantly have judged me to be gone somewhere with him. Then search had been made everywhere; and if he had been taken going to any of the house of Austria, who were their enemies, you may think they would have staid him, which might have been dangerous both to his person, credit, and fortune. So there was no way, to keep his course close, but for me to stay behind him at my exercises, (as I had done for a long time before), till I should hear he were out of all hazard. Which I did, according to all the instructions he gave me.

" The first letter I received from him was dated from Geneva. So when I perceived he was out of French ground, I resolved to come here to Flanders, where I might have freedom of correspondence with him; as also liberty to go to him when it pleased him to send for me, which I could not do conveniently in France. For I was afraid, how soon his course should chance to be discovered, that they might seek assurance of me and others not to engage with their enemy, which is ordinary in such cases. Yet would I never have given them any; but thought best to prevene it. And besides, I had been at so great a charge, for a month after his way-going, with staying at Court, and keeping of a coach there, which I hired, and coming back to Paris, and living at a greater rate than I did formerly (all which was his desire, yet did consume much moneys), and fearing to be short, that I did resolve rather to come here and live privately, than to live in a more inferior way in France than I had done formerly. So these gentlemen which belonged to my Lord, hearing of my intention, would, by any means, go along. And we went all together to Haver-de-grace, where we took ship for Middleburgh, and from thence came here, where we are daily expecting Montrose's commands. Which, how soon I receive them, you shall be advertised by him who entreats you to believe that he shall study most carefully to conserve the quality, he has hitherto inviolably kept, of continuing,—My dearest life, only yours, NAPIER."

Postscript.

" MY HEART: I received letters from you that came by

France, wherein you desire to know if I have taken on any debt in France, as my friends did conceive. This answer I do yet give you, that my fortune nor no friend shall ever be troubled with the charge of anything I did spend there. At my parting from France, there went in my company above fifteen that did belong to my Lord Montrose. Amongst which was Mons. Hay, Kinnoul's brother, and several others of good quality. We were forced to lie long at Rouen and Haver, for passage; so that our journey to Brussels was above a thousand francs. And now we have been near six weeks in it, which has consumed both my moneys and theirs. But we expect letters from Montrose shortly, and bills of exchange; till which time we intend to go out of this place. And ere I be very troublesome to you, I shall live upon one meal a-day. I have been most civilly used in this town by many of good quality; and was the last day invited by the Jesuits to their college, where I received handsome entertainment. After long discourse, they told me that, if I liked, the King of Spain should maintain me. But I shewed them that I would not live by any King of Christendom's charity. They said it was no charity, for many of eminent places received allowance from him. I told them, if I did him *service*, what he bestowed upon me *then* I might justly take; but to be a burden to him otherwise, I would never do it. But I know their main end was to try if they could persuade me to turn Catholic. But I shall, God willing, resist all their assaults, as well as their fellows who plied me so hard in Paris. Another reason why I would remove from this town is, that I received advertisement, both from Paris and the Court of St Germains, that it was resolved the Prince of Wales should go to Scotland, and had already received his pass from the Archduke Leopold to go by Brussels to Holland, where he was to take ship. So, hearing of the Prince's coming here, and knowing the undeserved favourable opinion he had of me, which he often and publicly professed, made me fear he should desire me to go with him to Scotland. Which you know I could not do, for I was not assured that *they would keep truth*. And to refuse the Prince, who is my master, and to whom I am so infinitely obliged, would give ground to some of my uncle's unfriends to say, hereafter, that I refused to hazard with the Prince, or take

one fortune with him. So I resolve to shift myself timeously from this place, and shun such a business, that would give enemies advantage. But if it were not for my credit,[1] which would suffer by my coming to Scotland, and though I were not commanded by the Prince, I would go six times as far elsewhere, through all dangers imaginable, *only to see you.* I confess I have satisfaction in nothing whilst we live at such distance. For though I should enjoy all those things which others do esteem felicities, yet, if I do not enjoy your company, they are rather crosses than pleasures to me; and I should be more contented to live with you meanly, in the deserts of Arabia, than without you in the most fruitful place in the world, plentifully, and with all the delights it could afford. You may possibly think these *compliments*, as you showed me once before, when I wrote kindly to you. But, God knows, they flow from a real and ingenuous heart. And if it had not been for waiting on Montrose (which I hope I shall have no reason to repent, for he hath sworn often *to prefer my weal to his own*), I might before this time have settled somewhere. For, just before my parting from Paris, I received letters from some friends at Madrid in Spain, that, if I pleased, I should have a commission for a regiment, and ten pistoles of levy-moneys for every man. Which was a good condition, for I could have gained at least forty thousand merks upon the levying of those men. But I hope my uncle will provide no worse for me. The reason why I am so impatient to engage is, to have your company. For I am sure you will not refuse to come to me when you hear I am able honourably to maintain you. I pray you do not show this letter except to *very confident friends;* and that which is written after my subscription *to none.* Lord be with you.

"Be pleased, dear Heart, to let me have one thing which I did almost forget—*your picture*, in the breadth of a sixpence,—without a case, for they may be had better and handsomer here,—and I will wear it upon a ribbon under my doublet, so long as it, or I, lasts.

"I cannot express how much I am obliged to Sir Patrick Drummond and his lady, at Camphire. The particulars you shall know with the first occasion.

[1] His covenanting uncle, Bowhopple, and other relations, had become caution for him when he was permitted to go into exile.

"Send your picture as I desire it. The other is so big as I cannot wear it about me. *Montrose, at his way-going, gave me his picture*, which I caused put in a gold case of the same bigness I desire your's."[1]

It was in the beginning of April 1648, that Montrose quitted France, and travelled through Switzerland, Tyrol, Bavaria, and Austria. Not finding the Emperor at Vienna, he followed him to Prague, where his Imperial Majesty received him most graciously, bestowed upon him the baton of a Field-marshal of the Empire, and honoured him with every mark of consideration.[2] The object of the Marquis was not his own aggrandizement in foreign service, but to save Charles the First. Hence he had rejected the brilliant offers of France; and the reasons by which he satisfied his nephew were, that he intended to make interest with Ferdinand to be commissioned to raise some independent regiments, and to be employed in those quarters from whence he could most readily and effectually assist his own King. His negotiation was completely successful. He was invested with the command, immediately under the Emperor himself, of levies to be raised on the borders of Flanders. At the same time he

[1] *Original*, Napier Charter-chest. Unfortunately no more of Lord Napier's correspondence with his lady, and none of his correspondence with Montrose, has been discovered. This is the more to be regretted, from the interesting and communicative style of that in the text. There are few domestic letters of the period so long; and still fewer that combine such curious and affecting touches of domestic interest, with minute historical information, regarding so conspicuous a character as Montrose. The letter happens to supply precisely those details of the great Marquis's reception and movements abroad, during the interval betwixt his departure from Scotland and the murder of Charles I., that are not to be met with, or have been falsely recorded elsewhere. While Clarendon was so meanly and inaccurately portraying Montrose at this time, as to subject the historian to the charge of wilful misrepresentation; and Burnet, still later, was weaving his calumnious gossip on the subject, the simple and affecting truth lay hid in the Napier Charter-chest, lost for two centuries. Unfortunately there has not been preserved with the letter that precious picture of the hero "in the breadth of a sixpence." The fate of it is unknown. One most remarkable feature, in this strong ebullition of domestic affection, is, that the young father makes no allusion to his five children, who were with Lady Napier in Scotland.

[2] This patent, conferred upon Montrose by the Emperor Ferdinand III., is dated at the Castle of Lintz, on the Danube, 12th * * * 1648. *Original*, Montrose Charter-chest. The month is torn off, but it was probably June or July. It mentions Montrose's "famous repute and experience in war."

obtained from him letters of recommendation to his brother Leopold, Archduke of Austria, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. Thus accredited, in order to avoid the hostile armies in his way, he proceeded by a circuitous route to Flanders. From Vienna he went by Presburg to Hungary, and so through Prussia to Dantzic, where he embarked for Denmark, and spent some time with his Danish Majesty. He was received at that court, and wherever he paused on his journey, as a person of the highest distinction. From thence he passed into Jutland, where he embarked for Groningen in Friesland, and next proceeded to Brussels. But the Archduke had retired to Tournay, not long after the defeat inflicted upon him at Lens by the Prince of Condé. Montrose remained with Leopold until the latter returned to Brussels, when he accompanied him thither, and so rejoined Lord Napier and his other friends in that town. This was towards the end of the year 1648.

Meanwhile the royal cause, in the hands of Hamilton and Argyle, had become involved in the treachery, ruin, and disgrace, which from the first had been predicted. In the month of July, while Montrose was with the Emperor of Germany, Hamilton invaded England, at the head of the finest martial array that Scotland had yet sent forth. The fate of this army is well known. Upon the 17th of August, Cromwell and Lambert arrested its progress near Preston in Lancashire; and the only resistance they met with was from the gallant cavalier, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, the same who once attempted to join Montrose, but was destined to serve under a very different Scottish commander. Baillie, the old covenanting General, at the head of a large portion of the scattered forces, surrendered to Cromwell, and caused his troops to lay down arms without striking a blow. He had been previously deserted by Hamilton, who, with all his cavalry, sought safety in flight, having scarcely paused to see the enemy. Some of his dragoons also quitted him, and joined another section of the army under Monro, who was not in the field, and now hurried to Scotland. The Duke himself was made prisoner, at the head of a body of horse with which Montrose would have cut his way to the Tweed. And so *ambiguously* did this unhappy nobleman,—who, Clarendon tells us, "was full of continual discourse of

battles under the king of Sweden,"—give up himself and his comrades, that it became a matter of dispute whether he had surrendered to the country troops, to the Lord Gray of Groby, or to some of Lambert's colonels sent to capitulate with him. That numerous and well-appointed army proved, under his command, infinitely less terrible than the few ill-armed caterans with whom his rival first descended from the mountains. Thus ended Hamilton's championship, taken up at the eleventh hour, in behalf of his ruined master. For this miserable attempt, engendered betwixt emulation of Montrose and competition with Argyle, and feebly nursed into momentary animation by an equivocal affection for his Sovereign, he soon paid that forfeit upon which his character as a loyalist now mainly depends.

Nor did his brother Lanerick sustain the royal cause in Scotland,—to which, while nobly sustained by Montrose, he had been so decidedly and actively hostile,—with more credit to himself or benefit to the King. On the capture of his brother, he became commander-in-chief of the army of "the Engagement," and being joined by Monro, was still at the head of five or six thousand foot, chiefly veterans, and upwards of four thousand horse, all well appointed. To these was opposed Argyle, who, on the news of the rout at Preston, had raised a rabble host, chiefly composed of his own retainers and west-country fanatics, and amounting to little more than six hundred foot and one hundred horsemen. With this force, trusting to the imbecility of the Hamiltons, and the fame of his own General, David Leslie, he attempted to keep the country for Cromwell. Nor was he much mistaken. Although surprised in Stirling by Monro, and obliged to ride eighteen miles for his life,[1] which he did as usual without fighting, he afterwards contrived to effect by diplomacy what he could not accomplish by arms. Lanerick entered into a capitulation, and agreed to disband his army, to the disgust and indignation of the loyal portion of it, who loudly and vehemently deplored the absence of the only champion of the King. "Oh Montrose! Montrose!"—they exclaimed,—"now we feel what it is to have lost you!"[2]

[1] He went to dine at the Earl of Mar's that day,—doubtless a most unwelcome guest,—but took to flight "while the meat was setting on the table."—*Guthrie.*

[2] *Wishart.*

Argyle, while thus triumphant after his kind, invited Cromwell into Scotland. There the *Dictator* received the future *Protector* with every mark of respect and esteem. He not only entertained him in the Castle of Edinburgh publicly, with regal pomp and magnificence, but they held private meetings at Lady Home's, in the Canongate, whose house became an object of mysterious curiosity, from the general report at the time that the design to execute the King was there first discussed and approved. These events happened in the autumn of 1648.[1]

[1] See Monteith's History of the Troubles, for Argyle's reception of Cromwell in Edinburgh. He did the honours of Cromwell's banquet in the Castle, received the guests, and acknowledged the Usurper with salutes from the great guns.

Guthrie also says,—"The Marquis of Argyle conducted Cromwell and Lambert to Edinburgh, with their army, where they kept their head-quarters at the Lady Home's house in the Canongate."—"While Cromwell remained in the Canongate, those that haunted him most were, besides the Marquis of Argyle, Loudon the Chancellor, the Earl of Lothian, the Lords Arbuthnot, Elcho, and Burleigh; and of ministers, Mr David Dickson, Mr Robert Blair, and Mr James Guthrie. What passed among them came not to be known *infallibly;* but it was talked very loud, that he did communicate to them his design in reference to the King, and had their assent thereto."

CHAPTER XXXII.

MONTROSE CORRESPONDS WITH THE DUKE OF YORK, PRINCE RUPERT, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE CHANCELLOR HYDE—CLARENDON CORRECTED—MURDER OF THE KING—EFFECT UPON MONTROSE—HIS LETTER ON THE SUBJECT TO SIR EDWARD HYDE.

FIELD-MARSHAL MONTROSE, as we may now call him, had nevertheless by this time really entered that last phase of his existence which he himself so quaintly characterised, by anticipation, as his *passions*. In fact, only twenty months of mortal existence now remained to him. Humanly speaking, as he was in the prime of life, and endowed with great bodily vigour, he might have prolonged its term abroad, for many years, in the enjoyment of the most distinguished eclat. But one absorbing passion ministered to his destiny. Charles the First was yet in life. The Hamiltons, professing to save him as soon as their rival was dismissed, had, at the very outset of their adventure, and under the most promising circumstances, only accelerated his ruin. The hero, who had good reason to know how much he himself could have accomplished with the same appliances, was still burning for *action*. But Henrietta Maria, under the vicious influence of her minion, had rejected the scheme of his last "Engagement,"—that splendid re-union of the claymores of the north, in ridiculous emulation of which, Duke Hamilton subsequently undertook, with his ample resources in the south, that which nature had not fitted him for performing. From the counsels of the Queen,—to which Charles had so pointedly referred him,—and from the court and policy of France, Montrose now expected nothing, and turned in disgust. We trace the high-minded sentiment in his letter to Keir, in the letter of

his nephew to Lady Napier, and in his subsequent correspondence with Prince Rupert. He was sorely galled by the reflection, that in his own country, where he had sustained the cause of the King in a manner for which De Retz could find no other parallel than the heroes of Plutarch, the semblance of a violent struggle to save the King should be going on with immense appliances, and be crushed for want of a competent leader, while the victor of Kilsyth was pronounced unworthy to serve his Sovereign. If better might not be, he had secured a brilliant position at the Imperial Court. Still he could not tear himself from the adventure in which his whole soul was absorbed; the preservation, namely, of his own King, and the restoration of the Monarchy. So he returned to Brussels intent upon gaining the confidence of other members of the family of Charles the First, and their united credentials for the renewal of active operations, under his leadership. For, alas! he found that the fair words of Henrietta Maria never came to practical good for the rescue of her forsaken husband.

He rejoined his nephew Lord Napier at Brussels, in the autumn of 1648; and lost no time in addressing renewed offers of loyal service, to the King's sons, and more especially to his gallant but unlucky nephew Prince Rupert. We have been fortunate in recovering nearly the whole of this interesting correspondence, which has not hitherto entered his biography. His great achievements in Scotland, under difficulties that to all others seemed insuperable,—the story of which had ere this been admirably and truthfully told to Europe, by Dr Wishart in his *Commentarius*,[1] added to the fact of King Charles having sent the hero of it abroad with the highest credentials, well entitled him to approach that monarch's family without reserve, on such a subject as the saving of his Throne and his life. Yet the stately etiquette, the courtly tact, the chivalresque style, so carefully maintained in all his addresses to royalty, combined with the absence of any appearance of pluming himself, or presuming upon what he had done, is extremely characteristic of the accomplished nobleman who, says Bishop Burnet (in no complimentary humour, however), was "stately to affectation." It indicates that his fiery and desolating career, with that flying

[1] The first edition of which was published towards the close of the year 1647.

camp of his in Scotland, had not unfitted him for shining in the silken courts and cabinets of royal diplomacy.

It is curious and interesting to find him at this time in correspondence with so late a generation of the Stewart dynasty as James II., with whom it was destined to fall for ever. The proper champion of that monarch was a younger scion of Montrose's house, the great and glorious Dundee. Yet the young James Duke of York was personally acquainted with the greatest of the Grahams. We find him writing to Montrose as follows, in reply to an offer of loyal service, and a report of his reception by the Emperor, a communication we have not been able to recover. The Duke's letter is dated from the Hague, 11th September 1648. There at the same time were also resident the Prince of Wales, his Chancellor Sir Edward Hyde, Prince Rupert, and that celebrated sister of Charles the First, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia. With all of these distinguished personages, our hero now commenced an anxious correspondence, to be presently laid before the reader, and which continued until he was hurried to his doom among savages in Scotland :—

"My Lord Marquis of Montrose: I should have written to you by the same person who brought me your letter, if I had seen him afterwards, and given you many thanks, as I do now by Sir William Drummond, for the kind offer you made me of your friendship and service, which I assure you I value very much. I am extremely glad to hear your merits are so well understood abroad, as to have procured you such honours from the Emperor, now that there is not a possibility of rewarding them at home. Whenever there shall be, you must not doubt of receiving it from the King; nor of my particular endeavours to deserve of you those professions you make me. I rest your affectionate friend, Yorke."[1]

But Montrose's chief hope at this crisis was Prince Rupert; with whom his only previous communication occurred at the

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. This, with many other letters of the royal family to Montrose, which now for the first time enter his biography, was only recently found among the Montrose archives. The history of their preservation and recovery is given in the preface to the author's "Memorials of Montrose," vol. II. p. xxvii., printed for the Maitland Club, 1850.

inauspicious moment of the Prince's retreat from Marston-moor. Much had happened to both since then; but all the laurels that had been gained, were heaped on the brow of the neglected Scottish cavalier. The magnificent and complimentary manner of this interchange of courtesies, and loyal speculations, between "that viperous brood of Satan, James Graham, whom the Church hath delivered into the hands of the Devil," and "Robert le Diable" himself, tends to elevate our ideas of the satanic character and manners. Montrose's letter is dated "Brussels, 7th September 1648," and addressed, "For his Highness Prince Rupert."

"SIR: Your Highness may justly think strange, what should embolden me to this freedom; never having done myself the honour to have used the like heretofore, nor being favoured with your commands now to do it. But when your Highness shall be pleased to know, that I was ever a silent admirer of you, and a passionate affecter of your person, and all your ways, you will be pleased to allow me recourse to your goodness and generosity: And the rather, that your Highness sees I am for the present at such distance *with all interests*, as no end but naked respect can now prompt me to it: Which, if your Highness shall do me the honour to take in good part, and *command me to continue*, I shall hope it will not wrong the King your uncle's service, nor what may touch your Highness, both in relation to those and these parts; in either of which I should presume to be able to do you some small services. So, hoping your Highness will pardon this boldness, and take it from the true fountain, I shall only say, that I desire to be ever, Sir, your Highness's most humble, faithful, affectionate servant,

"MONTROSE."[1]

[1] Accurate transcripts of this, and the other letters from Montrose to Prince Rupert, were very kindly and liberally communicated to the author, when editing the "Memorials of Montrose," by the gentleman who possesses the originals, Mr Bentley, the publisher of Mr Eliot Warburton's "Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," 1849. Through the friendly introduction of that elegant author, whose sad untimely fate not long afterwards was a loss to letters, and can never cease to be lamented, these transcripts, with the permission to publish them, were presented by Mr Bentley to the author of this biography. Most of the letters from Montrose were printed by Mr Warburton, in his last and very interesting work. The whole series are now before the reader, in fortunate conjunction with *the Prince's letters to Montrose*, the originals of which the author found among the Montrose archives.

To this, Prince Rupert replied as follows, dating from the Hague, 20th September 1648:—

"My Lord: In your letter I found a civility I was so glad of, that I will, by the best service my power can, gain the continuance of it. I beseech you, my Lord, let me hold it from your favour only till I shall be able to let your Lordship see I have sought an occasion to serve you. The noble kindness I see your Lordship still preserves for the King, makes me much to covet that we may be happy to serve him together. To compass which, with regard to your person and affection, I shall study; and remain your Lordship's most faithful friend to serve you, RUPERT."

Our hero, whose ulterior object could not suffer the correspondence to languish, thus renews his courteous assault upon his Highness Prince Rupert, from Brussels, 7th October 1648:

"Sir: Your Highness's noble and generous expressions, does not only give me, a subject, most humbly to acknowledge such gallant civilities, but also emboldens me (grounded upon your Highness's allowance) to presume to entertain myself with the honour and happiness of so much wished favour; humbly entreating your Highness to do me the justice to believe, that, as it was still my secret and most predominant passion to witness myself the faithfulest of all your servants, either in order to his Majesty's affairs (in which I may appear so very little useful), or that of your Highness's own particular, so shall it be still my greatest ambition, without affectation at all,[1] for your Highness's worth and merit, and the strong inclinations I harbour to serve it, to avow myself ever, against all oppositions, Sir, your Highness's most humble, faithful, affectionate servant, MONTROSE."

To which, on the 13th of the same month, "Le Diable" returns this salute:—

"My Lord: I have received a second testimony of your kindness to me; which, I shall again assure you, is most welcome to me: And, though your Lordship as yet has no com-

[1] It must be admitted there was some touch of affectation in the preceding parenthesis; though redeemed by its sarcastic bitterness.

mands[1] for me, yet, whenever you have an occasion fit to be served in, I shall appear very real.

" Your Lordship's most faithful friend to serve you,

" RUPERT."

In a subsequent communication (not recovered), the indefatigable Marquis appears to have pressed his suit for a personal and secret conference with the Prince, who again writes to him as follows, dating this time, " From aboard *the Admiral*, 17th of November 1648 :"—

" MY LORD : I am sorry that this employment will not give me leave to stir from it, else I should have been extremely willing to have met with your Lordship somewhere, and conferred with you about his Majesty's affairs. The bearer hereof can more fully tell your Lordship how ready I shall be to join with you in anything which may advance that service in which you showed so much reality and forwardness. I shall therefore only trouble you with an assurance of my service to you, which shall not be wanting in your Lordship's most faithful friend to serve you, RUPERT."[2]

On the 3d of December 1648, Montrose again writes to him, the messenger being his old enemy, but now devoted follower, Major-General Sir John Hurry ! In this letter our hero comes more decidedly and explicitly to the point :—

" SIR : I had the honour to receive your Highness's by Sir John Urrey, and was informed by him, likewise, of all your Highness committed to him to deliver : To which I could not have failed to have made an instant return, but that I was still upon my dispatch, with these slow gamesters here, to have waited upon your Highness myself : Which finding draw to a little more length than I could have imagined, I am constrained humbly to crave your Highness's pardon to be resolved of your commands in this way. I must confess, as your Highness has perhaps heard, that it is my resolution to return for the Imperial Court (though I never intended it without being resolved first to receive your commands, as the person's in the world

[1] The Prince at first had written the word " demands," but corrected it to " commands."

[2] Prince Rupert had just entered upon his new functions of an *Admiral*, in which he displayed great ability and daring, but as usual with no useful results. See Mr Warburton's " Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers."

shall have greatest influence upon all my services), in regard there is *nothing of honour* amongst the stuff here, and that I am not found useful for his Majesty's service *in the way of home.* Always (but) if your Highness shall wish me to engage, or find a fair way for it, or be to lay *your rest at any stake*,[1] I entreat your Highness to believe that I have still so much invincible loyalty to his Majesty, and passionate respect to your own person, that I will abandon all fortunes and advantages in the world, and rather hazard to sink by you nor (than) save myself aside of all others. Wherefore let your Highness be pleased I may receive your commands freely by your return,[2] and I will study to *forego all*, and dispose upon myself in everything accordingly. I have made bold to do it in this way, because I wish not, if your Highness be pleased to think it fit, that any should know what passes until I have first the honour to wait on yourself, which shall undoubtedly be instantly after the return: At which time I hope to let your Highness see all is not yet gone, but that we may have a handsome pull for it; and a probable one; and either *win it*, or be sure to *lose it fairly.* The pressingness of time makes me use this freedom, to which I shall add nothing but a begging of your Highness's pardon, with a solemn vow that I am, Sir, your Highness's most humble, faithful, affectionate servant, MONTROSE."

On Sunday night, 6th December 1648, the Prince replies as follows:—

"MY LORD: I have received yours of the 3d of December by this same bearer. Truly, Sir, I shall be glad to undertake any service with you which you shall be pleased to propose. For which reason, and having both the same ends, the King's service, I must wish infinitely to see and confer with your Lordship about it. If I had not this heavy tie upon me, your Lordship should not be troubled further than with safety I could *come to you.* But now, whilst I am severing the goats from the sheep, I dare not absent myself without hazarding all our

[1] This somewhat obscure expression probably means, *to venture all at a stroke.* We shall find that idea repeated several times in Montrose's letters, in more explicit terms; and it is interesting to observe, that the same is the burden of a famous verse in his celebrated ballad,—

"He either fears his fate too much, or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch, *to gain or lose it all.*"

[2] Meaning, the return of the messenger with the reply.

hopes here.[1] Therefore I hope you will pardon the trouble which you will receive. I am your Lordship's most faithful friend and servant, RUPERT."

On the eve of waiting upon the Prince in person, Montrose was prevented by circumstances which he thus reports from Brussels, 14th December 1648:—

"SIR: According to your commands by your Highness's return, I was immediately to have found the way to have waited on you, but did receive a letter, just at the same time, from one Mr Mowbray, who pretends to have orders for me from his Majesty, and to be on the way (together with some others) with them. Wherefore, supposing it might be very fit for your ends that I should *smell them out* ere I did attend you, and withal that they should have no pretext to work upon,—as I know they would be very apt unto,—I have been bold to hazard some very few days upon your Highness's patience; of which I thought fit to give you notice, that you should not conceive me slackened of the invincible desire I have vowed ever to retain to serve you: And though it will but oblige a four or five days delay, I hope it may advance much more in other kinds. Meanwhile I shall make bold to trouble your Highness no further, but only crave your favour to tell you this truth, that I am as much as any person alive, Sir, your Highness's most passionate servant, MONTROSE."

Some light is thrown upon the character of this provoking impediment, by the following minute in the handwriting of Chancellor Hyde, who was in attendance, at the Hague, upon the Prince of Wales:—

"5th December 1648: *Mr Mowbray* came to visit me in the morning; and, after some salutations, told me that he came lately out of Scotland, where he had been during these late troubles; and that he had brought advices to the Prince from *the Earl of Lanerick*, who continued his devotion to his Highness, and had never submitted to the agreement made at Stirling, but kept in the north, where he would be ready to serve the Prince any way he proposed; and to that purpose had expressed a willingness

[1] This was a very graceful compliment to Montrose. Prince Rupert was at this time re-organising his mutinous fleet, which he did with greater judgment and success than he fought the battle of Marston-moor.

to *join with my Lord Marquis of Montrose*, and all the King's party; and that he would be so far from contesting about command, that he would be *a Serjeant under Montrose*."[1]

Good from *Lanerick!* who added, however, that he wished it to be concealed from *Lauderdale*. The next letter, from the same Collections, obviously refers to the subject, but has no date: Montrose's well-founded suspicions had been awakened.

"SIR: If those people who *pretend* his Majesty's order for me, and are to be directed hither, as they *profess*, by the Prince, be parted when this comes to your Highness's hands, I shall not fail to attend you with all possible speed: Otherwise, if they be not, your Highness would be pleased, in an indirect way, to dispose it so as they may immediately be sent along. For it will concern much, that we know how their designs are composed, and upon what string they touch; that, when I have the honour to wait on your Highness, we may with the more clearness cast our moulds, and know how to keep the better consort with their tune: So that it will be much time gained, although it may seem to retard it: Since notwithstanding I were with your Highness now, before you could resolve anything it were necessary to find out *their mine*, that you might the better know how to *labour yours:* And, until then, the less they know of my faithful respects to your Highness, or intentions towards his Majesty's service, it will be much the better: For the more necessity they stand in of men, and the less certainty to have them, will still afford us the more freedom, and greater square to work. As for the present difficulties of your Highness's shipping, you need not doubt it; for there will be many ways found for their entertainment, that they may be still kept in call: And since there be so handsome and probable grounds for a clear and gallant design, if the measures be rightly taken, I should be infinitely sorry that your Highness should be induced to hazard your own person, or those little rests, upon any desperate thrust. For, while you are safe, we shall find twenty ways to state[2] ourselves, and give them the half of the fear. But if anything else did

[1] Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. p. 460.

[2] Mr Eliot Warburton conjectures "state" here to mean "reinstate." See "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," vol. iii. p. 269. It was a common expression of the period, signifying to establish a position.

behappen, I should esteem myself the most unfortunate person in the world, both for his Majesty's interest and your own person. Always (but) I will submit myself to your Highness's better judgment, and entreat you a-pardon this freedom, which only proceeds from the entire and perfect respect of, Sir, your faithfulest and affectionate servant, MONTROSE."

Rupert, now busy with his fleet, a new phase of his career, which has been so well and amply illustrated by the lamented Eliot Warburton, replies in haste, simply dating "Wednesday night."

"MY LORD: I shall, with all the care I can, contribute to that means which may with most convenience bring me the good fortune of conferring with your Lordship; retaining a very great esteem of the favour your Lordship hath expressed to me; and shall not, by any want of care, fail to prevent any ill use that may be made of the knowledge of it, by such as are ready for such offices; and I doubt, as your Lordship doth, *there are some such to be taken heed of.* I pray my Lord be confident I will be very earnest in labouring to deserve your favour, which I much desire may be continued, as I do to shorten the time of meeting you. I am your Lordship's most faithful friend and servant, RUPERT."

It is doubtful whether the projected conference between these two great characters ever took place. The ambitious and disreputable Lauderdale, virulently set against Montrose, had paid a flying visit to the Hague, where he arrogantly boasted that he would restore the King through the Hamilton faction. Having fired this mine, the rebel Earl, who was said at the time to "haunt Lanerick like a fury," hastened back to Scotland in furtherance of that vicious intrigue. Rupert, meanwhile, was on the move to Ireland with his fleet. Accordingly, of date 8th January 1649, again Montrose addresses him:—

"SIR: Being informed, since your Highness's parting, that some *new impostures* are like to delude our sense, and give a total foil to all hopes of recovery, I thought fit to direct back this bearer to receive your Highness's commands, and to impart unto you what is not so fit to be hazarded to paper; since this appears *the stroke for the party*, and probable conjuncture whose use, or misserving, shall either *gain or lose the whole.* But be as

it will, all shall serve to confirm me still the further, Sir, your Highness's most loving servant, MONTROSE."

Montrose had not as yet addressed himself to the Prince of Wales, who was now at the Hague under the care and counselship of his Chancellor, Sir Edward Hyde. For reasons of his own, the Marquis had forborne at present from any offer of his services in that quarter. But there were others, it seems, whose *impatience* prompted them to do that for Montrose, and without his consent or knowledge, which he was not yet prepared to do for himself. Accordingly, in a letter dated from the Hague, 20th January 1649, the Prince of Wales thus writes to him :—

" MY LORD : I thank you for the continuance of your affection, of which I have received a good account by this bearer. It would be long to reply in writing to all particulars mentioned by him. Therefore I have appointed the Chancellor of the Exchequer to meet you in any place you shall appoint, and by him you shall understand my mind upon the whole. I need not tell you there must be *great secrecy in this business.* Be assured I am, and will always be, my Lord, your most affectionate friend,

" CHARLES P."[1]

Pleased, but somewhat startled by this unexpected address, the loyal object of it replied as follows, from Brussels, on the 28th of the same month :—

" MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS : I received your Highness's, wherewith you were pleased to honour me. As for my humble and loyal affection to your Highness's service, I hope there can be no fate, nor *fatal misinformations*, can ever put it to a *peradventure* in your Highness's thoughts : Otherwise I should think what I have done, and suffered, and am yet able to act for your Highness's service, had rencontred a very hard fate. For what your Highness is pleased to mention touching that *young man's* expression to you, *I gave him no warrant* to trouble your Highness with such like : But he was prompted by the impatience of others. Yet there can be nothing said but I am most ready to own it, wherein the least point of your Highness's service can be concerned ; and I have, according to your Highness's command, appointed with your Chancellor of Ex-

[1] *Original,* Montrose Charter-room.

chequer where to meet. Till when, I shall only beg your Highness to believe that, as *I never had passion upon earth so strong as that to do the King your father service*, so shall it be my study, if your Highness command me, to show it redoubled for the recovery of you; and that I shall never have friend, end, nor enemy, but as your pleasure, and the advancement of your service shall require. Wherein, if your Highness shall but vouchsafe a little faith unto your loyal servants, and stand *at guard with others*, your affairs can soon be whole. So, humbly expecting your Highness's further commands, with all the secrecy your Highness imposes, I am, Sir, your Highness's most humble, faithful, constant, zealous servant, MONTROSE."[1]

Of the same date as the Prince's letter to Montrose, his Chancellor had also thus written to him from the Hague:—

"MY LORD: The Prince hath vouchsafed to trust me with some overtures he hath lately received from your Lordship, and hath given me a private command to wait on your Lordship, in any place and at any time you please to appoint. If I were enough known to your Lordship, you would believe me to be very glad of this employment, and to have the opportunity of kissing the hands of a person that hath acted so glorious a part in the world. I shall very greedily wait your summons, and attend you accordingly. Only, give me leave to inform your Lordship, being a stranger to the present transactions and designs, that there is now so great jealousy of a treaty betwixt his Highness and your Lordship, and your countrymen are so scattered over all the neighbouring towns, that it will not be possible for you to be in these parts without discovery; and in this conjuncture the highest secrecy is absolutely necessary. And if I, who have the honour not to be gracious with your enemies, should be seen at Antwerp or Brussels, inquisitive men, by long suspecting, will conclude somewhat at this time should not be believed. Therefore I humbly refer it to your Lordship, whether you will not believe Breda, Bergen-op-zome, or Gythrenberg, a fit place to be attended.

[1] Printed in the Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. p. 470. This letter distinctly proves that Montrose was here offering his services, not to Charles II., but to the *Prince of Wales*; and that the loyal offer was no *volunteer* on his part. The correspondence *completely contradicts Clarendon's history*, which is very unjust to Montrose, as will be shewn in a subsequent page.

"Your Lordship has the full disposal of, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

"EDWARD HYDE."[1]

And of the same date as his reply to the Prince of Wales, 28th January 1649, two days before the murder of the King in England, Montrose thus replies to the Chancellor:—

"MY LORD: According to his Highness's commands, and the desire of yours, I have been minding the most convenient place to wait upon you. Since you find difficulties in their lengths, and all being considered, I suppose that Sevenbergen will be by much of best conveniency for you, and greatest privacy to the business; although it carries me the furthest length. For Bergen, Gertruydenberg, Breda, and all those places, are so full of (my) countrymen, as we cannot be anywhere undiscovered. Wherefore you will be pleased expect me at Sevenbergen, ere you shall be the length. Till when, I trouble (you) with no further, but only express the satisfaction I have that his Highness has pitched so well as on yourself; of whose deservings and approved loyalty I have often had so much character as I cannot but be encouraged to hope for the better effects, and profess how really I am, my Lord, your most affectionate friend and servant, MONTROSE."[2]

It was very hard upon the high-minded Montrose, whom Clarendon himself records as the man of the "clearest spirit and honour" among all the King's advisers, to be thus compelled to stoop to the level of the mean and miserable double policy, which so utterly failed as it deserved to do. Clarendon, too, was quite aware of this fatal vice in the counsels of the young King. In a letter to Lord Jermyn, dated 31st March 1649, soon after the accession of Charles II., he writes: "I am very far from having any prejudice to the nation (Scotland). It is evident the poison and rancour there lies within a little compass, and is contracted within the breast of a few men, who, no doubt, were *as consenting to the parricide as Cromwell or Ireton.* If a *full and clear encouragement* were given to all the *loyal party* there, instead of *application to the others*, I am persuaded Scotland would in a short time be in a good posture of obedience."[3]

[1] Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. p. 467. [2] Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. p. 469.
[3] Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. p. 474.

But this acute and sensible view is directly opposed to the policy of a letter which Clarendon himself had drafted, in the name of Lord Brentford, for the purpose of conveying to Montrose, shortly before the King's death, the sentiments of the Prince of Wales relative to certain offers of loyal service which, it was assumed, the Marquis had *volunteered*, and volunteered rashly and inopportunely, to the heir of the fallen throne of England. The letter to which we now allude is entitled,—"The Earl of Brentford to the Marquis of Montrose," and described as, "A rough draft by Sir Edward Hyde." This missive, written in a formal and disheartening style, conveys a declinature, in the name of the Prince of Wales, of those services, as being for the time not advantageous to the King's affairs. This rough draft bears date 18th January 1649.[1] Manifestly it was never sent; being quite inconsistent with the Prince's own holograph letter, dated just two days later, which we have given above. Nor had that gallant old soldier Brentford, who greatly admired Montrose, conceived the discouraging letter. It was a *rough draft by Clarendon*, which had *missed fire*. He, too, was jealous of the approaches to the rising sun by this alarming champion of the Throne; and hence we find his great history, or rather that which his editors have given us in his name, disfigured by an extraordinary and most contradictory melange of depreciation and laudation of the character of Montrose. But yet more startling are the following passages from Clarendon's history, when compared with the correspondence we have now disclosed. Referring to the crisis so far illustrated, the great Chancellor narrates it thus:—

"Montrose was then a man of *eclat*, had many servants, and more officers, who had served under him and came away with him, all whom he expected the Queen should enable him to maintain with some lustre, by a liberal assignation of monies. On the other hand, the Queen was in straits enough, and never open-handed, and used to pay the best services with receiving them graciously, and looking kindly upon those who did them. And her graces were still more towards those who were like to do services, than to those who had done them. So that, after a long attendance, and some overtures made by him to Cardinal

[1] Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. p. 466.

Mazarine, to raise an army for the service of that King, which he did not think were received with that regard his great name deserved, the Marquis left France, and made a journey into Germany to the Emperor's court, desiring to see armies till he could come to command them; and was returned to Brussels about the time that the Prince came back into Holland with the fleet; and lay there very privately, as *incognito*, for some time, *till he heard of the murder of the late King.*[1] Then he sent *to the King*, with the tender of his service, and to know, if his Majesty thought his attendance upon him might bring any prejudice to his Majesty; and if so, that he would send over the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Sevenbergh, a town in Flanders, where he was at present to expect him, and had matters to communicate to him of much importance to his Majesty's service. Whether he did this out of modesty, that he might first know his Majesty's pleasure, or out of some vanity that was predominant in him, that he might seem to come to the King (after the coldness he had met at Paris) by a kind of treaty, the King commanded the Chancellor presently to go to him, and, if he could without exasperating him, which he had no mind to do, wished he might be persuaded rather for some time to suspend his coming to the Hague than presently to appear there: which was an injunction *very disagreeable to the Chancellor;* who in his judgment believed his Majesty should bid him very welcome, and prefer him *before any other of that nation* in his esteem."

This last jesuitical sentence is not a little inconsistent with the spirit of the whole passage, and the essentially mean character insinuated of Montrose. But the account of his proceedings is so grossly contrary to fact as to shake severely the credit of Clarendon. Was this great historian, too, one whom some petty pique, or envious feeling towards an illustrious compeer, could induce to write unfaithfully, even where strong natural

[1] The whole of this depreciatory account meets with a complete antidote in the letter from Montrose's nephew to Lady Napier; against which Clarendon's narrative cannot stand, especially when we find that the rest of his details, regarding Montrose's first tender of his loyal services to Charles II., are convicted of the grossest inaccuracy, by production of the correspondence itself. Why did Clarendon suppress the fact, that the Emperor invited Montrose, and made him a Field-marshal? See before, pp. 665, 666.

prejudices, or political enmity, were not in the case? Or was Clarendon in his cups when he recorded, in the face of Montrose's letter to *the Prince*, and his own correspondence with the Marquis (all derived from the collection intended to vouch his history), that the correspondence in question arose out of an unwelcome and importunate offer of service to *the new King*, which his Chancellor was commissioned to avert? When the correspondence itself is perused, what becomes of that sentence in Clarendon:—"Whether Montrose did this out of *modesty*, and that he might first know *his Majesty's* pleasure, or out of *some vanity that was predominant in him*, that he might seem to come *to the King*, after the coldness he had met at Paris, by a kind of treaty, *the King* commanded the Chancellor to go to him." Clarendon, while he wrote, was actually in possession of Montrose's reply, not to the King, but to *the Prince of Wales*, in which the Marquis pointedly protects himself against the possible, though surely very harmless, imputation of a too importunate loyalty. Knowing that the King's life was in the most imminent danger, having his Majesty's own assurance in private letters that he wished and intended him to be his principal negotiator abroad, being expressly referred by his Sovereign to the Queen for instructions, and having just returned from his anxious and successful negotiations with Austria and Denmark, surely the nobleman who, single-handed as regards any co-operation of other nobles professing loyalty, had swept the armies of the Covenant from the face of Scotland, was not only entitled, but necessarily impelled to report himself, his proceedings, and his plans, to the exiled family of Charles I. When these circumstances are considered, and when we peruse the letters, now recovered, which the Marquis received at this time from the various members of that unhappy family, how little and how ridiculous appears the blundered narrative of Clarendon, with his depreciatory see-saw between the *modesty* and the *vanity* of Montrose. And why, with Montrose's letter to the Prince of Wales before him, did the historical statesman not give his heroic coadjutor the benefit of that pointed remark of his, which proves that he was at this time urged upon his fate by the "*impatience of others*," and that not always communicated to himself?

Nor, we grieve to say, was Clarendon's faulty record without a personal motive. He himself tells us, that, at the gloomy crisis when the Crown descended to Charles II., and the young King was all but destitute of able, loyal, and honest advisers, he, his Chancellor, became "weary of the company he was in, and the business." Hence, he confesses, Lord Cottington's quiet intrigue, to effect their joint embassy to Spain, was eagerly embraced by him. At the very time of his conferences with the self-devoted Montrose, who had hoped to find in the Chancellor a constant and untiring coadjutor, that great statesman was secretly caballing with Cottington to escape from the troubled stage. And he is not ashamed to record, that "he was very scrupulous that the King might not *suspect* that he was *weary of his attendance*, or that *anybody else might believe* that he withdrew himself from waiting longer upon so desperate a fortune." When this plot was ripe for announcement, all murmured. "Only," adds the confessing historian, "*the Scots* were very glad of it,—*Montrose excepted*,—believing that when the Chancellor was gone, their beloved Covenant would not be so irreverently mentioned, and that the King would be wrought upon to withdraw all countenance and favour from the Marquis of Montrose; and the Marquis himself looked upon it as *a deserting him*, and complying with the other party: and from that time, though they lived with *civility* towards each other, he withdrew *very much of his confidence* which he had formerly reposed in him."[1] And most deservedly so, even by his own showing. While the Chancellor thus sought safety in a luxurious flight, the days of the unflinching loyalist, of the "clear spirit,"—of "the man of the *clearest honour*, courage, and affection to the King's service,"—were numbered. About twelve months after this separation, we find Clarendon writing to Henrietta Maria, *from Madrid*,—"How his Majesty intends to dispose of his own person we know not; and if he be inclined for Scotland, we presume this *monstrous proceeding* with the brave Marquis of Montrose,—who, without doubt, was a person of *as great honour*, and as *exemplary integrity and loyalty*, as ever that nation bred,—will make his Majesty as jealous for his *own security* as the weight of such an argument requires him to be."[2]

[1] History of the Rebellion, vol. vi. p. 113; one of the *suppressed* passages.

[2] Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. p. 544. The Chancellor, in reality, entertained

The fact of the King's death appears to have been announced to Montrose by the Prince of Wales's Chancellor, whom he was just preparing to meet at an obscure village near the Hague. On the 15th February 1649, he is sufficiently composed to write to the Chancellor on the subject as follows:—

"My Lord: I am so surprised with the sad relation of your's, that I know not how to express it. For the griefs that astonish speak more, with their silence, than those that can complain. And although we could never justly look for other but such a tragic effect, yet the horridness of the thing doth bring along too much of wonder not to be admired,[1]—never enough complained of. I pray God Almighty that our young Master, the King, may make his right use, every way; and, in particular, that rogues and traitors may not now begin to abuse his trusts as they have done his Father's, to ruin him that is all our hopes that are left, and lay all in the dust at once. Their coming at this conjuncture can carry no better things. Their impudence I must confess is great, nay, intolerable; and it concerns all such of you who are able, and faithful unto his Majesty, to make him aware, that at least he may shun their villainy. It will be no more time now *to dally*. For if affection and love to the justice and virtue of that cause be not incitements great enough, anger and so just revenge, methinks, should wing us on. Always, being afraid rather to spoil my thoughts than ex-

the highest admiration for Montrose. The derogatory and inaccurate account of him, as found in Clarendon's history, above commented upon, is immediately followed by a paragraph in a very different tone, and which reads even incoherently with what precedes it. Speaking of the conflicting parties at the Hague, he places Montrose at the head of the most honest: "There was also the Marquis of Montrose, with more of the nobility, as the Earls of Seaforth and Kinnoul, and others who adhered to Montrose, and believed *his clear spirit* to be most like to advance the King's service." Clarendon also corresponded from the Hague with Sir Edward Nicholas. In "Advertisements," or news transmitted by the latter to the Marquis of Ormond in Ireland, occurs the following, which had been addressed (doubtless by Clarendon) to Sir Edward Nicholas from the Hague, 16th March 1649:—"It is *the opinion and wishes of all men*, that his Majesty (Charles II.) would employ Montrose, as the man of the *clearest honour*, courage, and affection to his service." Clarendon set out on his selfish travels in the month of May 1649. It must always be remembered, that he did not publish his own historical collections, and that he has been most roughly dealt with by his modern editors.

[1] *i. e.* To be confounded by. See Spottiswoode's letter, p. 572, where he uses the word *amaze* in the same sense.

press them, I shall not trouble you further, in this temper I am in, but only say that I am yours, MONTROSE."[1]

We have brought the correspondence of Montrose, with the royal family, down to a date only two days prior to the 30th of January 1649, when the murder of Charles the First was perpetrated in England. The Marquis was about to leave Brussels for the Hague, intending to hold a conference somewhere in the neighbourhood with Chancellor Hyde, when the news reached Brussels that the King was no more. The shock suddenly imparted to his high-strung heart had well nigh killed Montrose on the spot. His chaplain, Dr Wishart, who had joined him in that city, and was at his side when he received the dreadful news, relates that he fainted, and fell down in the midst of his attendants, all his limbs becoming rigid, as if life had left him.[2] When restored to his senses, he broke out into the most passionate expressions of grief, declaring that life would henceforth be a burden to him. The worthy divine succeeded in rousing him from this state of despair, by the argument, that it was the duty of all good subjects to avenge so foul a murder, and to devote their lives to the restoration of the young King. "It is indeed," exclaimed Montrose, "and, therefore, I swear before God, angels, and men, that I will dedicate the remainder of my life to avenging the death of the royal martyr, and re-establishing his son upon his father's throne." But he shut himself up in a retired apartment for two days, during which he refused to see his most intimate friends. On the third day Dr Wishart was admitted. Montrose was still brooding over his vow, which

[1] This letter is unknown to most readers. No notice of it is to be met with in history. It has been lost sight of in the Appendix to the second volume of the Clarendon State Papers; three valuable, but very unwieldy folios, ill printed, and miserably edited. There, however, it has been preservod. The Marquis refers, with just indignation and horror, to the fact, that some of the most notorious ringleaders of the faction in Scotland, to whose very door might be traced the blood of the King, had the effrontery now to thrust themselves forward, and with fatal success, as the *loyal* counsellors of his son, and supporters of the Monarchy.

[2] In fact, the sudden shock had thrown Montrose into a fit. The scene is minutely described by Dr Wishart (who fortunately was with him at the time), in the second part of his *Commentarius*, which has never been printed, nor even accurately translated. See note to Montrose's poetry, in the Appendix.

the chaplain found written on a small piece of paper beside him in the chamber, in this metrical form :—

" GREAT, GOOD, and JUST, could I but rate
My grief with thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world in such a strain
As it should deluge once again :
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands, than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thine obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thine epitaph in blood and wounds." [1]

[1] Thus most elegantly translated into Latin by Dr Wishart ; although " *Carole!*" is an imperfect and feeble rendering of " Great, Good, and Just," without introducing the King's name at all.

" Carole ! si possem lacrymis æquare dolorem,
Ipse meum fatumque tuum, tua funera, flerem
Ut tellus nitidis rursum stagnaret ab undis :
Sanguis at ille tuus quum vocem ad sidera tollat,
Atque manus Briarei mage quam Argi-lumina poscat,
Exequias celebrabo tuas clangore tubarum,
Et tumulo inscribam profuso sanguine carmen."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MONTROSE AT THE HAGUE—HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA—A FOUL SCANDAL REFUTED—VIRULENT ENMITY OF THE COVENANTING COMMISSIONERS — MONTROSE'S LETTER TO CHARLES THE SECOND AT THE HAGUE—ROYAL LETTERS TO MONTROSE.

YET more interesting must have been Montrose's letter to the widowed queen. That he had written, we only learn from her reply:

"*To my Cousin, the Marquis of Montrose.*"

"Paris, 10th March 1649.

"COUSIN: Having received your letter, by Pooley, and the assurances it conveys of your extending to the King, my son, that affection which you have always manifested in the service of the late King, my husband,—the murder committed on whose person ought to rouse all his servants into a passionate inclination to seek every means of avenging a death so abominably perpetrated,—and as I am persuaded you would be well pleased to find the occasion, and will omit nothing on your part to further it, let me intreat you, then, to *unite with all your countrymen*, who entertain a just indignation against that murder, and to forget all *former differences*. I can give you no better advice than this; and, Cousin, believe me to be, as truly I am, and shall ever remain, your very good and affectionate cousin and friend, HENRIETTA MARIA, R."[1]

To unite with all who really regarded as he did the murder of the King, was advice which Montrose needed not. To unite with those party leaders in Scotland who virtually, if not literally, had brought him to the block, was simply impossible. The Queen's advice argues either unpardonable inattention, or disingenuous levity. In a letter to the Marquis of Ormond, dated

[1] *Original* (French), Montrose Charter-room. *Memorials of Montrose.*

30th of March 1649, Lord Byron reports the state of parties at the Hague, as follows:

"I came to the Hague about ten days since, where, not long before, the Earl of Lanerick, now Duke Hamilton, was arrived. There I found likewise the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Lauderdale, Callendar, and Seaforth, the Lords St Clair and Napier, and old William Murray. These, though all of one nation, are subdivided into four several factions. The Marquis of Montrose, with the Lords St Clair and Napier, are very earnest for the King's going into Ireland. All the rest oppose it, though in several ways. I find Duke Hamilton very moderate, and certainly he would be much more were it not for the violence of Lauderdale, *who haunts him like a fury*. Callendar and Seaforth have a faction apart;[1] and so hath William Murray, employed here by Argyle."

This refers to the period when the covenanting Commissioners were daily expected from Scotland to treat with Charles II. Among the advices from the Hague, received by Sir Edward Nicholas doubtless from his correspondent there Sir Edward Hyde, and forwarded to the Marquis of Ormond, occurs the following, of the same date as the above extract: "The Commissioners, that have been so long expected by some from Scotland are not yet come, and we look for no greater matter from thence. These Lords that are here already, Lanerick and Lauderdale (who were fain to fly for their *moderation*) abating not an ace of their *damned Covenant* in all their discourses; and why we should be so fond as to expect any thing but mischief from the rest I know not. The Marquis of Montrose is likewise here, and of clean another temper, abhorring even the most moderate party of his countrymen; and it is the opinion and wishes of all men, that his Majesty would employ him, as the man of the *clearest honour*, courage, and affection to his service." Unquestionably Montrose was right in his estimate of the Scotch councillors who represented these different shades of covenanting politics. The worst of them, too, now affected to

[1] Callendar and Seaforth had always "a faction apart;" that is to say, ever loyally inclined, yet ever acting disloyally, but "only for saving of their estates." See before, pp. 400, 492. William Murray, too, was from the first the tool of Argyle, as well as of Hamilton. See before, p. 373.

talk of "the cruel murder of our master, and the horrid resolutions taken at London for the destruction both of Religion and Monarchy." But Montrose well knew, and refused to veil the fact, that the loyally-professing Covenant was the stalking horse to that atrocious deed, and but as the manure to the growth of the Independents.

It was towards the end of the month of March 1649, that the Scotch commissioners arrived at the Hague. They proved to be the creatures of Argyle. The spokesman on the part of the Parliament was the Earl of Cassilis, and for the Kirk there appeared the Reverend Robert Baillie. Their two first propositions, says the correspondent of Sir Edward Nicholas, were, "that his Majesty should abandon the Marquis of Montrose, as a man unworthy to come near his person, or *into the society of any good men*, because he is excommunicated by their Kirk. The other, that his Majesty would take the Covenant, and put himself into the arms (so they term it) of the Parliament and Kirk of Scotland. And by these you may easily imagine the civility of the subsequent; and I need not tell you what cold reception they have found here."

Unite with them! In the hearts of these Scotch Commissioners the deadliest passions were intensely set against Montrose. Lauderdale and Lanerick (now Hamilton) professing to be the *juste milieu*, made common cause against the nobleman who had disgraced them all in the field, and who they were well aware would speak his mind fearlessly to the young King. Accordingly, in their first address to his Majesty at the Hague, dated 9th April 1649, they seem occupied with the one absorbing idea of crushing "James Graham." Remove from your presence and Court, they say, all excommunicated persons, "*especially* James Graham, late Earl of Montrose; being a man most justly, if any, cast out of the *Church of God*,"—"upon whose head lies more innocent blood than for many years has done on the head of any,—the *most bloody murderer in our nation:* We hope for so much mercy from our God, that his gracious spirit shall incline your Majesty's heart to give us just satisfaction in all our necessary desires, that the cordial union of your Majesty with your people, so much longed for on all hands, may with all speed be fully accomplished; and that *this*

cursed man, whose scandalous carriage, pernicious counsels, and contagious company, cannot fail, so long as he remains in his obstinate impenitency, to *dishonour and pollute all places of his familiar access*, and to provoke the anger of the *most high God against the same*,—may not be permitted by your Majesty to stand any longer in the entry of *our hopes*," &c.[1]

Well might Sir Edward Hyde cross-question the infuriated Lauderdale as to what all this meant.[2] For common sense rejected the idea that the loyal General of a victorious army, even where a King was at war with his own subjects, was to be regarded as a *murderer*, and guilty in proportion to the amount of blood shed in battle. Nor did this insane language, the essence of spite vented by a party who themselves had degraded the capital of Scotland to a slaughter house, meet with one responsive chord in a christian breast. Upon the 22d of April 1649 Queen Henrietta Maria again wrote to Montrose as follows:

"*To my Cousin, the Marquis of Montrose.*"

"Paris, 22d April 1649.

"COUSIN: I have received your letter. Never did I harbour a doubt that all will be performed on your part that can possibly promote the interest of the King. Your past actions are a sufficient guarantee. Would it were in my power to convince you of *the reality of my gratitude;* and believe me, when that time comes, I will rather prove it by deeds than words. I entreat you to rest assured of this, and to believe Cousin, that I am, with the greatest possible sincerity, your very good and affectionate Cousin, HENRIETTA MARIA, R."

Fine words from a starving Queen to the doomed Montrose. Not without their value, however, although her Majesty was unconscious thereof. They prove that to be a scandalous untruth which Bishop Burnet recorded for history, upon the authority of Lady Susanna Hamilton.[3] If, immediately *before*

[1] See this precious effusion in the Clarendon State Papers, vol. III. p. lxxxvi.; also in Baillie's letters and journals, vol. iii. p. 512. It is signed by the Earl of Cassilis, George Wynram of Liberton, the Reverend Robert Baillie, Professor of Divinity in Glasgow (who used to call Montrose "that most valorous and happy gentleman"), and the Reverend James Wood, Professor of Divinity in St Andrews.

[2] See before, p. 581.

[3] The daughter of *Hamilton*, and the daughter-in-law of *Cassilis*.

Montrose's reception by the Emperor in Germany, Queen Henrietta addressed him in terms of respect, admiration, and affection, and if immediately *after* his return she addressed him in precisely the same terms,—all in autograph letters,—is it possible that he was exiled to Germany from Paris, by her Majesty's commands, because he had insulted her in the grossest manner?

The Bishop shall tell his own story; more especially since a great historian in these our times has issued his fiat, that Bishop Burnet, "though often misled by prejudice and passion, was, *emphatically*, an honest man."[1] We think it not impossible, however, that the emphasis has been laid on the wrong word.

"The Queen-mother *hated him* (Montrose) *mortally:* For when he came over from Scotland to Paris, upon the King's requiring him to lay down his arms, she received him with such *extraordinary* favour as his services seemed to deserve, and gave him a large supply in money and *in jewels*, considering the straits to which she was then reduced. But she heard that he had *talked very indecently of her favours to him;* which *she herself* told the Lady Susanna Hamilton, a daughter of Duke Hamilton, *from whom I had it.* So she sent him word to leave Paris, and she would see him no more. He *wandered about the Courts of Germany*, but was not esteemed so much as he thought he deserved."[2]

What does this mean? Did the Bishop really intend it to be understood in the sense of other favours than the money and jewels of which he speaks? The fact we believe to be, that Burnet had no great faith in his own anecdote, but cared little how gross an interpretation might be put upon it. Not recording it in the spirit of truth, he had no motive for avoiding ambiguity of language. Accordingly, modern retailers of his gossip have adopted it in the worst sense. Mr Heneage Jesse, in his Memoirs of the Court of England, refers to it as one of the most authentic grounds upon which the fair fame of the Queen of Charles I. has been doubted. Without seeming to observe the improbability of her Majesty having afforded any such evidence against herself, even to Lady Susanna Hamilton, this

[1] Macaulay's History of England, vol. ii. p. 177; 2d Edition.

[2] History of his Own Times, vol. i. p. 89; Edit. 1823.

author, after alluding to the *money* and *jewels*, adds,—"Montrose, says Burnet, afterwards repaid her kindness by *boasting* of *other favours* she had conferred upon him."

We have produced evidence sufficient to satisfy any rational mind, that if Montrose,—whom Burnet himself characterises as "stately to affectation,"—received at this time any pecuniary aid at all from Henrietta Maria, with Jermyn at her elbow,—a circumstance of the least possible probability,—it must have been on public grounds alone, and applied to public purposes. But that the luxurious, extravagant, and pre-occupied Queen, while lending a listless ear to the last imploring accents of her forsaken husband,[1] was at the same time emptying her coffers, and even her caskets, into the treasury of his isolated champion, *credat Judæus*. Without "hating him mortally," Henrietta, we suspect, would not have sacrificed a pearl of price to save Montrose from being hanged; nor, without having altogether lost her conjugal affection, a diamond tiara to have enabled her husband to secure his personal safety abroad. As for the outrageous calumny, that the hero of Inverlochy and Kilsyth, honoured as he was with those confidential letters from the King which we have been able to produce, wherein his Majesty so repeatedly and affectionately refers him to his beloved Queen, would have taken the very occasion either to wrong *him*, or to insult *her*, at the moment, too, that he was writing to their eldest son the impassioned declaration,—"I never had passion on earth so strong as that to do the King your father service,"—surely that is an accusation which we may now safely leave to the judgment of all candid readers, despite the evidence of Susanna and her mitred Elder.

But to return to the struggle at the Hague. Notwithstanding the violent assertion of John sixth Earl of Cassilis, and the rest, that James first Marquis of Montrose was a "cursed man," of "scandalous carriage, pernicious counsels, and contagious company,"—nay, so contagious as "to dishonour and pollute all places of his familiar access,"—Charles the Second, ready as he was to buy his restoration at any price, declined to

[1] The correspondence preserved among the Clarendon State Papers, a collection not sufficiently sifted by historians, affords testimony too ample of the melancholy fact.

adopt that view of his character. He did what that impersonation of law and equity, a Scotch Judge, considers the first and fairest preliminary towards the clearing of all disputes. He allowed the petitions of the Covenanting Commissioners to be "seen and answered" by the opposite party. Did this merely engender a case of Scotch *flyghting?* Did Montrose simply revenge himself by returning railing for railing? No. His powerful and healthy phillipic in reply was founded upon facts too notorious at the time, and which have long become historical. But he scarcely deigns to notice at all the froth and fury of personal invective with which he had been assailed. We present entire to the reader of his biography, the constitutional advice which he penned in 1649 at the command of his young Sovereign, as we did that elicited from him in 1640.[1]

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SACRED MAJESTY: Having received a paper whereby I was made to understand that it was your Majesty's pleasure that I should return my humble opinion upon it, I have made bold, in obedience to your Majesty's commands, humbly to deliver my thoughts, as the shortness of the present time will suffer.

"First: Whereas those who call themselves 'Commissioners of the Church of Scotland,' desire a satisfactory answer in reason to their first paper, according to your Majesty's promise: Your Majesty, in my humble opinion, is not, without destroying your own authority and honour, to acknowledge any such capable either of giving or receiving satisfaction, in the interest of your Majesty's service; they being directed only from *pretended* Judicatories, unlawfully convocated, and unlawfully proceeding, contrary to the right of Monarchy, fundamental right of that Kingdom, and all your Majesty's just and necessary interests. But since your Majesty is of your goodness pleased, —the more to exonerate yourself, and convince the world of the violence and injury of their proceedings,—to deign them so much patience and study as to hear and answer them upon their whole desires, I shall humbly submit unto your Majesty's pleasure, and only reflect upon their first article, viz. Desiring your Majesty would give them assurance, under your hand and

[1] See before, Chapter XV., p. 280.

seal, of your approbation of their *National Covenant*, subscribed (as they say) by your Majesty's royal Grandfather, and approved and enjoined by your royal Father, of blessed memory:

"Whereunto though I should humbly wish your Majesty might be pleased to give them satisfaction,—(in regard of the times, and the small influence that it can have against your Majesty's affairs elsewhere, and that you should not seem even in appearance to contradict the actions of your royal predecessors,)—yet, that your Majesty may not be abused, and that you may see that there is nothing but *fard* in that which may seem *fairest* of all their proceedings,[1] I conceive myself obliged in duty and honour to *undervalue all their malice*, and truly to inform your Majesty in what you are, and may be, so much concerned.

"It is true that *National Covenant* did pass under colour of the King your Grandfather's authority. But it never can be shewn that he did himself subscribe it, or that any Act of Council ever passed authorizing the same: But the King being at that time in his nonage, some of the factious leading ministers pretending that there were many of quality popishly affected, both about Court and in the Country, desired an oath to be pressed, wherein is *no bond* nor *league of mutual defence*, but a bare *negative confession*, only to have been a touchstone whereby all such as were popish might be decyphered: As witnesseth the thing itself, which only disclaims the exorbitancies and abuses of the Roman Hierarchy, without condemning the *primitive times*, or *ancient discipline* from the beginning of all Christian churches; intending it only for that present exigency, as they conceived it; but never dreamt of making it pass as any thing *national*, or to be a snare or stumbling-block to all posterity. And as for the King, your Majesty's royal Father, his assent thereunto,—who knew so well the grounds and *precognitas* of all the design,—how it was (I shall not say further)

[1] This quaint Scotch phrase was hardly to have been expected in a statesman's letter to a king. But it is most expressive of the shallow meretricious pretensions to loyalty now put forth by the Argyle, and Hamilton or rather Lauderdale factions. *Fard* here signifies the false daubing on a harlot's cheek. Old Zacharie Boyd says, "The *fairest* are but *farded* like the face of Jezebel;" and Zacharie was, once at least, a courtier of Montrose's friend, and Charles's aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, as we shall have occasion to notice afterwards.

procured from him, all the world knows. Yet when the Earl of Traquair did sign it in his Majesty's name, as Commissioner in that present Parliament, he declared (as is still upon record) that, in case of ignorance, inadvertence, or any thing against law, or prejudicial to his Majesty's right or royal authority, all to be null and of no effect. But what sad effects this religious pretence has produced since, and how dangerous a principle it is to all authority and government, I shall humbly leave it to your Majesty to consider. Yet if (upon what is before mentioned, and that it reaches no further than the kingdom of Scotland, and because that many are harmlessly inveigled in it who otherwise mean rightly enough for your Majesty's service) your Majesty should be pleased to seem to dispense with it,—it would not appear amiss for the times.

"As for that of their *Solemn League* (which they always strive to twist alongst with the other), it is so full of injustice, violence, and rebellion, that, in my humble opinion, it were your Majesty's *shame and ruin* ever to give ear to it; it being nothing but a condemning of your royal Father's memory; joining *all* your Dominions in rebellion, by your own consent, against you; and in effect a very formal putting hand on yourself. And when they demand your Majesty's consent to *all Acts* for establishing their League in all your other kingdoms, it is the same thing as if they should desire to undo you by your own leave and favour.

"They would also force your Majesty to quit the form of service and worship in your *own family*. And yet they made it a ground of rebellion against your royal Father, that they *but imagined* he intended to meddle with them in the like kind.

"And whereas they say, that, by granting all their extravagant desires, your Majesty would not gain the hearts of Scotland alone, but all others of your other Dominions,—it is most evident, and known to all the world, that your Majesty would lose irrevocably the hearts and services of all your party within the three Kingdoms; besides what would touch your conscience, honour, and memory, before God, the world, and all posterity. For have they not still totally declined the royal party in all your Kingdoms? Juggled with all other sectaries? And is it not their downright tenet, that they must rather receive all than *malignants*,—those who *profess the King?* As witnesseth

their late *calling in of Cromwell*,[1] and all of that nature. Withal they still insist upon their desires, without ever showing the least reason for them; or what they will do to evidence their thankfulness and loyalty; or what assurances they will give upon it.

"Whereas they promise to continue *the same* faithfulness unto your Majesty as *they have done to your royal Father;* it appears they do not at all dissemble on this point. Their selling of him to his enemies, their instructions to their Commissioners, and all their public and private carriages with his murderers, doth sufficiently declare it; as particularly the eighth article of their Instructions, wherein it is said that a King, or Civil Magistrate,[2] is as punishable by the laws as the meanest of his subjects.

"As for their pretence in proclaiming your Majesty King, it is the greatest argument can be given of their disloyalty. For while your Majesty is the *hereditary and undoubted* Heir of that Kingdom,—by the uninterrupted succession of so many of your royal progenitors,—in place of declaring your *right*, they question it, or rather, would make it null, by turning your hereditary right to a conditional election of *ans* and *ifs*, which may seem to suit with any person else as well as your Majesty.

"As for what they so often reiterate to your Majesty, of your *hand and seal*, for promoting of their Solemn League and Covenant throughout your Dominions,—they make use of this still, like Achilles' lance, to wound your Majesty and heal themselves.

"And further, they desire that your Majesty would consent and agree that all matters *civil* should be determined by the Parliament, and all matters *ecclesiastical* by the Assembly; by

[1] "Sir Archibald Johnston, in February last (1649), viz. 27th of the same, being arguing against Sir John Brown anent the Scots last going into England, and the English, with Cromwell and Lambert, their here coming at the Whigamore raid, confessed publicly in open parliament,—although by him formerly *denied* and *mansworn*,—that *they came into Scotland with consent.* Whereupon Sir John desired the clerk to *mark that* as an essential point, now confessed in open parliament."—*Balfour's Annals.*

[2] The term civil magistrate is here used not in the ordinary sense, but in the sense of any representative of supreme or sovereign power acting in that capacity. See before, p. 281.

which your Majesty does clearly see they resolve that *you* should signify nothing; and yet they are not ashamed to say that those desires are so just and necessary for securing the religion and peace of that kingdom, that they cannot subsist without them; even as if your Majesty's government, or the name of a King, were contrary to peace and religion! And still they say that they will contribute their utmost endeavours for your Majesty's re-establishment; but still it is with those provisos of 'lawful means,' and 'according to the League and Covenant;' so as all that is, but to grant the antecedent and always deny the conclusion.

"And whereas your Majesty is pleased to press them,—If they have any proposition to make to your Majesty, towards your recovery of your right of England, and bringing the murderers of your royal Father to justice? They say, they have *sufficiently answered it;* although they have never named the same! Still aiming to make a stand, having nothing to say, they are forced to play the sceptic in place of better argument.

"And besides all this, they have been the fountain and origin of all the rebellions, both among themselves and all others in your Majesty's Dominions. And after they had received all full satisfaction, in order to their whole desires both touching Church and State, within their own nation, they entered England with a strong army, and there joined themselves to the rebel party in that Kingdom, persecuted the King your royal Father, till in a kind they had reduced him to deliver himself up into their hands. *And then*, contrary to all duty, gratitude, faith, and hospitality, *they sold him over into the hands of his merciless enemies!* Complotted his death![1] Connived at his murder![2] And have been the only rigid and restless instruments of all his saddest fates. Of all which past horrid misdemeanours they are so little ashamed, that they make it their only business now to preserve their conquest by the same means by which they at first acquired it; *murdering* those of your best

[1] It is mentioned by various contemporary chroniclers, that when Cromwell was staying with Argyle in the Lady Home's house in the Canongate, the proposition of putting the King to death was privately discussed and agreed to there. See p. 673.

[2] The chief instruction from Scotland to the Commissioners in London, shortly before the King's execution, was, *not to offend the Estates* by excusing the King's conduct in any attempt they might make to save his life.

subjects, while they pretend to treat with your Majesty's self;[1] and persecuting all those by arms whom they think to be affected to you; and being in league and all strictest correspondence with the *murderers* of your royal Father; and making all vigorous and hostile preparations against what they fear may be so justly attempted by your Majesty against them; heaping lies and calumnies upon your Majesty's person, party, and cause, to make you still the more hateful to themselves, distrusted by your own, and contemned by strangers, the more to disenable your Majesty against them, and fortify themselves the further for your ruin.

"Against all which, in my humble opinion, I know no other remedy (since the disease is so far gone that *lent* physics cannot at all operate)—than that *contraries* should be quickly applied; and that your Majesty should be pleased resolutely to trust the justice of your cause to God and better fortunes; and use all vigorous and active ways, as the only probable human means that is left to redeem you. In the way of which (according to your Majesty's commands) I shall, I hope, be much more able, than in this, to witness unto you with how much zeal and faithfulness I am your most Sacred Majesty's most humble, faithful, and obedient Servant, MONTROSE."

"Read in Council May 21st, 1649."[2]

The King determined, or seemed to determine, to adopt these counsels, the reasoning of which was irresistible, and to seek his fortune in Ireland, instead of in covenanting Scotland. He declined, meanwhile at least, the insolent terms of the Commissioners of the Kirk, and set out from the Hague to visit the Queen Mother in France, after having invested Montrose with a new commission as Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland, and

[1] At the very time when the Commissioners were on their way to the Hague, 22d March 1649, the Marquis of Huntly was executed in Scotland, for no reason except his loyalty. A copy of his last speech is preserved among the Wigton papers. He pathetically alludes to the fact, that he had done too little in the cause for which he suffered.

[2] *Original* draft, Montrose Charter-room, entitled, "My opinion to his Majesty upon the desires of the Scots Commissioners at the Hague." On that day twelvemonth, 21st May 1650, Montrose was hanged in Edinburgh.

commander-in-chief of all the royal forces there. On his way to France, he paused first at Breda, and then at Brussels. The loyal Marquis attended him to both places; but when Charles left Brussels for St Germains, he returned for a short time to the Hague, preparatory to setting out on the important and anxious mission to the northern courts with which the King had entrusted him. For he had now received the express commands of his Sovereign to raise what foreign forces he could, under his high commission of plenipotentiary from the King of England, and then to form a junction with the loyalists in Scotland as speedily as possible. Among his family archives is yet preserved the original diploma, dated at Brussels, 6th July 1649, addressed to all foreign states, investing him with the most ample powers as Embassador-Extraordinary. In addition to all this, the King, while they were at Breda together, encouraged him with the following assurance in writing :—

"MONTROSE: Whereas the necessity of my affairs has obliged me to renew your former trusts and commissions concerning the kingdom of Scotland: The more to encourage you unto my service, and render you *confident of my resolutions*, both touching myself and you, I have thought fit by these to signify to you, that I will not determine anything touching the affairs of that kingdom, without having your advice thereupon. As also, I will not do anything that shall be prejudicial to your commission. CHARLES R."

"Breda, June 22d, 1649."[1]

On the following day, the young Duke of York congratulates him thus :—

"MY LORD: I give you many thanks for your kind expressions towards me in yours from Brussels; and am very glad the King, my brother, has found an occasion of employing you; being confident you have a heart full of zeal and affection towards his service. I shall be glad to hear often from you;

[1] *Original,* Montrose Charter-room.

especially when you will give me an occasion of making good to you my resolution of being always your affectionate friend,

" JAMES.

" St Germains, July 23d, 1649.

" *My Lord, you must be kind to Harry May for my sake.*" [1]

Of the very same date, Henrietta Maria thus writes to him from Paris :—

" *To my Cousin, the Marquis of Montrose.*

" COUSIN: I have received two letters from you at the same time; one by my Lord Andover, of an old date, the other by Ayton; and in both of them I find proofs of your continued affection for me; which I accept with great satisfaction, having an esteem for you that *never can be diminished*, but which I shall always retain, whatever fortune befal me; and I must exact the same sentiments from yourself towards me, since, Cousin, I am (pray believe me), and shall ever faithfully remain, your good and affectionate cousin and friend, HENRIETTA MARIA R."

" Paris, 23d July 1649." [2]

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room.

[2] *Original* (French), Montrose Charter-room. This letter affords further demonstrative evidence against the scandal retailed by Bishop Burnet. See Memorials of Montrose for the original in French.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MONTROSE AND THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

YET more precious to the accomplished mind of Montrose, as an antidote against the savage invective of the covenanting faction at the Hague, was the friendship of the most interesting of the great personages of the Troubles, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia. She was the mother of those Gracchi, the Princes Rupert and Maurice. The misfortunes, and domestic calamities, with which Heaven visited the only sister of Charles the First, are matters of history. In an age of scandal, no breath of it fell upon the beautiful and witty Princess, who so well deserved the fond title bestowed upon her in Holland,—"The Queen of Hearts." And if more were required to meet the calumny that Montrose had been banished from Paris, as having forfeited all pretensions to be considered a gentleman,—we have the fact, that, at the very crisis, he is discovered on terms of domestic sociality with the high-minded, high-spirited, high-principled widow of the Elector Palatine, and her brilliant daughters. At the time when alleged to have "talked very indecently of the Queen's favours to him," we find him indeed dwelling aloof from Paris and St Germains; but there, in re-reference to the very society he is thus accused of having outraged, inditing to Keir the moral hint for the benefit of his niece Lilias Napier,—"neither would any of honour and virtue, *chiefly a woman*, suffer themselves to live in so lewd and worthless a place." That this was not Satan reproving sin, we may rest assured, since immediately thereafter he is established at the Hague on the most flattering and familiar terms with the Queen of Bohemia.

After the demise of the dethroned Elector, and the previous severe affliction of the tragic death of her eldest son by drown-

ing, this royal lady had been chiefly resident in the Low Countries, educating her four daughters, who were the admiration of the world, and watching the progress of those troubles in Great Britain, wherein her two heroic younger sons were enacting so conspicuous a part. Her daughters were remarkable for grace, beauty, and accomplishments. Of the three eldest, including the correspondent of Descartes, and the pupil of Honthorst, it passed into a saying, that "the first was the most learned, the second the greatest artist, and the third the most accomplished lady in Europe."

In this congenial society it was, that the fearful burst of impassioned grief, with which Montrose received the intimation of the murder of his Sovereign, subsided into the calm but deadly purpose to do or die for the son. At the Hague, in 1649, first was read, by many bright and tearful eyes, we do not say the *poetry*, but that *passion* of his neglected muse,—"Great, Good, and Just,"—that overflowing lava of the hero's heart, which for two centuries has remained burning amid the cultured regions of poesy. It superseded for the time a gentler theme, the Queen of Hearts herself, of whom her attached Sir Henry Wotton so sweetly sung, in the lyric commencing,—

"You meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
You *common people* of the skies,
What are you when *the sun* doth rise?"

and who extracted no mean poetry from that rude but eloquent old minstrel Zacharie Boyd, when, by his "Balme of Comfortes for the Queene of Bohemia," he sought, both in prose and verse, to sooth her soul, troubled with the sound of the rushing waters that overwhelmed her darling son, Prince Frederick.

"Here bubbling waters, seas of sorrows, dash;
Here waves, here winds, which make the clouds to clash;
Here fevers, fires, here fickle vanities,
Combinéd are to bring calamities
To mortal man,—not sparing young or old,—
Whose life is like unto a tale that's told!

Now, *happy he*, who, free from all distress,
Rests in the Heavens, far from this wilderness."

Elizabeth Stuart was always surrounded by the Muses, even amid the desolation of monarchies. Music, painting, and poetry, were the never-failing resources of this severely chastened yet cheerful Queen. Even at this agitated and gloomy crisis, we find the crushed violet of royalty playfully inviting Montrose to renew his college reminiscences, in a match at archery with herself and his devoted adherent the Earl of Kinnoul. One especial favourite among her household was Gerard Honthorst, a great artist in the greatest age of art. Rubens himself used to pause before his night-pieces, which obtained for him in Italy the name whereby high art best recognizes Honthorst,—"*Gherardo dalle notte.*" But the proudest characteristic of his career is having been the instructor, in painting and design, of the Queen herself, and her wonderful daughters, of whom the Princess Sophia obtained a niche among the distinguished artists of the seventeenth century. And not the least of the important productions of Gherardo's pencil, is the heroic portrait of Montrose, painted at this time for the Queen of Hearts.

It was in the month of February 1649, immediately after the death of Charles the First, that the Marquis hastened from Brussels to the Hague, to sustain the cause of the fallen monarchy, and to meet face to face his calumnious enemies. There he remained until the following month of June, when, as we have seen, he accompanied his Majesty on the way to France, as far as Breda and Brussels. During the interval, Honthorst painted his portrait at the Hague, and signed and dated a work of which he had reason to be proud. The most amiable and accomplished of Princesses would watch the pencil of their favourite master, as it traced the lineaments of their *beau ideal* of a cavalier and a christian knight. That the great artist, too, felt his subject, we may read in the impressive and simple dignity of the *Otranto* figure;—the whole composition breathing the very spirit of his metrical vow, which so intensely expressed his recent agony. This noble portrait, now happily recovered, though long lost to the world, may be considered the frontispiece to that epoch of his life which he himself characterised as his "Passions." Well has it been lately described by an accomplished pen, in a finished and fitting tribute to the memory of the hero, by the lineal representative of that Lord Napier of

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF THE RIGHT HON^BLE FOX MAULE

whom "it was ever said that Montrose and his nephew were like the Pope and the Church, who would be inseparable:"—

"The figure appears clad in black armour, significant of the profound but menacing grief of the warlike mourner for his martyred King: The right hand grasps the baton of the Empire; the left rests on a helmet overshadowed by funeral plumes; and a back-ground of sombre scenery, illuminated by a single gleam, supports the dignity of the composition, and marks the genius of Gherardo."[1]

While attending Charles II. at Breda and Brussels, the following doubtless most welcome letters reached Montrose, from "the Queen of Hearts:"—

"My Lord:—I have desired Sir Edward Herbert to let you know how by great chance I have found that the Prince of Orange will again extremely press the King to grant the Commissioners' desires, and so ruin him *through your sides.* I give you this warning of it, that you may be provided to hinder it. I have had a huge dispute with *Beverwert* about it. For God's sake leave not the (King[2]) as long as he is at Breda; for without question there is nothing that will be omitted to ruin you and your friends, and so the King at last. It is so late as I can say no more; only believe me ever your most constant affectionate friend,

"The Hague, this 24th of June" (1649).

"I give you many thanks for your picture. I have hung it in my cabinet to fright away '*the Brethern.*' Tell *my High-*

[1] See Fraser's Magazine for June 1851, article reviewing the author's "Memorials of Montrose and his Times." This graceful little essay, replete with interest and sparkling with point, is perhaps one of the most original and finished sketches of the kind that ever enriched the pages of a magazine. A more expanded composition from the same pen could not fail to rank high among the works of "Noble Authors."

See, in the Appendix, an account of Honthorst's portrait of Montrose, whence the engraving which illustrates this volume.

[2] Her Majesty had omitted this essential word in the hurry of writing.

lander that '*the Brethern*' do not forget to lie; for they say his countrymen will also join with them. I pray commend me to him."[1]

And again, in the following month, her Majesty writes:—

"My Lord: I have received yours by my Lord of Kinnoul. I hope these news I send by Broughton will help to persuade the King to make haste to go for Ireland; for one Inglesbie, a captain of Cromwell's regiment, who is come upon Monday last from London, and his brother, told him how that Cromwell,—I mean *that arch rebel*,—had received news how their ships, being before Kinsale, are all taken or sunk, to the number of nine of them. They sought to have corrupted the captain of the fort at Kinsale, for sixty thousand pounds, to have delivered it to them; which he advertising Rupert of, by his counsel he continued the treaty, and so got them all in, and has sunk or taken nine at least. And Inglesbie saith that they are all up again in Scotland; that the English rebel Parliament can get no soldier to go for Ireland; but it is thought they will send their army for Scotland; without doubt to help '*the Brethern*' there. I wish '*Jamie Græme*'[2] amongst them with all his followers. But till there be taken a better resolution than I hear *my Lord Jermyn desires*, I do not desire you should quit Brussels while there

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. The picture alluded to in the postscript is, doubtless, that by Honthorst, which is signed, and dated 1649. See Appendix. "The Brethern" was the title assumed by the zealots of the Covenant, and which their English brethren soon learnt to apply to them in derisive contempt. "My Highlander" probably means Seaforth. With regard to "Beverwert," the following occurs in a letter from William Spang at the Hague to his cousin Principal Baillie, dated 9th March 1649. "My next purpose was to find out whereto the Prince of Orange was inclined. For this purpose I went to two of the States-General, of whose intimacy with the Prince's counsels all men did speak. I found them not only declaring their own judgment for the King's going to Scotland, and embracing the Covenant, but that that also was the Prince's mind. From thence I went to sundry others, and from none did I get surer information than from the Lord of Beverwerd, governor of Bergen, natural son to Prince Maurice, a nobleman truly pious, and of a public spirit, resolute to employ his credit for religion, and of high account with the Prince, in whose counsels he has chief influence."—*Baillie's Letters*, iii. 73. The Queen of Bohemia had a better sense of the true interests of religion than either Spang, Beverwert, or the Prince of Orange.

[2] A playful allusion to the untitled designation bestowed upon the loyal Marquis by the Covenanters. A vein of arch humour pervades these interesting letters, indicating how cheerful a disposition, and how light a heart, had been overlaid by the heaviest hand of fate.

is danger of change. I hear Jermyn has orders to get your commission *for Hamilton!* [1] If that be true, sure they are all mad, or worse. I write this freely to you; wherefore I pray you burn this, for I do not desire to have it seen.[2] You may well know why. This bearer will tell you all the story of the Antelope, which has a little nettled these men. I pray God you may read this, for I have scribbled it in great haste. I hope that you will be able to read this truth, that I am ever constantly your most affectionate ELIZABETH."

"The Hague, this 3d of July 1649.

"I had thought to have sent Broughton to the King with these news; but hearing he had them already, I stayed him; and this bearer, Mr Carey, going to Brussels, I give him this. I can add nothing but my wishes that you may persuade the King for his good. I pray tell *my Highlander* I hope yet that his people will have another bout.

"This 4th of July." [3]

While our hero was with the King on his way to St Germains, receiving those high commissions and fatal commands, the Queen of Bohemia had quitted the Hague for her favourite summer retreat on the Rhine, the palace of Rhenen, where the Electress was wont to indulge her fondness for hawking, hunting, and archery. From thence she still kept up her correspondence with the cavalier after her own heart.

"MY LORD: This bearer has desired me to recommend him to you, that he may be a gentleman of the company of your guards. His name is Bushel, and he has served the King, my dear brother, as captain. His uncle served me long as master of my horse; and his cousin-german was my page, and killed in these wars with Rupert; besides, his eldest brother has done

[1] The second Duke, who figures in this biography as *Lanerick*. His brother was put to death in the previous month of March, about six weeks after the King.

[2] Montrose had disobeyed the injunction.

[3] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. The Queen of Bohemia corresponded with the Earl of Seaforth, chief of the Mackenzies, whose loyalty, though somewhat of the loosest and the latest, and never active, was now admitted even by Montrose, whom he joined at the Hague. Probably her Majesty alludes to this "high chief of Kintail" under the designation of "my Highlander."

the King very good service. I tell you all this, that the gentleman may find your favour the more upon his own deserving. I believe this letter will not come so speedily to your hands that I should tell you how we pass our time here. But that is soon said, for all is but walking abroad and shooting, which now I have renewed myself in. I will only entreat you to be confident, that nobody is more truly than I am your most constant affectionate friend, ELIZABETH."

"From Rhenen, this 1–11th of August" (1649).[1]

The Marquis had communicated to the Electress at Rhenen the commissions and written instructions with which the King her nephew had honoured him at Brussels, and he received the following reply, dated just three days after the above.

"MY LORD: I return you your letters, with my thanks for them. I pray God keep the King in his constancy to you and his other true friends and servants. But till he be gone from where he is, I shall be in pain. While you stay in this country, it will be a great charity in you to let me know the news you receive; for here is none to be had, the place being very barren of all news. We have nothing to do but to walk and shoot. I am grown *a good archer*, to shoot with my Lord Kinnoul. If your office will suffer it, I hope you will come and help us to shoot.[2] Howsoever, I conjure you be confident you have no

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. The double date indicates the *old* and the *new style*, a difference which created no little confusion of dates, in those days, when the new, or *Gregorian* correction of the calendar (being ten days in advance of the old or *Julian* style), was only adopted by Catholic States. Hence the day of the month is sometimes given according to the old style, sometimes according to the new, and sometimes under both. This requires close inspection, in matters of precise chronology; a circumstance not always attended to. The Gregorian correction, which occurred in the year 1582, also established the commencement of the year upon the first of January. *In Scotland*, however, the 25th of March continued to be new year's day until James VI. changed it to the first of January, by an Act of Council in 1600. And the 25th of March continued to be considered new year's day *in England* until so late as 1752, when the new or Gregorian style was adopted by Act of Parliament. Hence also the double mode, which frequently occurs, of indicating *the year*, as for example 1649–50. This difference, too, requires close attention in chronology.

[2] See before, p. 44.

friend esteems you more than doth she that is your most constant affectionate friend, ELIZABETH."

"Rhenen, this 4–14th of August" (1649).[1]

Although the devoted champion of the monarchy had now little leisure to bestow upon archery, even with the Queen of Hearts and her attractive daughters, it is to be hoped that he did find time to accept the invitation for a day or two, as it was not until the end of August that he set out upon his mission to the northern courts. Kinnoul, moreover, was one of his principal commanders in the expedition that was now being organized against the enemies of the throne in Scotland. At the meeting prompted by the Queen of Bohemia would be discussed topics of the deepest interest, and doubtless it was one of politics as well as pleasure. Yet, haply, the silver arrow of St Andrews, type of his college days, would be remembered, now when his days were numbered, in that shooting party at the palace of the Rhine. The Queen of the Palatinate and her daughters, with Montrose, Kinnoul, and Napier (who was inseparable from his uncle at this time), would constitute a party composed of the cream of royalty, and the pink of cavaliers. Soon thereafter he set out for Hamburgh, the first stage of his mission, accompanied by Lord Napier. At the same time Kinnoul undertook to land in Orkney, and establish the rendezvous there, with the few troops that were ready.

While this last mentioned gallant nobleman engaged heart and soul in the cause with Montrose, and exposed himself to every peril by sea and land, there was another of greater power and resources, to whom the hero now looked for the active co-operation that was of vital consequence to his new Engagement. The murder of the King had so far brought the uncertain Seaforth to his senses, that he never, subsequently, either did or said any thing disloyal. Nothing, indeed, could be more satisfactory and promising than his present demeanour and expressions to Montrose, of whose brilliant circle of adherents at the Hague he was the most imposing personage. But the fearful crisis required deeds not words; and deeds of the most decisive and prominent character were requisite to eraze from the shield

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room.

of the "high chief of Kintail," the *tache* which his conduct after the battle of Inverlochy had cast upon it; not to speak of the whole tenor of his too cautious course, which so justly provoked that comment from Montrose,—"neither do I think, though he were able, he would ever be found guilty of so much resolution."[1]

Whatever hopes he might have of that nobleman now, he failed not to express himself as if they were of the highest. The great Mackenzie following, whose tendency was ever to support the Throne, was now considered thoroughly loyal, and the coast of Kintail the most friendly shore for the adventure of Montrose. But still the one thing was wanting;—the presence at their head of the noble chief himself, to prepare for and proclaim the advent of the heroic Governor of Scotland. In vain the more energetic brother, Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardin, partially raised the clan. He could not dub himself *Tutor* of the clan, for their chief was not a minor. The desultory rising, which he effected in the north at the commencement of this year, was soon suppressed. While Montrose was rushing on his fate in Scotland, Seaforth was clinging to his now loyal but safe position beside the exiled King. On the eve (after some vexatious delays) of quitting the Hague for Hamburgh, not many months before the consummation of his own fate, Montrose thus writes to Seaforth:—

"My Lord: I am joyed you are well, though sorry you are still in that place; for your presence *where you know* would do much good, since you see affairs go so equally, and on such a level. Always (but) I hope these will *find you going*, and my best wishes shall accompany you along. I am just now setting out, and intend to recover these delays by the best dispatch I can. As I am able you shall receive my accounts, with this, that I shall ever be, my Lord, your Lordship's cousin and faithful servant, Montrose."

"Hague, 15th August 1649."[2]

[1] See before, pp. 621, 622.

[2] *Original*, first printed from the Seaforth Archives, along with other letters from Montrose to that nobleman, in the Appendix to Constable's Edition, 1819, of the translation of Wishart's *Commentarius*.

Immediately after he had parted company with her, the Queen of Bohemia thus again writes to the Marquis :—

"My Lord: This gentleman, called Burton, desires this to you, that I will recommend him to your favour, to wait upon you into Scotland, and that when you come there he may have some charge. He has money in his purse, and desires no other thing but employment, having served the King my brother. I hope I shall have better fortune in this recommendation than in that of Bushel; for Fox assures me he knows him, and I write this at his request. It is most cruel hot weather since you went. There is no news; only the King is still at St Germains, but constant to his resolutions for Ireland, and for all his friends. For all that, *I would he were well gone from there.* The French King is at Paris; and I still here, who conjure you to believe this truth, that you have no friend living that wisheth you more happiness than doth your most constant affectionate friend,

"Elizabeth."

"Rhenen, this 2d September, O. S." (1649.)

"*N.B.*—When I write to you next, because letters may be taken, I shall not put all my name to them, but this cypher, *E.* I pray, my Lord, commend me to my Lord Napier. Assure him I wish him all happiness."[1]

And after his arrival at Hamburgh, from whence he had reported progress to her Majesty, she replies as follows :—

"My Lord: I am very glad to see, by yours of the 4–14th of last month, that you are safely arrived at Hamburgh. I give you many thanks for your favours to Major Brierton at my request. The business in Ireland is not so bad as it was reported at first, but too ill for the King's affairs. Ormond has lost no towns, nor Cromwell done any thing. But from England they keep the affairs of that kingdom so in a cloud as we hear nothing of certainty; which I hope is a good sign that the King's affairs there go better than they would have known. They went for Jersey upon Monday was se'ennight. My Lady

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room.

Herbert writes to me, that, if he find no impediment of the Parliament ships, he will go to Ireland; otherwise, he will stay at Jersey for a sure passage. *Culpepper* is gone for Muscovy. The *spices* and *aquavitæ* will burn him quickly up.[1] My Lord Jermyn is coming hither, it is said, to take order about the jewels. Others think it is to meet with Duke Hamilton, Latherdale, and your *other friends*, to have new Commissioners sent to the King from the *godly brethern*, to cross *wicked Jamie Græme's* proceedings. But I am assured, from a good hand, that it will do no good, the King continuing still most constant to his principles as you left him. The Duke of York is with him. I have heard nothing of Rupert since you went from France. They say he is at sea. The States of Holland have desired the States-General to give audience to Strikland, as a public Minister from a free state; but they have refused it. I am here since Friday was fortnight. The Princess of Orange is also returned, who is in great fear that my Lord Jermyn's coming is to bring the Queen hither; which I wish heartily, to see how she shall be troubled to make her court where she doth not love very well. This is all I have to say to you at this time; only, I conjure you to be confident, that, without all compliment, I am ever your most affectionate constant friend, E."

"The Hague, this 2d October" (1649).

And three days thereafter she thus writes again :—

"My Lord: This bearer gives me the opportunity of sending these for you. The good Lord Brainford is come, and left the King and the Duke of York very well at Jersey. He assures me he is constant to his principles. By this bearer you will know all the particulars. I find good old Brainford very constant to you.[2] He confirms that I writ to you by my last, about the Lord Jermyn's coming, who is not yet arrived, but

[1] Clarendon says: "The Lord Colepepper, and Mr Long, the Prince's secretary, were trusted by the Queen (Henrietta) to keep the Prince steady and fast to that dependence (upon the Presbyterian party); and his Highness was enjoined to be entirely advised by them, though all the other Lords about him were of another mind, and the Prince himself not inclined that way."

[2] The Earl of Brentford and Forth. See before, p. 391.

we look for him every day. I hope you have heard, before this comes to your hand, of Cromwell's being defeated before (*blank*). Though the rebels at London seek to conceal it all they can, yet it comes from all parts. A French Lieutenant of d'Ouchant's regiment heard of it at Plymouth, which makes me the more believe it. I hope the next week will make it more true. Young Boswell has wrote it to Sir William Boswell from Edinburgh; where, he says also, that those that govern there make shew to wish to have their King; but yet he sees no disposition in them to lessen their conditions to him. I shall not fail to let Mr Leith know all that I hear of Jermyn's negociating here; for, be confident that I am ever your most constant affectionate friend, E."

"The Hague, this 5–15th of October" (1649).

"Our friend the Princess of Zolern has won her process for the Marquisate of Berg. The Denmark Ambassador is going away, having concluded a league betwixt his master and the States, who gave the King a good considerable sum of money. I wish you part of it, if not all."

During the remainder of this year, and the commencement of the following, while Montrose was with the King of Denmark, and the Queen of Sweden, organizing his fatal descent upon Scotland, this charming and cheery genius of the Rhenen never relaxed her correspondence with him, occasionally receiving letters from himself, none of which, unfortunately, have been discovered. We shall conclude this chapter with what remains of these interesting and characteristic autographs, now happily preserved among the archives of the hero's family.

"My Lord: Yesterday I received a letter from Paris, that Rupert was gone out of Kinsale, and passed by St Malo, three weeks ago, with six good ships. He set Choque ashore there, his surgeon, who wrote this to Paris, and that he was to go to the King at Jersey, where he hoped within a few days to meet Rupert. But some say that he was gone towards the Straits, to meet some ships of the merchants of London; but most be-

lieve him now at Jersey, whither Sir Edward Herbert, and Sir Philip Musgrave, and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, are gone to meet him. If *Windrum*[1] comes at the same time, it will be *a joyful sight*, as you guess. Without question the King will go with Rupert's ships. But whither, God knows; for I cannot assure you, since many letters say *all goes ill in Ireland.* Cromwell's money prevails much there, for Wexford was betrayed to him. There be many glad, and some sorry, that Rupert is out. My niece[2] is still of our side constantly, as I desired Mr Leith to write to you. But I assure you there is nothing left undone to hinder your proceedings. I hope God will prosper you in spite of them; which shall ever be the wishes and prayers of your most constant affectionate friend, E."

"The Hague, this 19–29th of November" (1649.)

"My Lord: I have received yours of the fourth of November this last week; and the next day, by Sir William Fleming, one from the King of the same date from Jersey; who assures me he is not changed in his affections nor designs, which he will show to the world very suddenly. *Robert le Diable*[3] is about Scilly with seven good ships. His man Choque was very well received; which made the *Squeaker* very sad, and all that tribe there. Harry May was not there; nor the *godly Windrum;* I hope he will find *visage de bois* when he comes. I wish your express quickly here. The King has not heard from you since his being at Jersey. I doubt not but you have seen by this the proclamation against Morton and Kinnoul,[4] and all the adherents of '*that detestable bloody murderer and excommunicated traitor, James Græme.*' The Turks never called the Christians so. Yet they are civil to the King in it: for they do it not in his name, and name him but once in it. I think they would not take his name in vain,—as they have done God's so often,—to show how faithful and dutiful subjects they are to him; which the King has good reason to take well, especially

[1] Wynram of Libberton, one of the Covenanting Commissioners, about this time made a Lord of Session, and dispatched by Argyle to counteract Montrose.

[2] The Princess of Orange. [3] Her son, Prince Rupert.

[4] But by this time, little more than three months after the archery at Rhenen, Morton and Kinnoul were both dead in Orkney! See afterwards.

this being done upon *Windrum's* sending (being sent) to him. There has been many Synods held at Dort and at Rotterdam. Now there is one at Amsterdam, where the *great-tongued Lord* is, and *high-nosed.* But my cousin, silly man, keeps here, and knows nothing of all this,—*no more* than I know that I am ever your most constant affectionate friend, E."

"The Hague, this 9th of December" (1649.)

"Old Brainford will chide you, that you should mistrust his constancy to you. He says he is now too old to be a knave, having been honest ever.[1] I am confident he is very real. I hope my next shall tell you very good news.

"My Lord: This bearer's dispatch to you, by honest old Brainford, gives me occasion to write to you. You will find by his letters what he desires. I assure you he is still very fast to you, I must tell you what I hear by my Lord (*blank*)'s letter, who is now at Nimeguen with the Prince of Orange, that Count Henry of Nassau is come hither from Denmark, and doth much lessen your proceedings there, saying that you have no men nor ships, nor free quarter in Denmark nor Holstein, nor at Hamburgh any, but only some few officers. I hope he doth it out of policy, to do your business, that the Scots may be surprised by you. But when I see him I will know what he saith. The King my nephew is yet at Jersey. As soon as Harry Seymour returns from Ireland, he will be gone either to Ireland, or, if it be not fit for him, to your parts. This I am told. As for Ireland, they tell so many lies as I dare believe nothing. Since Rupert was at Cape St Vincent, on the coast of Portugal, I have not heard from him. But upon those four ships he has taken, and others by the French, there be many merchants of London bankrupts, as I am informed. Colonels Banfield and Penrudoch are both prisoners in the Tower. Upon their taking, my Lady Carlisle is close prisoner again. Penrudoch, they say, has been racked. All Banfield's letters and cyphers are taken. My Cousin here begins to speak very

[1] Montrose's old friend, the Earl of Brentford and Forth, died in Dundee, upon the 2d of February 1651. He was "honest ever," but did the King no service withal.

favourably of you; which is a sign you are not in an ill condition. I pray God send you better; and *safety in Scotland.* Believe me ever your most constant affectionate friend,

"ELIZABETH."

"The Hague, this 7th of January" (1650.)

"I write so, I fear you cannot well read this letter; but I write it in haste."

The above is probably the last letter which this interesting and royal lady wrote to Montrose. The foreboding prayer for his "safety in Scotland" is striking. About four months after its date his mangled limbs were distributed among the chief cities of his native country. But many a tear for him would be shed by "the Queen of Hearts," and those peerless Princesses of the Palatinate.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PREPARATIONS FOR MONTROSE'S LAST CRUSADE AGAINST THE COVENANT IN SCOTLAND—THE EARL OF KINNOUL'S LETTER TO HIM FROM ORKNEY—SUDDEN DEATHS THERE OF KINNOUL AND THE EARL OF MORTON—PRESSURE UPON MONTROSE AT HOME AND ABROAD—DR. WISHART TO LORD NAPIER—MONTROSE AND SEAFORTH—OGILVY OF POWRIE'S LETTER FROM ORKNEY.

THE Syrens of the Rhenen had no desire to seduce from their loyal duties the distinguished Scottish cavaliers who frequented that fascinating palace. Their hearts were one, on the subject then agitating Europe; and however the scene might be enlivened by hunting, hawking, and archery, the fate of England's King doubtless would occupy their thoughts, and monopolize the discourse. To restore a fallen monarch was an undertaking of the highest emprise; and so, after a brief enjoyment of this brilliant society, each of these lordly knights, loosed from the silken leash of the Queen of Hearts, went a several way on that high adventure boon.

Montrose, and his nephew Lord Napier, proceeded to Hamburgh, where the latter was installed in charge of some difficult negotiations with that independent town, while the Marquis, after a short pause there, continued his progress northward, to negotiate in person with the King of Denmark, and another of his great admirers, Christina Queen of Sweden. The Earl of Kinnoul, upon whom he had conferred the command of the first division of his desultory forces, was instructed to effect a landing in Orkney as soon as possible, with such troops as could be collected, and to establish a rendezvous there for the rest of the army. The Earl accomplished his mission some time in the month of September, with great skill and daring. After run-

ning considerable risks at sea, both from the elements and the enemy, which, with the true spirit of a proper commander, is scarcely noticed by him in his dispatches, he reports progress to his military chief at Hamburgh, by the following interesting letter:—

"My very Noble Lord: Your Lordship's good fortune has so much influence upon those that have the honour to obey your commands, that I dare promise myself as good success in the business, as your Lordship shall see how happy we have been hitherto.

"After a tedious stormy one-and-twenty days sea-journey, we cast anchor at Kirkwall; where I found, by boatmen that came from the town, that my uncle Morton was at a house of his own, some sixteen miles from this place.[1] Being very confident of his loyalty, I ventured to land; and, without reposing, I took horse and went in all haste to him, having left orders to our men to land in the night, which was punctually obeyed. I found my Lord more zealous to the obedience of the King's commands, and your Lordship's, than I thought possible a person of his fortune in this place of the world could be; insomuch, that, after I was bold to call us *five hundred*, he wished them heartily *thousands*, and gave me all assurances that so soon as we would show ourselves to be in a capacity to reduce the country, he would not fail to be assistant to us in life and fortune: Which being impossible for us to compass, I was forced (by my Lord's desire) to send a party from this to his house of Birsay,[2] requiring a positive answer, and active assistance;

[1] The islands of Orkney and Zetland, with all their jurisdictions, were held by wadset from the Crown, granted by Charles I. to William 7th Earl of Morton, in 1643; which Earl died in Orkney in the month of March 1649, (according to Balfour), and was succeeded by his son Robert 8th Earl of Morton, referred to above. His sister, Lady Agnes Douglas, was married to George 2d Earl of Kinnoul, and became the mother of George 3d Earl of Kinnoul, the writer of the above letter. The rights of the Morton family to these islands were reduced in a litigation with the Crown after the Restoration. Lady Isabel Douglas, another sister of the Earl of Morton mentioned in Kinnoul's letter, became the wife of Montrose's son, the second Marquis.

[2] "In September this year, 1649, George Earl of Kinnoul, with eighty commanders, and about a hundred Danes and strangers, arrived in Orkney; they gave themselves out for the fore-runners of James Graham's army of strangers; they took

which was so heartily condescended to, that I shall humbly desire your Excellence to consider him as the chiefest instrument, next to your Lordship, of the King's service. I am confident of your approbation anent my procedure; since it was the sense of those that affect the King's service, and honour your Lordship most.

" My uncle, my Lord of Morton, was pleased to think he was *neglected;* in that the commissions for stating this country were not immediately conferred on him by your Lordship. Whereupon, having all assurance of his Lordship's reality, I waived my own interest so much, that I resigned all power of my commissions to him, which he was pleased to accept of before the gentlemen of this country, who were convocated for the receiving of his commands, and your Excellence's: Which were so cheerfully embraced, that unanimously they did condescend to a posture of war for our present defence, to consist of four hundred men, presently to be levied, which is sufficient to maintain this place against all that dare call themselves *Committees.*

" I hope your Lordship shall find this resignation conduce so much to that advantage of the King's service, that I shall have no blame from you; but, on the contrary, I could neither have been answerable to my allegiance, nor your Lordship, if I had refused it; having assurance under my Lord his hand and seal to be re-possessed in my commissions so soon as your Lordship shall think fit the regiment shall wait on you in Scotland.

" For my part, I esteem it the greatest advantage under the sun, that I have this occasion of testifying my respect to your Lordship. This action has given the rebels such a blow that I will take it *on my salvation,* if you fall upon them at this nick of their distemper, you shall find assistance beyond all expectation, and that sufficient to effectuate your intentions. *Your Lordship is gaped after with that expectation that the Jews look after their Messiah.* And certainly your presence will restore your groaning country to its liberties, and the King to his rights.

" God Almighty has not only blessed us thus by land,[1] but

the castle of *Birsay* in Orkney, and garrisoned it; they brought arms and ammunition with them for a thousand men; and immediately entered to levy and press soldiers."—*Balfour's Annals.*

[1] Some modern writers, record that prior to Kinnoul's landing, a division of

has made those we were to expect disservice from, our friends. For, the next day after we landed, there anchored a ship of eighteen guns in another road of this same island; the captain no sooner understood the reality of our intentions, and your orders, but very gallantly delivered the rebel arms unto us, and declared ship and all to be at your commands. Your Lordship knows best how to gratify so generous an act, which has made me to give him assurance of your kindness, and him to think himself happy in the expectation of it.

"I shall humbly entreat your Lordship to send my Lord an absolute commission for these islands; and that you would recal such commissions as his Lordship conceives to be to his prejudice; as George Drummond's, whose father is my Lord's enemy, and is gone to the south to shun engaging in this business. My uncle has proved so cordial, and so active, that his doings are beyond the limits of being satisfied with words. I am confident you will find it fit to befriend him in all his particulars.

"For me, if your Lordship will do me the honour to believe that there is nothing able to alter my esteem of you, I shall be encouraged to serve you faithfully, and shall be still happy in being the most passionate of your servants.

"KINNOUL."

"Kirkwall."[1]

But, ere Montrose could reach Orkney, this "most passionate of his servants" was no more. And, strange to say, the Earl of Morton had also breathed his last a few days before the death of his nephew! Gordon of Sallagh, the historian of the Sutherlands, records the fact of Kinnoul having reached Orkney with his troops, in the month of September 1649, and then he adds: "Presently thereafter the Earl of Morton died, and,

Montrose's troops had been lost in attempting to reach Orkney. But this is a mistake. The first severe disaster of the kind occurred immediately before Montrose himself landed. See afterwards.

[1] *Original*, Wodrow MSS. vol. lxvii. No. 93; *Advocates' Library*. The writer of this letter was George Hay, (called *William* by mistake at p. 580), third Earl of Kinnoul, whom the peerage writers, and all other modern notices of the family, state to have died in 1677. But it was the *fifth* Lord Kinnoul who died in that year; as the melancholy events unfolded in our text prove beyond all doubt. We are happy to be able to restore two links in that noble genealogy.

within few days, Kinnoul died also, at Kirkwall in Orkney, unto whom his brother succeeded."[1] On this ill-fated expedition, from the safe landing of which the gallant nobleman had augured too favourably, he was attended by a Welsh officer yclept Captain John Gwynne, whose curious but meagre MS. Memoirs were edited by Sir Walter Scott in 1822. This loyalist gives some account of the various perils of the voyage, and eulogizes the intrepid conduct of their noble leader. He makes no mention of the death of Morton, but records that of Kinnoul, as having occurred soon after his arrival in Orkney, which he reached in the month of September. "About two months after," he says, "the Earl of Kinnoul fell sick at Birsay, the Earl of Morton's house, and there died of a pleurisy; whose loss was very much lamented, as he was truly honourable and perfectly loyal."[2] On the other hand, Sir James Balfour, in his Annals, while he omits all mention of the death of Kinnoul, thus strangely accounts for that of his uncle: "The 12th day of November this year, Robert Douglas, Earl of Morton, departed this life, of *a displeasure conceived at his nephew*, George Earl of Kinnoul, at the castle of Kirkwall in Orkney, 1649." The Lord Lyon's gossip, as to the cause of Morton's death, which his nephew's letter suffices to refute, doubtless originated in some confused version of the circumstances under which the uncle and nephew had arranged the delicate question of the

[1] The "Monsieur Hay, Kinnoul's brother," mentioned by Lord Napier in his letter from Brussels to Lady Napier in the previous year. See before, p. 668.

[2] This passage, in Gwynne's MS., had greatly puzzled Sir Walter Scott, who thus comments, in a note:—

"The author is here at singular variance with the Scottish genealogists. William (George?) third Earl of Kinnoul is by them represented as having succeeded his father in 1644. It is agreed on all hands that he was a loyalist and joined Montrose. But far from representing him as dead in 1650, the date of Montrose's last and fatal expedition, he is stated to have escaped from the castle of Edinburgh in 1654, and having instantly joined Middleton,—in which case Gwynne must again have met with him,—there to have been taken by the English in the braes of Angus, and finally to have died in 1677. See *Wood's Peerage of Scotland*, article KINNOUL."

Sir Walter ought rather to have said that the Scottish genealogists were at singular variance with the author he was editing. Gwynne was actually with Kinnoul, when he died in Orkney, in the month of November 1649. The Earl's brother, who succeeded him, died a few months thereafter, in the tragic manner we shall presently have to record. As already noted, *two* stiches, of that noble genealogy, have been dropped by the Peerage knitters.

chief command in Orkney. But it is remarkable that the very striking fact of Kinnoul's dying immediately after Morton was not noted by Sir James Balfour.

This accumulation of unlooked for misfortune created sad confusion at the rendezvous in Orkney. Montrose's presence there was still unavoidably delayed. But, from every quarter, both royalty and loyalty were impelling him upon his fate. All, as poor Kinnoul wrote, "gaped after him with that expectation that the Jews look after their Messiah." He has been somewhat rashly characterised, even by one whose genius greatly ministered to the hero's fame, as a "rash enthusiast."[1] That he was, *par excellence*, the enthusiast of the cause for which he suffered, is praise we would not seek to deprive him of. In his last expedition, the forlorn hope of England's Monarchy, he was indeed self-devoted. But even in reference to that ill-fated attempt, it were mere ignorance to regard him as a rash or wrong-headed Quixote, only fit to figure in the romance of history, under the flattering portraiture of friendly genius. Among the Ormond papers there is a document entitled "Proceeding of the Marquis of Montrose," in which his progress is traced (for the information of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) through the northern courts of Europe, from the month of August 1649 to the eve of his descent upon Scotland, in the spring of the following year. During this period he may be said to have lived with crowned heads. The King of Denmark, the Queen of Sweden, the King of Poland, the Dukes and Electors of the Empire, Friesland, Courland, Brunswick, Zell and Hanover, vied with each other in doing honour to Montrose, and exciting his exertions by their receptions, concessions, and promises. And, says the same contemporary report, "his Imperial Majesty did heartily express his long desire to give all assistance possible to his Majesty of Great Britain; and all the Princes of the Empire were as well affected. The Emperor demanded a meeting at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and did give full power to Piccolomini to treat with them concerning the same; the effects whereof followed according to Montrose's heart's desire, and will ere long be fully known, to the astonishment of the rebels."

Not to speak of the reiterated commands of his own Sovereign,

[1] Sir Walter Scott. *History of Scotland.*

at the very moment when so insanely treating with his worst enemies,—a fatally decisive feature in the crisis to which we must devote a separate chapter,—the pressure from home, by letters and by missions, was ceaseless and distracting, during the whole period of his northern negotiations, and the organizing of his doomed army. From the Ormond correspondent we also learn, that, about the end of the year 1649, a ship was dispatched from Orkney to Denmark, bringing "Sir James Douglas, my Lord of Morton's brother, and one Major Melvin, with many gentlemen of quality from all places of the kingdom, who, in the name of the whole kingdom, did *intreat and press Montrose, earnestly*, to go to Scotland, and not stay for all his men (who might follow), for his own presence was able to do the business, and would undoubtedly bring twenty thousand together for the King's service; all men being weary and impatient to live any longer under that bondage, pressing down their estates, their persons, and their consciences."

Nor can there be a doubt that this was the real temper, generally speaking, of the people of Scotland; and that the dethroned King's unprincipled treaty at Breda, with the able and indefatigable but worthless clique of the worn-out Covenant, alone prevented the public feeling in favour of Montrose's rescuing the Monarchy, from obtaining the ascendant. "The people of Scotland," writes the excellent Sir Edward Nicholas to the Marquis of Ormond, in the month of April 1650,—"the people of Scotland are, for certain, extremely well affected to the King, and rightly disposed to join with the Marquis of Montrose, as soon as he shall appear in that kingdom in any good posture able to secure their rising: But some, without reason, apprehend that the report of the now approaching treaty will make those of the better sort forbear to appear for him, until they shall see the issue of this treaty." And well knew that cunning clique how to work their ends with such a Prince as Charles the Second. "The Commissioners," notes Sir James Balfour, "had a warrant with them, under the great seal of Scotland, to borrow three hundred thousand pounds, to give the King, if so it were he and they accorded; otherwise, to give him *no money at all*."

Meanwhile the ever devoted, and by this time famous chaplain of our hero, Dr Wishart, thus reports from Holland, to his patron's nephew at Hamburgh, the condition of affairs, so far as his ken could penetrate. This characteristic letter is the only one from that celebrated and accomplished loyalist we remember to have met with. At this time the *quondam* minister of St Andrews, and future Bishop of Edinburgh, was attached as chaplain to a Scotch regiment in the service of Holland.

"*For my Lord Napier, at Hamburgh.*"

"My Lord: I have little or nothing to write that is worthy of the pains, excepting only to praise Almighty God, and congratulate with you these gracious hopes which we are persuaded to conceive from your negotiations in these places. Oh, the God of armies, and giver of victory, bless the same to the end. Yet could I not suffer the opportunity of such a bearer escape me, that I should not at least testify my good will and zeal towards your Lordship, at least wise by this paper visit. Our great ones, Duke Hamilton, Lauderdale, Dunfermline, Callendar, Sinclair, &c., are all at the Hague, and at the present so *darned* that we hear but little of their *din*.[1] It is thought that their new bond had so small acceptance in Scotland that they almost repent the moving of it. All their present hopes are of Wondrum's treaty,[2] and offers to the King, which they magnify as very great, glorious, and advantageous to his Majesty, seeing he may by them get present possession of that whole kingdom, at so easy a rate as the forsaking of one man, who, as a bloody excommunicated rebel, is so odious to all men, that the King cannot be so demented, and bewitched, as to prefer him to the present enjoyment of the affections and services of a whole nation of most true and loyal subjects. Such are the charms, whereby these old wizards go about still to fascinate the world, abroad and at home. And yet the two last named professed as much good will to my Lord of Montrose as can be wished, and

[1] *i. e.* So hide themselves, that we hear little about them.

[2] "Mr George Winrame of Libertone, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, who was sent to Jersey to the King, in November 1649, with letters from the Committee of Estates, came home in a waighter, and arrived at Leith, on Saturday the 2d of February 1650."—*Balfour.*

do openly swear and avouch that they had never any art or part in that foresaid bond. Brentford, I believe, not only would be glad of employment with his Excellence, but is very much grieved that he thinks himself slighted and neglected by him. Sir William Fleming came this way from Jersey, and went straight to Scotland. I pray God all be sound that way. I have not been so happy as to see Mr Aytoun, who hath been this long time in these provinces. But I doubt not that he hath given full information, of all that he can, to his Excellence, by his own pen. My Colonel had been upon his journey before now, but that the Prince of Orange took him with his Highness in a progress that he is making towards Guelderland. I know he will make the speediest return that may be. News from Ireland are still so various, uncertain, and contradictory, that I neither can nor dare command my pen to write any thing. Last week we had no letters at all from London, and by the latest we were informed that no man living landed in any place of England, from Ireland, who was not searched to the very skin,—clothes, and shoes, and boots, and all, ript up for letters. Whereby it came to pass, that they have no more certainty of affairs from thence, at London, than we have.

"The Lorrainer's forces have been this three weeks close upon the skirts and borders of the lands belonging to the Estates. It is said that Lamboy is not far from them with his army; that Lorrain is thanked off by the Spaniard, and taken on by the Emperor, who is thought to have a purpose to demand of the Estates United such Imperial towns as they detain and possess from him. The Estates do not take the alarm very hot, only they have sent some troops and companies to strengthen their garrisons toward these quarters. Nay, the provincial Estates of Holland will needs (in spite of any opposition of the Estates-General, and his Highness) casheer ane 109 companies of foot, all of strange nations, French, English, and Scots, and most part of the cavalry, and reduce yet more those that remain. It is thought all this is intended to clip his Highness's wings, and that they are stirred up to it by the English rebels, who promise them, upon a call, more men than they shall stand in need of. Certain it is that there is strait correspondence and good intelligence betwixt them. If your Lordship and noble

company be in good estate, and will comfort me with the knowledge of the same, I shall at this time demand no more from thence, but, fervently praying for the same, shall rest, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble and devoted chaplain,

"G. WISEHEART."

"Shiedame, 1st January 1650."[1]

And Seaforth was now urging, and "advising" Montrose, to pursue that perilous path upon which the chief of the Mackenzies did not choose to peril himself. The devoted Marquis thus writes to him from Copenhagen, on the 27th of October 1649:

"MY LORD: Though I have written *many times* to you, which seem not to have come to your hands, and only received some two of yours, yet I cannot but tell you how glad I am at the informations I receive of your noble and *resolute* carriages concerning his Majesty; and your kind ones towards your friends; which, I assure you, has procured you so much respect amongst all honourable people, as is not to be exchanged for a world. For what friendship you have been pleased to do me the honour to witness, though it can be no more than I ever promised to myself, I will make you the faithfullest return my life can do. And, if it please God I lose it not *very suddenly*, I shall be sure not to die in your debt. Meanwhile, I humbly entreat you be confident, that wherever I be, or whatever occasions I may have to correspond with you, or not, I can never forget what I owe you; but shall ever, in all fortunes, places, and times, be faithfully, and as effectually as it may please God I can, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful cousin and servant, MONTROSE.

"I am using *your advice*, and *setting forth* in the way that is *possible;* and I shall make you the best account that it shall please God to give me leave."

A curious letter this. Did Montrose intend the sarcasm with which it seems replete? Could Seaforth read it without wincing? He whose power and influence in the north of Scotland once enabled him to hold together there a great army against the King,—though he never ventured to face the royal Lieutenant,—now, in his own brightest hour of loyalty, still

[1] *Original,* Napier Charter-chest.

turned a deaf ear to that anxious suggestion,—"your presence, *where you know*, would do much good, since you see affairs go so equally, and on such a level." Apparently Montrose now despaired of the chief of the Mackenzies resorting in person to his own country, and raising his people *en masse*, to co-operate with the King's Lieutenant there. So he was fain to content himself with thanking the high chief of Kintail for fair words, and imaginary benefits, while always looking forward to his more active co-operation, and meanwhile petting him, as if reclaiming a froward child. It must have been a sad and irritating reflection, that his own herculean labours had all proved vain, through the impracticable jealousy, or selfish timidity, of those upon whose cordial aid he had every right to calculate; but which was ever so unnaturally withheld, or inefficiently bestowed.[1] There is no quality in his own character more to be admired, than the indomitable temper with which he met those unlooked for crosses, and struggled to remove them by the constant courtesy of his patient appeals. Witness the correspondence with his old rival Huntly, who had now passed from the agitated scene,—"made shorter by the head," as Montrose himself phrased it, in his prophecy of 1640, now becoming so rapidly fulfilled.[2] Witness his correspondence with the mercurial Aboyne, whose desertion of him "in the nick," brought all to ruin at Philiphaugh. He, too, was gone; and Lord Lewis, the graceless, useless boy, that stole his mother's jewels, had become Marquis of Huntly.[3] And, finally, witness his correspondence with Seaforth, who had once, as a vanquished enemy, graced the wheels of his victorious chariot, then broke his pledge, and then again "came in at the slap" to Montrose, about to "go over the dike to him."[4] On the 15th of December 1649, he thus writes in the same strain of equivocal compliment, and not very intelligible gratitude, dating from Gottenburg in Sweden,—

[1] See before, p. 407.

[2] See before, p. 288.

[3] Aboyne died heart-broken abroad, shortly after the murder of the King. It was said at the time that Argyle decreed the death of Huntly, in order that Lord Lewis, his most manageable tool of all his nephews, might become the head of the House.

[4] See before, p. 622.

"*For my noble Lord the Earl of Seaforth:*"

"My Lord: I am sorry I have not had so many occasions as I would to express unto you the joy I have of all your honourable and friendly carriages, concerning both public and private; which, I assure your Lordship, is no less contentment to your friends, and satisfaction to all honest men, (even those who know you not), than it is happiness for yourself. I pray God give joy to pursue so virtuous and honourable a track; and be sure I shall be no longer happy than I be not thankful for the noble obligations I owe you.[1] I am so pressed,—being to set sail to-morrow for Scotland,—that I can say little more; only, I must give your Lordship a thousand thanks for your favours and kindness to your servant Mr James Wood,[2] which I humbly entreat you continue; and I will not fail, if I have life, to cause return what you are pleased to do to any of your servants. I will say no more, but that I shall live, or die, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful cousin and servant,

"Montrose."

"I hear our cousin Charters has gone to the King, which has made me not write unto him."

But the hero's fate was not quite so near consummation as the above letter would indicate. After it was written, he learnt that dispatches were on the way to him from his Sovereign; and, ever anxious to walk entirely by the royal will, he deferred his intended passage to Orkney until he should know what that will was.[3] Under existing circumstances at Breda, it ought to have been a timely intimation, that the covenanting Commissioners were coming to terms, inconsistent with the safety of Montrose. But Charles the Second, whose good nature was utterly devoid of principle, willed that the hero's star should set in

[1] They would have cut no great figure on paper.

[2] Probably the "worthy clergyman" of that name, whose servant, as Wishart informs us, Montrose personated when he escaped to Norway in 1646. See before, p. 643. There was another clergyman of the same name who was a zealot of the Covenant.

[3] The mistake occurs in Hume's history, that Montrose hurried his descent upon Scotland *lest the King should countermand him.*

blood. Even at this crisis, when the vocation of his champion was gone, the King sent him the most pressing commands not to relax his armed intervention. To enforce the appeal, he added that highest incentive to nobility in England, the order of the Garter! Meanwhile the most urgent appeals from Orkney continued to hasten his advent. The Earls of Kinnoul and Morton, so recently his chief reliance in that quarter, had disappeared like bubbles from the surface of the troubled waters. Anon, another Earl of Kinnoul is awaiting him there, and another of his gallant Aides-de-camp hailing him from the stormy Orcades! The following letter is from Colonel Thomas Ogilvy of Powrie, the same who had been his trusty emissary to Huntly in a former campaign:[1]

"My Lord: In my last letter to your Lordship I forgot to show your Lordship concerning my Lord Marishal and Lieutenant-General Middleton,[2] who truly,—if faith and truth be in men,—are very loyal to his Majesty's service, and that without any interest (as they profess themselves) either of *Hamiltoun* or *Argathelaine* factions, or any other whatsoever, but merely what concerns his Majesty's happiness and service. Wherefore let me humbly beg at your Lordship's hands, that your Lordship will be pleased to entreat them both, fairly and kindly, to adhere to their loyal opinions. This will conduce much for your Lordship's interest and advantage. Your Lordship knows how safe and fitting a garrison Dunnotter is, for keeping of ammunition and artillery. And believe me, if your Lordship desire this fairly and kindly, you will get it. As for Middleton, he is so far considerable, that if your Lordship will be pleased to make use of him, whom indeed you will find willing enough to accept it, he can take off the most part of all their horse to go along with him any way that he pleases to command them, but chiefly in the King's service.

"My Lord, your Lordship will pardon me to be a little free; for my earnest wishes for the weal of his Majesty's service, and my respect to your Lordship's self, are past all compliment. Your Lordship has been pleased to give some commissions which truly have been very detestable to very loyal men, and

[1] See before, p. 612, 617.

[2] See before, p. 646.

have proved highly disadvantageous to the advancement of your Lordship's intentions. The particulars I will refer to meeting with your Lordship, which truly your Lordship will find too, too clear. My Lord, since my coming to Orkney, likewise, I am sorry to see authority, and commissions, to be put in some young hands who truly have not wit to govern themselves, let alone to advance the weal of his Majesty's service. And, indeed, if *this Lord Kinnoul* had not come over with that last recruit, their folly had broke the very small beginnings of his Majesty's service.

"If your Lordship shall stay any time from us,—*which God forbid you should*,—either send over some man to command in chief, or else send a commission to my Lord Kinnoul to do it here, and that all who are here shall not presume but to obey him. Else truly your Lordship will find an evil managed business here. My Lord, I will be very loath to be a spectator to any thing that may prejudice the King's service; and, in truth, my affection to the weal of it has made me thus free with your Lordship at this time. I shall never fail to approve myself as ever [*torn*] the King's interest, [*torn*] to your Lordship's self in particular, to death. Your Lordship's obedient and faithful servant to serve you, "THOMAS OGILVY."

"Kirkwall, 3d March 1650."[1]

The writer of this letter, too, and the new Earl of Kinnoul referred to therein, and he to whom it was written, were all dead and gone, ere the lapse of many weeks from its date! Then as for that regarding Middleton, a suggestion so characteristic of those faithless and chaotic times, was it not he who played second in command to David Leslie at Philiphaugh; who reduced Montrose's ancient homestead of Kincardine to a heap of ruins; who "shot at a post," twelve of the gallant men who presumed to hold it for King Charles; and who commanded the army of the Covenant in the north, which, (combined with the obdurate folly of Huntly), paralyzed the hero's last struggle to save at least the life of the King?

[1] *Original*, Wodrow's MSS. vol. lxvii. No. 94. *Advocates' Library.*

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DEFEAT AND CAPTURE OF MONTROSE.

As Argyle had already cast his lot with Cromwell (a peer of whose parliament ere long he became), his covert policy was to prevent the advent of Charles to Scotland. But the feeling of the oppressed people in favour of the Monarchy was roused to something like vitality by the murder of the King. Even Argyle, at this crisis, durst not identify himself with the regicides. He contrived, however, so to work the treaty of Breda as to prevent that unconditional restoration of the King in Scotland, which alone could plant the Throne firmly there, and array the whole country against Cromwell. Some prospect of that alarmed not a little the coming man, who meanwhile had enough to do with Ireland; and the services of Argyle in the neighbouring kingdom proved invaluable to his usurpation. The terms insisted upon, that Charles must become King through the Covenant, and give up Montrose to the mercy of his enemies, would so obviously reduce the King under the slavery of that tyrannical charter of "the practising of a few,"—a charter, moreover, as the Marquis so earnestly reminded him, that was defiled with *the price* at least of his father's blood,—could not fail to create the obstacles, and the delay, which Argyle intended, and Cromwell's present position required. Charles recklessly insured the ultimate success of that nefarious policy, by betaking himself to the weak and vicious double game which eventually destroyed his present hopes, and his character for ever. In the manner we shall have to illustrate more particularly, he impelled Montrose, under the highest commissions, and incentives of honour, that a King could bestow, to collect an army of foreigners, and therewith to enter Scotland. This, indeed, was not for the purpose of the conquest, or hostile invasion of that

country, but of affording at once a touchstone and a protection to its latent loyalty. All were to be encouraged to support the standard of their King. But that standard, while it proclaimed no war against the Covenant of 1637, was to supersede the Solemn League and Covenant, under whose regime the late King had perished. The enemy whom it was to chase from the kingdom, or to bring to battle, were all those from whom the power of Argyle and the Kirk still extorted adherence to that oriflamme of misrule and murder. The Monarchy re-established in Scotland upon this principle of Montrose's armed intervention, the clerical reign of terror was to cease,—a consummation devoutly prayed for by the groaning people,—and indemnity to be extended to all, with the exception of such as had involved themselves in the unpardonable atrocity of the King's death.

Expressly and unequivocally Charles had commissioned, commanded, and impelled his devoted General to this effect. Accordingly, the famous Declaration with which Montrose ushered his advent in the name of the King, really and truly expressed the royal will. Treating and repudiating the Solemn League and Covenant of 1644 as a blood-stained abomination, the royal Lieutenant characterises the climax of its crimes, in nearly the same words he had previously written to his Sovereign, but yet more eloquent and impassioned; his perfect approbation of which the King had already marked by an immediate renewal to Montrose of all his high commissions. "Casting himself in their hands,"—says the Declaration, referring to the fate of the royal martyr,—"they, contrary to all faith and paction, trust of friends, duty of subjects, laws of hospitality, nature, nations, divine and human, for which there hath never been precedent, nor can ever be a follower, most infamously, and beyond all imaginable expression of invincible baseness, to the blush of Christians, and abomination of mankind, *sold their Sovereign* over to their merciless fellow traitors to be destroyed; with whom how they have complotted his destruction, their secret intercourses, both before, in the time, and since this horrid murder, do too evidently declare."[1] In this uncompromising *anathema*, Montrose, dealing with an unquestionable fact perpetrated in the eyes of scandalized Europe, avoided mere personalities, but left all whom the

[1] *Original* draft of the Declaration, Napier Charter-chest.

cap fitted to wear it. The loyal manifesto, published at home and abroad, of course brought down upon him the most furious invective of personal abuse that the savage vocabulary of the Kirk's lawyer, Warriston, could produce. The Governor of Scotland's proclamation was felt to exclude from the grace of Charles the Second all against whom the guilt of selling Charles the First could be distinctly traced; and caused Argyle and his myrmidons to quiver with rage, and quake with apprehension.

It also proclaimed, however, just as Montrose had previously advised the King, that, in so far as his royal father had recognised and ratified the Covenant of 1637, and its legitimate objects, he himself was willing to do the same, "in order to their peace," whenever his hereditary right was unconditionally admitted in Scotland. And then it is added, that "his Majesty is willing to pardon every one (excepting such who, *upon clear evidences*, shall be found guilty of that most damnable fact of murder of his father) who, upon sight or knowledge hereof do immediately, or upon the first possible conveniency, abandon these rebels, and rise and join themselves with us and our forces in this present service." But the parenthetical exception instantly placed him again at war to the knife with the most desperate, the most able, and still dominant faction in Scotland.

A well principled, high-minded, and high-spirited Prince, taking his stand unequivocally upon the policy which Montrose advised, and of which Charles had declared his approbation and acceptance, and admitting none other to his counsels, would soon have obtained the support of the oppressed people, and of the most worthy and influential of the ruined nobility and barons of Scotland. That policy, however, would have driven from the realm such agitators as Argyle, Lauderdale, Lothian, Cassilis, Johnston of Warriston, and some others, the whole tenor of whose public conduct, especially in reference to selling the late King, must necessarily have drawn upon them the most limited storm of retribution that could possibly have satisfied such restoration.

But Charles the Second brought a weak and vacillating purpose, a narrow and clouded mind, and a thoroughly selfish heart, to bear upon this vital crisis of his affairs. Hence the struggle at Breda, the dubious mystification of which arrested in a pos-

ture of painful and suspicious uncertainty the growing desire of Scotland to rise and free itself from the fetters of the Kirk, and the inclination of the northern powers sincerely and energetically to aid. Having on his right, Lauderdale, playing his puppet Hamilton (who had recently declared he was willing to serve "as a corporal under Montrose," but whom Lauderdale "haunted like a fury"), and on his left, Lothian, the devoted representative and brother-in-arms of Argyle,—Charles wrangled and treated with them all, and at the same time secretly instructed and urged Montrose to settle the matter with his sword. Had the hero been allowed to negotiate at the foreign courts, and to make his descent upon Scotland, as he himself so earnestly advised, under the universal understanding that the King would tolerate no other counsels, accept of no other terms, and play no other game, not only would foreign aid have been accorded more unequivocally, but the royal Lieutenant would have found immediate support in Scotland even from those who were among the first to assist the Argyle government in effecting his destruction. Sutherland would have combined with Seaforth at once to place him in undisputed possession of the north of Scotland. As it was, Seaforth, formerly opposed to the royal banner under Montrose, now professed his loyalty, and withheld his presence. Sutherland, whom a trifle would have turned the other way,—as it would have turned David Leslie, afterwards created Lord Newark by Charles II., or Middleton, also ennobled by him,—arrayed the vassalage of the north against the King's Lieutenant. And the King himself, even before he knew the precise condition of Montrose in Scotland,[1] justified all this backwardness, uncertainty, and confusion among the loyal, or the loyally inclined, by falling, like the weak victim of a vicious intrigue, into the meretricious arms, and scarlet lap of the Kirk, "and, saying he would not consent,—consented."

[1] Hume is wrong in saying,—"What chiefly determined Charles to comply (at Breda), was the *account brought him of the fate of Montrose*, who, with all the circumstances of rage and contumely, had been put to death by his zealous countrymen."—*Hist.* vii. 176. Now, Charles himself communicates the conclusion of the treaty in a letter, which indeed never reached Montrose, but the terms of which prove that the King did not then know even that his General had been defeated; which event occurried at Corbiesdale upon Saturday 27th April (old style) 1650. See *after*, pp. 756, 757, *note*.

The last Earl of Kinnoul who arrived in Orkney under orders from Montrose, did not reach his destination so successfully as his gallant brother. Upon the 19th of February 1650, prior to the date of Powrie's letter to the Marquis, Sir James Stewart of Coltness, Provost of Edinburgh, thus reports, in a letter for the information of those in England :—

" There are more men landed this week in Orkney islands, from Montrose ; but the greatest part of his men and vessels are spoiled and lost ; for, of twelve hundred he shipped from the seaside, near Gottenburg, there are no more than two hundred landed in Scotland. For when they had sailed about two leagues from the shore, they were shattered by sticking in the ice ; many died, others after got ashore and deserted, and they were much broken. There came only two ships, with two hundred soldiers and their officers ; twelve brass field-pieces, and some small number of arms, with a parcel of ammunition. Montrose himself is yet at Gottenburg, with some Scotch, English, and Dutch officers, waiting to see if he can get any monies for them ; if not, they will desert him."

At the same time, in confirmation of the above, Sir John Chiesly transmits " a list of the forces and ammunition that were shipped by Montrose for Scotland, most of which was destroyed and spoiled."

" *Imprimis*, twelve hundred soldiers ; officers for two regiments ; thirteen frigates fraught ; two vessels for convoys ; twelve brass guns ; the King's foot colours for one regiment ; the King's standard and colours ; Montrose's standard and colours ; provisions for about a month ; commissions for the officers.

" The King's standard was of black damask, with three pair of hands folded in each other ; and on each side of them, three hands and naked arms, out of a cloud, with swords drawn. The King's standard of foot was of black taffeta, with a man's head in the middle, bleeding, as if cut off from a body. Montrose's standard was of white damask, with a lion rampant on the top of a rock, with another steep rock on the other side of a river. The King's standard of horse had this motto,—*Quos pietas, virtus, et honos fecit amicos.* The King's standard of foot had this

motto,—*Deo, et victricibus armis.* Montrose's standard had this motto,—*Nil medium.*"[1]

Yet the hero's heart was high as ever. Immediately after the date of Powrie's letter, he made his appearance in Orkney. With as little delay as possible he was on the mainland. The following papers, only recently brought to light from the archives of his family, betray no uncertainty of purpose, or alarm for the result, although anything but sanguine of a friendly reception on the northern coast of Scotland.

"*Orders for General-Major Sir John Hurry.*"

"You are presently after the sight hereof, to take a part of my company of Guard, with four companies of my life regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel George Drummond, together with other four companies of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Stewart's squadron, and immediately to emboat yourself, with what arms and ammunition doth belong, and set with this evening tide for the coast of Caithness; choosing the most convenient place for landing as occasion shall serve; and if, according to your intelligence, you find not your landing opposed, nor no forces making in a body against you, you are to march directly to the Ord, and those narrow passes betwixt Caithness and Sutherland, for preventing the enemy's entry, and reducing such of the country people as shall offer to rise; according to your own best discretion, and the rule of war in the like cases. But if you shall find, according to your certain intelligence, that all the country of Caithness are in arms to resist you, and oppose the landing in a real way of opposition or defence, then and in that case you are not to hazard to force it, but to set for Stranaver, and there to attempt your landing, as with most safety and conveniency you can. Where if you should also find too much diffi-

[1] Papers quoted by Sir James Balfour in his Annals. Although we find no allusion to this ruinous disaster either in Montrose's own letters, or in those of his correspondents that have been recovered, there is little reason to doubt that such had occurred. In the contemporary continuation of Wishart's history, it is stated,—"I told you a little before of Montrose's whole strength, which did accompany him from Germany, whereof two ships, with near upon a third part, were sent before, but by storm of weather, which is both frequent and dangerous amongst those northern islands, they were lost, with all the men and arms; nothing saved."

culty, as by appearance there cannot, you are to apply a little higher, betwixt that and Kintail, which places are all for the King, and there make your descent; and use your best discretion in everything as occurs. In all which cases you are still to send us frequent advertisements, as falls out; and observe punctually the premises at your highest peril. Given under our hand from shipboard, near the island of Flotta, this 9th day of April 1650. MONTROSE.

"*Postscript.* In regard of the shortness, and pressingness of the time, you are to chose five hundred of those that you conceive ablest and fittest of my life-regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Stewart's squadron, without looking to the equal proportion of either; as also my company of guards, and such of the volunteer gentlemen and officers as are ready. Given *ut supra.*"

The result of these orders was, that Sir John Hurry effected his landing on the coast of Caithness without loss, seized upon the castle of Dunbeath belonging to Sir John Sinclair, and having established a small garrison there, joined Montrose in time to share in his disaster, and to accompany his former conqueror, and present commander, to the scaffold.

Meanwhile the Marquis himself landed in Caithness a few days after the date of the above orders, as we learn from this letter, dated "Thurso, 14th of April 1650."

"*For the Gentlemen and Heritors of the Sherifdom of Caithness, these:*"

"GENTLEMEN: Your not appearing to us, after our arrival in this place, so timely as we expected, hath necessitated us (the conveniency of his Majesty's affairs requiring our removal from this part) to leave behind us some certain persons belonging to us, by whom we have thought good to communicate unto you such things as we judge most necessary to be done by you at this time, in order to the establishing and carrying on of his Majesty's just service in these parts, and the peace and happiness of every one of yourselves. For which end we have particularly commanded them to offer unto you, in our name, an oath of fidelity and allegiance, to be subscribed by all and every one

of you, to his sacred Majesty; as it hath been already cordially done by those of the gentry and ministers of Orkney. As we expect your cheerful performance hereof, and ready concurrence with us in the prosecution of that trust his Majesty has again reposed in us, so we shall make it evidently appear unto you, that they could not have pitched upon any who should more firmly and constantly protect and defend you, in all your just rights and concernments, than your very affectionate friend,

"MONTROSE."

There is a melancholy interest in tracing, by means of these original documents, the doomed martyr of the cause of good and humane government, asserting, as he best could, his royal commission as Governor of Scotland, up to the very moment of his own destruction. Finding the gentlemen and heritors of Caithness so ominously silent to his call, he passed the Ord into Sutherland without opposition, but with his slender forces weakened by the necessity of leaving a garrison and recruiting parties in his rear. His orders, indeed, spoke of guards, life-regiments, and squadrons, as if the royal standard were waving above all the appliances of a great army, and the King's Lieutenant could reckon his foot by thousands, and his horse by hundreds. But his squadrons had yet to be mounted, and his guards were but the nucleus of an army he hoped to gather as he went. They proved insufficient to guard either his life or their own. The consummation was not long delayed. Destitute of cavalry, and with only a few hundreds of foot soldiers, composed of Germans and Orkney-men, and a small band of cavaliers, his personal friends, he reached the confines of Ross-shire, in the vain hope of meeting Seaforth's brother, Pluscardin, at the head of the Mackenzies. But the loyalty of the country was utterly paralyzed by the King's proceedings at Breda, and the insidious representations of the covenanting Commissioners in whose hands he had placed himself. No dispatches, and no tidings either of foes or friends, could now reach his isolated and deserted General. The strategy of the covenanting commanders who were sent to oppose him, reflects the greatest credit on their military sagacity. It was Philiphaugh over again; with this difference, that Montrose had not

even the number of horsemen with him that might have secured his retreat. He had just reached a place called Corbiesdale, near the pass of Invercarron, and the river Oikel, when he fell into an ambuscade very adroitly planned, and was instantly overwhelmed by an irresistible force of cavalry under Colonel Strachan, followed up by the greatly superior forces of David Leslie, General Holbourn, and the Earl of Sutherland. The unwarlike and undisciplined Orkney-men made but little resistance. The foreign troops stood more sturdily to their arms, and suffered in proportion. They seemed to have no better idea of defending themselves against cavalry than hurriedly seeking such imperfect shelter as the locality afforded. The whole of this little army was destroyed in the space of two hours; slaughtered on the spot, drowned in the river, or made prisoners, with scarcely any loss on the side of the victors. Montrose, and the gallant officers who rallied round him, fought desperately, but it was for life. By his side were killed his devoted friend Thomas Ogilvy of Powrie, young Menzies of Pitfoddels, who died obstinately defending the royal standard, John Douglas, youngest son of the Earl of Morton, and about a dozen other gallant officers. The Viscount Frendraught was severely wounded, fighting side by side with the Marquis, who also received several wounds, and his horse was killed under him. At this critical moment he was generously remounted by Frendraught, who intreated him to save his own life, while that gallant nobleman yielded himself a prisoner to his uncle, the Earl of Sutherland, from whom he felt assured of quarter, and who accordingly sent him to Dunrobin.[1] Sir John Hurry, and many distinguished officers, fell into the hands of the enemy. Montrose himself, accompanied by the Earl of Kinnoul, and two gentlemen of the name of Sinclair, made his way, with extreme difficulty, from the ill-fated and bloody field.

Wounded as he was, Montrose would not place himself in the hands of enemies who thirsted for his blood, without a struggle for life. Compelled almost immediately to abandon his horse, he had the presence of mind to change habits with the first peasant he met. The contemporary historian of the Earls of Sutherland records that Montrose and Kinnoul, who

[1] Frendraught was a reclaimed foe. See before, p. 455.

accompanied him in his flight, "wandered up that river (Oikel) the whole ensuing night and the next day, and the third day also, without any food or sustenance, and at last came within the country of Assint. The Earl of Kinnoul being faint for lack of meat, and not able to travel any further, was left there among the mountains, where it was supposed he perished.[1] James Graham had almost famished, but that he fortuned in his misery to light upon a small cottage in that wilderness, where he was supplied with some milk and bread." Another contemporary asserts that he suffered such extremity of hunger, while wandering among the hills of Assint, that he was reduced to eat a piece of a glove. Such was the condition of the nobleman who so recently had been the honoured guest of the Emperor of Germany, the King of Denmark, the Queen of Sweden, and the "Queen of Hearts." Not even the iron frame of Montrose could long have sustained existence under such circumstances. He was on the point of perishing, like poor Kinnoul, when he fell into the hands of M'Leod of Assint, a man the stamp of whose mind is indicated by the fact, that he refused to save the life of the hero of his age and country, and had the meanness to accept of four hundred bolls of meal as a reward for taking him alive.

The seal which we find attached to some of the last private letters written by Montrose, and of which we are enabled to present the reader with a fac-simile, bears a significant and characteristic device. The Lion of England is represented crouching on the pinnacle of a precipice, in act to spring across a deep ravine, to another precipice beyond. The motto is NIL MEDIUM,—the "win or lose it all" of his wild ballad. We have

[1] There can be little doubt that he did so, as he was never heard of again. Lord Frendraught, whom the covenanting Government imprisoned, is said to have starved himself to death in prison, rather than abide the result. In Whitelock's Memorials the following entries occur:

"17th May 1650: Letters that Montrose was taken two or three days after the fight, sixteen miles from the place of the engagement, in disguise, and *sorely wounded.*

"25th May 1650: Letters from Edinburgh that the Lord Frendraught, of Montrose's party, after his defeat, for vexation starved himself; and that the Lord Kinnoul was also starved."

seen that this same device and motto he had adopted for his own particular standard. That he was wont to write the fatal sentiment to Prince Rupert,—that in his troubadour vein he sung it to an imaginary mistress,—that he bore it on his banner, and had it engraved for his signet,—all shows how deeply it was graven on the hero's heart. The trammelled Lion, tripped by the treaty of Breda, missed its spring, and fell in the yawning gulph.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MONTROSE AND CHARLES THE SECOND.

Bishop Burnet and Mr Brodie have settled between them, that Montrose was a coward, and no General. It was their mode of giving the *coup de grace* to his fame.[1] We do not feel much interested to refute them. In the foregoing pages, ample materials have been afforded for candid judgment, whether, in the days of chivalry, the Peacock and the Ladies would have disowned him; or whether, in our own age, military authorities must arrive at the conclusion that the hero of Perth, Aberdeen, Dundee, Fyvie, Inverary, Inverlochy, Auldearn, Alford, and Kilsyth, he who defeated in six fair stricken fields, against long odds, those noble commanders, Argyle, Lothian, Elcho, Burleigh, Tullibardine, Balcarres, Crawford (Lindsay), and those gallant Generals, Baillie, Hurry, and Holbourn, was a military *incapable*, because of having suffered himself to be surprised (carelessly enough, no doubt,) under the deserted banner of his Sovereign, by an overwhelming force of cavalry, at Philiphaugh, and Corbiesdale. If a coward, he contrived constantly to exhibit phases a Dunois might have envied; and if destitute of military capacity, he nevertheless fulfilled a military mission, and accomplished a career in arms, of which a Wellington might be proud. The marvel then is all the greater. Prone as his nature was to arms, even those four productions,—his letter on Sovereign power, in 1640, his letter of advice to Charles the

[1] "Montrose in his defeat took too much care of himself; for he was never willing to expose himself too much."—*Burnet's Own Time.* See before, pp. 93, 519.

"Montrose never seems to have been qualified for any combined operations on an extensive scale."

"His military genius was no longer triumphant than when opposed to unskilful commanders."—*Brodie's British Empire*, vol. iv. pp. 268, 272.

First, in 1641, his dispatch after the battle of Inverlochy, and his letter to Charles the Second at the Hague,—suffice to prove that he was influenced by principles, reflections, and aspirations, of a higher quality than the ambition of mere military repute. He himself would have smiled with placid indifference at the prospect of receiving no justice, as a military commander, at the hands of Burnet of His Own Time, and Brodie of the British Empire.

But did he die uttering, with all the emphasis and eloquence of truth, a useless falsehood? So, in the face of Parliament and his country, Argyle declared, as soon as the object of that mean and monstrous calumny was numbered with those who tell no tales.[1] Ere we follow the hero to his doom, it shall be refuted.

Montrose was on the eve of his destruction in Scotland, when Charles signed the treaty of Breda. The consummation of that disreputable policy, against which he had warned the King in vain, occurred when the fact could no longer be announced to him by his Sovereign. Hence the anxiety with which their wounded and exhausted victim questioned his merciless judges, when brought before them for instant doom, as to whether the King had actually concluded a treaty, and acknowledged the covenanting Parliament. The affirmation of his question, vouchsafed with savage glee by the Argyle government, only tended to nerve his great heart, and elevate his lofty demeanour. In his last moments, he addressed a tribunal, — from whose *cathedra*, at that awful scene, no word was uttered worthy of a judge, a gentleman, or a christian,—with the same dignified and respectful etiquette as if the Sovereign had been present. But respect for himself, in which no crisis of his life ever caused him to fail, equally impelled him to maintain the patriotic loyalty of his position, and to repel the malicious calumny that his advent had lawlessly disturbed the peace of his country, and that he had invaded the kingdom without the authority, and contrary to the wishes, and even commands of the King. "As for my coming in at this time," he said, "it was *by his Majesty's commands*, in order to the accelerating the treaty betwixt him

[1] See before, p. 248.

and you ; *his Majesty knowing*, that whenever he had ended with you, I was ready to retire upon his call : I may justly say, that never subject acted upon *more honourable grounds*, nor by *so lawful a power*, as I did in this service."

None who heard those words from the dying lips of such a character as Montrose, could have had any doubt of their truth. It will be seen in the sequel, that Argyle and his myrmidons possessed the best means of information on the subject. But we hasten in the first instance to place the fact beyond all doubt, by evidence that cannot be questioned.

We have already recorded the letter which Charles wrote to Montrose in the month of June 1649.[1] At that time was renewed his former commission, as Governor of Scotland and Commander-in-chief of all his Majesty's forces therein ; and this was done for the express purpose of his taking up arms, in the name of Charles the Second, against the adherents of the Solemn League and Covenant. Moreover, the King at the same time invested him with a separate and special commission, as his plenipotentiary to the northern powers of Europe, also for the express purpose of obtaining the sinews of war, and raising a foreign force, wherewith to descend upon Scotland, as he did. The originals of all these high commissions are yet preserved among the archives of his family.

While Charles was still at St Germains, and his plenipotentiary executing his special commands at Hamburgh, he dispatched to him this anxious missive :

" My Lord : I intreat you to *go on vigorously*, and with your wonted courage and care, in the prosecution of those trusts I have committed to you, and not to be startled with any reports you may hear, as if I were *otherwise inclined to the Presbyterians* than when I left you.[2] I assure you I am still upon the same principle I was, and depend as much as ever upon *your undertaking*, and endeavours for my service, being fully resolved to *assist and support you therein* to the uttermost of my power, as

[1] See before, p. 706.

[2] Montrose had accompanied the King, on his way to St Germains from the Hague, as far as Brussels. See before, p. 706.

you shall find in effect when you shall desire any thing to be done by your affectionate friend, CHARLES R."

"St Germains, the 19th of September, 1649."[1]

Thus impelled, Montrose, leaving his nephew Lord Napier in charge at Hamburgh, proceeded, as already mentioned, to Denmark and Sweden. So flattering and promising was his reception, that it seems he had written to Queen Henrietta, reporting progress in high spirits. The Queen had placed herself in the hands of Jermyn, who, from mere petty personal jealousy, was ever adverse to the success of Montrose. Yet in the following letter we find no suggestion from her Majesty (as in a former one[2]) of the propriety of his coalition with the presbyterian party, to whose destructive and degrading policy she had so unnaturally attached herself; and not a hint that, for his own safety, he had better abate his energy in the dangerous and isolated course which his Sovereign was urging him to pursue:

"COUSIN: I have received one of your letters dated from Denmark. It affords me great pleasure to learn that you are in a condition to be of service to the King my son. Believe me, there is no one more deeply interested than I am, or whose wishes are more for your happiness and success; and that (independently of the King's interests) for the sake of yourself; my attachment to you being such, that I can never divest myself of it, whatever may befal you. I entertain too grateful a remembrance of the services which you rendered to the late King, my husband, ever to fail in these expressions, as I implore you to believe. That I have many enemies, active in their endeavours to create a breach between me and my friends, I well know.[3] I feel assured, however, that you will place no credit in any such reports concerning me, but give me that share in your confidence which I deserve; and that my conduct will convince you with what sincerity I am your very good and affectionate friend, HENRIETTA MARIA R."

"Paris, the 1st of December 1649."[4]

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. [2] See before, p. 694.

[3] Was Lady Susanna Hamilton one of them? See before, p 698.

[4] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. See Memorials of Montrose, for the original French.

In the following month, the King, about to consign himself to the covenanting Commissioners at Breda, thus again wrote to Montrose:—

"My Lord of Montrose: My public letter having expressed all that I have of business to say to you, I shall only add a word by this to assure you, that I will never fail in the effects of that friendship I have promised, and which your zeal to my service hath so eminently deserved; and that nothing can happen to me shall make me consent to any thing to your prejudice. I conjure you, therefore, not to take alarm at any reports or messages *from others;* but to depend upon my kindness; and to *proceed in your business* with your usual courage and alacrity; which I am sure will bring great advantage to my affairs, and much honour to yourself. I wish you all *good success in it*, and shall ever remain your affectionate friend, Charles R."

"Jersey, 12th–22d January, 1649–50."[1]

This private letter was accompanied with copies both of the address of the covenanting Parliament, inviting the King to Scotland upon their own dictatorial terms, and of his Majesty's too gracious answer; and also another royal missive, called his public letter of "Instructions," superscribed by Charles, in which he says, referring to the approaching treaty of Breda,—

"We have appointed a speedy time and place for their Commissioners to attend us; and to the end you may not apprehend that we intend, either by anything contained in those letters, or by *the treaty we expect*, to give the *least impediment* to your proceedings, we think fit to let you know, that, as we conceive that *your preparations* have been one effectual motive that hath induced them to make the said address to us, so your *vigorous proceeding* will be a good means to bring them to such *moderation* in the said treaty, as probably may produce an agreement, and a present union of that whole nation in our service. We assure you, therefore, that we will not, before or during the treaty, do anything contrary to that power and authority which

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. The double date, both as to the month and the year, indicates the correction of the kalendar referred to before, p. 714, *note*.

we have given you by our commission, nor consent to anything that may bring the least degree of diminution to it."

His Majesty proceeds to assure Montrose that his honour shall be carefully guarded, and his interests provided for; and then,—in reference to the Marquis's former advice, that the dethroned King should pursue an unequivocal policy, consistent with the standing of Monarchy, and not acknowledge any commission emanating from unconstitutional and lawless conventions,—Charles, in this same missive, which he terms in the other "my public letter," adds,—"In the mean time, we think fit to declare to you that we have called them a 'Committee of Estates,' only in order to a treaty, and for no other end whatever." This faithless and discreditable document concludes with the anxiously reiterated injunction,—"We require and authorise you, therefore, to proceed *vigorously and effectually* in your undertaking, and to act in all things in order to it as you shall judge most necessary for the support thereof, and for our service in that way; wherein, we doubt not but all our loyal and well affected subjects of Scotland will *cordially and effectually join with you;* and, by that addition of strength, either dispose those that are *otherwise minded*, to make reasonable demands to us *in the treaty*, or be able to force them to it *by arms*, in case of their obstinate refusal. To which end we authorise you to *communicate and publish* this our letter to all such persons as you shall think fit."

Along with these surely unequivocal, and irresistible, commands and entreaties, bearing date only three months prior to his destruction in Ross-shire, yet another royal missive was delivered to Montrose, evincing still more emphatically his Sovereign's perfect approbation and earnest desire. It was a packet containing the George and riband of the Garter, conferred upon the heroic nobleman in terms the most flattering that a King could express. A suitable letter also accompanied this ever coveted honour, which concludes with these words:

"We are most assured, that, as you have hitherto, with singular courage, conduct, and fidelity, served us, so you will still do the same as becomes a Knight and Companion of so noble an Order. Given at our Court in the Castle Elizabeth, in our

island of Jersey, this 12th day of January, in the first year of our reign, 1649."[1]

The emissary entrusted with these important dispatches, was Harry May, already mentioned, who appears to have been attached to the household of the young Duke of York, then with the King and his mother at Jersey.[2] He had not taken his departure that instant the dispatches were written, as the date of the following letter from his Royal Highness to Montrose indicates:—

"My Lord: I would not let this gentleman, Harry May, go to you without writing to you. This bearer will give you a very good account of news, and of all the business that is here, and he will assure you how much I ever am your Lordship's most affectionate friend, James."

"Jersey, 16th–26th January 1650."[3]

That these dispatches reached Montrose, there can be no doubt. The badge of the Garter, along with the royal letter that accompanied this decking of the hero for sacrifice, was found concealed under a tree in the line of his flight from the fatal field.[4] By the same messenger he had received a letter

[1] *Originals*, Montrose Charter-room. Here the date is given according to the *Julian* or old style. In the *Gregorian*, or new style, it would then have been written 22d January 1650; or, if given in both, thus,—12th–22d January 1649–50. It will be observed, therefore, that the date of the letter with the George, is the same day of the month and year, as those of the foregoing private and public letters from Jersey. As Montrose lost, or was deprived of the *whole of his papers*, and also the George, when defeated and captured, they must have been recovered by the family in after years; the originals being now preserved among its archives, along with the George and Riband.

[2] See before, p. 707.

[3] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. Here both styles are given as regards the day of the month, and the new style only, as regards the year. According to the old style, 1650 would not be written until the 25th of March. See Memorials of Montrose for a facsimile of the above autograph letter.

[4] Balfour (iv. p. 36.) records: "James Graham's *broad seal*, and the *order of the Garter*, produced to the Parliament this day (31st May 1650); they were found in the north, *under a tree hid: Item*, a letter from his Majesty King Charles the Second to James Graham, *when he sent him the order of the Garter*, produced in Parliament, and read." This must have been the letter quoted in our text.

from Seaforth (which that reclaimed but cautious county seems to have thrown after his former conqueror for luck, like an old shoe), to which he thus replies, after having passed from Gottenburg to Orkney, hastened by the irresistible impulse of those missives from his royal master.[1]

"*For the Earl of Seaforth.*"

"My Lord: I received your Lordship's by Mr May, who has confirmed me in the knowledge of all your noble and friendly carriages; for which, believe, I will serve you with my life, all the days it shall *please God to lend me it.* I am *going to the mainland;* and have no more leisure but to assure you I shall tender your friends, and interests,[2] as my own life; and shall live, *or die*, my Lord, your cousin and faithful friend and servant,

"Montrose."

"Kirkwall in Orkney, 26th March 1650."[3]

Whether this grateful acknowledgment, of fair words, was prompted by diplomatic tact, or *moribund* sentiment, of which affecting traces appear in the letter, we need not pause to enquire. The evidence is conclusive, that Montrose made his descent upon Scotland, not only as the commissioned General of his Sovereign, but urged and compelled by commands which he could neither avoid nor evade, and which enabled him to tell his murderers, with the most perfect truth,—"I may justly say,

[1] There can be no doubt that Montrose had been apprised of the advent of Mr May, with all these dispatches, and that he had waited at Gottenburg in Sweden to receive them, ere he passed over to Orkney. For in the information transmitted to the Marquis of Ormond, occurs the following speculation as to Montrose's whereabouts.

"No doubt he is parted (for Orkney) long ere now, if the advertisement he has got of an express coming from his Majesty to him *have not stayed him.* For Colonel Johnston [his loyal opponent at the *Bridge of Dee*, see before, p. 211] writes that he waited at Gottenburg *the coming of that express*, who I believe is at him long ere now." This information bears date, 20th–30th January 1649–50. *See Carte's Ormond Papers.*

Had David Hume seen the evidence in our text, he would never have recorded for history, that Montrose "*hastened* his enterprize, lest the King's agreement with the Scots should make him *revoke his commission.*"

[2] Meaning, Seaforth's estates, and clan-gathering and following, which he expected to join the Standard, in Kintail.

[3] *Original*, Seaforth archives; first printed in the Appendix to Constable's edition of Wishart, 1819.

that never subject acted upon more honourable grounds; nor by so lawful a power, as I did in this service." No other missives, no other commands, than what we have now laid before our readers, could ever have reached Montrose. Indeed, there is evidence, that not many days before his ruin, no change whatever had taken place in the temper of his Sovereign. Lord Napier, anxious to join his beloved uncle in the desperate adventure upon which he was thus hurried by the King, but unwilling to leave his charge at Hamburgh without orders, had written to his Majesty for leave to join. Probably his uncle had stationed him at Hamburgh, until the success or security of his expedition, misgivings of which seem to have crossed his own mind, was less doubtful. The King's autograph letter to this interesting and unfortunate young nobleman, is yet preserved in the Napier charter-chest:

"*For the Lord Napier.*"

"My Lord Napier: As I have ever been confident of your great affection to my service, so I am much confirmed in the opinion of it, by the letter I lately received from you. I pray *continue your assistance* to the Marquis of Montrose, which your being with him will much the more enable you to do; and therefore I am well pleased with your repair to him, and very sensible of your good endeavours for my service, which I shall ever acknowledge as your very affectionate friend, Charles R."

"Breda, the 15th of April 1650."

Before Lord Napier could avail himself of this permission, his illustrious relative, wounded, half famished, and fevered, was being paraded from the extreme north of Scotland to the shambles of the Covenant in Edinburgh. Just as that savage triumph commenced, Charles signed the treaty at Breda, submitting to the degrading conditions of the covenanting Commissioners, under the useless reservation of some of the more stringent points for determination by the covenanting Parliament. In other words, for determination by King Campbell, "the whole and absolute power of Scotland being, at that time, confessedly vested in the Marquis of Argyle."[1] By this time the

[1] Clarendon. See note at the end of the chapter.

King knew that Montrose had landed in Orkney, star and garter and all, but was not yet informed of his having reached the mainland; far less, that the said star and garter was hidden under a tree in Ross-shire; or, according to our Historiographer-royal's ingenious though somewhat apocryphal version, —"cloak, star, and garter swimming down a river, which enabled his pursuers to ascertain the course he had taken."[1] No change of circumstances in the condition of Montrose had been reported to him, since the recent date of Harry May's mission, bearing those urgent instructions, and inciting honors. Charles signed the treaty at Breda on the 3d–13th of May 1650. New official instructions which he then entrusted to a second emissary from Breda, Sir William Fleming, bear the very same date, and commence with this command: "You shall with all speed repair to *Orkney*, or to the place of Scotland where the Marquis of Montrose now is, and shall deliver him our letters, public and private." These were the letters in which he informs his Lieutenant of the consummation of his intrigue with the Covenant, and desires him to lay down his arms; which, for all he knew, might at that moment have been crowned with success.[2] The tone of Fleming's instructions is apologetic and complimentary. To the flimsy excuses and explanations of the unhappy Monarch, this assurance is added:

"But you shall assure the Marquis of Montrose that *we hope*, upon good grounds, that we shall be able, *in a little time*, to make his peace in Scotland, and to restore him to his honours and estate; and that we shall shortly have an honourable employment for him in our service, *against the rebels in England;* and that, in the mean time, we desire him to be fully assured that we will provide for his honourable subsistence, and to that end desire him to advertise us by you, to what place he will re-

[1] Mr Brodie.

[2] Mr Brodie (iv. p. 272) says: "No sooner did *the news of Montrose's defeat* reach Charles, than, as the only means by which he could recover his Crowns, he agreed to the terms proposed by the Scottish Commissioners, and accompanied them to Scotland." Charles signed the treaty at Breda, and agreed to accompany the covenanting Commissioners to Scotland, and to sacrifice Montrose, on the 3d of May 1650, *old style*. Montrose was not defeated until the 27th of April 1650, *old style*.

pair, that we may *adjust our correspondence with him*, and make a seasonable provision for his supply."

This gracious promise of *probable* safety and subsistence, "in a little time," vouchsafed to his latest blue riband, his bedecked General, whom he had so recently entreated to "proceed vigorously and effectually in your undertaking,"—so recently assured, that "all our loyal and well affected subjects of Scotland will cordially and effectually join with you,"—and that, "we will not do any thing contrary to that power and authority which we have given you by our commission, nor consent to any thing that may bring the least degree of diminution to it;" and that, "nothing that can happen to me shall make me consent to any thing to your prejudice,"—would be ludicrous in the extreme, were the subject not so melancholy, and the result so tragical. The "clear-minded" Montrose was spared the bitter jest, of having to compare the dispatches brought to him, from his royal patron by Harry May, and by William Fleming. The latter never reached him. Probably had he received them while yet free to come and go, he would have smiled at the idea of ever having more to do with such "honourable employment in our service," or "adjusting our correspondence." Sir William was also intrusted with the following autograph letter, dated two days after the signing of the treaty, and the "Instructions;" which letter, with the rest, is, for obvious reasons, found among the archives of the family of Fleming, and not of Montrose:[1]

"My Lord of Montrose: I have sent this bearer, Sir William Fleming, expressly to you, to inform you of the state of my

[1] See p. 731, where Sir William Fleming is mentioned somewhat doubtingly by Dr Wishart in his letter to Lord Napier. He was second son of Montrose's cousin-german, John 2d Earl of Wigton; and now occupied the equivocal position of carrying dispatches from the covenanting Commissioners, and the King, to the Argyle government, while at the same time intrusted with dispatches to Montrose which that government could not be intended to read.

See "Royal Letters from the Archives of the Earls of Wigton," ably edited for the Maitland Club by James Dennistoun, Esq. of Dennistoun, whose recent untimely death has deprived historical antiquities, and the history of art, of one of their most efficient and accomplished devotees.

affairs, and to acquaint you with the reasons that have induced me to an agreement with my subjects of Scotland. I have likewise commanded him to let you know how necessary it is for my affairs that you lay down arms according to my public letter. You have given me so many testimonies of your affection to me, and zeal to my service, that you cannot reasonably doubt of my real intention to provide for your interests, and restitution, with my utmost care; and though I may not be able to effect it *for the present*, yet I do not despair of doing it in a little time, nor of having an occasion to employ you more honourably, and more advantageously, than in *your present design*; in the mean time I shall be careful to provide a subsistence for you, and have accordingly sent order to Cochrane, to pay ten thousand rix-dollars to Sir Patrick Drummond to your use; which I am confident he will immediately pay, having the money in his hands; to which I will make such further addition as shall be necessary. I pray give credit to what Sir William Fleming shall say to you from me, and then you will be fully assured that I am your very affectionate friend, CHARLES R."

"Breda, 3d–13th of May 1650."

"My public letter," referred to in this complimentary, consolatory, and affectionate epistle, our readers will find in the note below.[1]

[1] "CHARLES R."

"Right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, we greet you well.

"It has pleased Almighty God to give such a blessing to this treaty at Breda, that thereby a right understanding, and a full agreement, is settled between us and our subjects of our ancient kingdom of Scotland. Our will and pleasure therefore is, and we hereby require and command you, not only to forbear all further acts of hostility against any of our subjects of that kingdom, but also, immediately upon the receipt of these our letters, to lay down arms, and to disband, and withdraw yourself and your forces out of the same. And because the cannon, arms and ammunition, which you received at Gottenburg, may be of great use to our further service, we therefore require and command you to leave the same in Orkney, if they be yet there; but if they be transported into Scotland, then to deliver the same to the Sheriff of the county where you are, or some other safe person, by inventory, to remain there for our service, and till we shall give further order for the disposing thereof; and for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given at Breda, the 5th–15th of May 1650."

"To our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, James Marquis of Montrose."—*Originals*, Dennistoun's Wigton Papers.

The King, however, had more last words for Sir William Fleming. As if to render it certain that these commands should not be in time to enable Montrose to secure his retreat, or save his life, the emissary is delayed for further and contradictory instructions. It is not until the 8th–18th of May, that Charles superscribes an address,—"To our trusty and well beloved the President and other members of Parliament of our Kingdom of Scotland, or to their Committee,"—in which he informs them of "having now *given satisfaction* to your Commissioners, and laid, as we hope and desire, the foundation of a happy agreement, and perfect understanding between you and us for the time to come." And having so premised, he thus informs them of his commands to Montrose:

"We have given order for the disbanding of those forces lately come from Orkney, and all who have joined with them, and for their present withdrawing out of the kingdom: And because it much imports both us and the safety of the kingdom that our command therein should be punctually and immediately obeyed and executed, and that nothing will probably more conduce thereunto than that a necessary provision be made for the security of all those that intend to go away, in their passage out of Scotland after they have laid down arms, and their stay there until they can go, and some reasonable and fit conditions for the rest,—we therefore *recommend very particularly* unto you, to cause such conditions to be made for them, as shall be reasonable and necessary *to free the kingdom immediately from these troops*, according to our positive and express order in that behalf. Given at Breda the 8th–18th day of May 1650, in the second year of our reign."

It was an ungrateful, an unkingly, and a murderous act, to sign, under any compulsion, the death-warrant of Strafford. But the act was not more discreditable to a monarch, and scarcely so mean, as this. If Montrose was already in Scotland, with a weak and desultory following, as the King's address assumes, on the first breath of that desertion going forth, the loyal demonstration in arms would become like the mist before the mountain breeze, or the snow under the noon-day sun. And its royally commissioned leader, unnamed and unnoticed in the royal manifesto, and long marked for destruction by Argyle and

the Kirk,—where was the security for him? That heartless omission of his name might even be disingenuously pleaded (and Charles was dealing with those applied to whom disingenuous is a gentle term) in justification of having put him to death, as the necessarily exceptional case, and implied reservation. When Charles affixed his superscription to that manifesto, the act was equivalent to signing the death-warrant of the nobleman who had lost all but his honour for both Kings; and for whose personal safety, at least, as a *sine qua non*,—a preliminary to be emphatically placed beyond all doubt or question,—this king was more deeply pledged than ever king was pledged to a subject before.

But ready as he was, at a moment's warning, to sacrifice his solitary champion, he yet feared to lose all hold of what might prove his best game after all. Fleming not yet parted from Breda, Charles on the 9th–19th of May writes his last letter to Montrose:

"My Lord Montrose: This bearer, William Fleming, having *many things* to say to you from me, and he being better able to deliver them to you by word of mouth than I can by letter, I have given him full instructions to acquaint you with all the particulars of the treaty. I shall desire you, therefore, to give full credit to him; and *to me*, that I am and ever will be, your most affectionate friend, Charles R."[1]

But had he not already, in his letters of the 5th–15th of May, public and private, written his *ultimatum* to Montrose? By no means. Without recalling any of the former missives, he places these fresh instructions, also dated 9th–19th of May, in the hands of Fleming:

"1. You shall deliver my letter to my Lord Montrose, and assure him of the continuance of my favour and affection to him.

"2. If you find that the prevailing party now in Scotland are not satisfied with the concessions I have granted to them, then *Montrose is not to lay down arms;* or if you find that *those people* do only treat with me to make Montrose to lay down arms, and that then they may do what they please.

[1] *Original*, Wigton Papers.

"3. In case my friends in Scotland do not think fit that Montrose lay down arms, then *as many as can may repair to him.*

"4. You shall see if Montrose have a considerable number of men; and if he have, you must use your best endeavour to get them *not to be disbanded;* in which you are to advise with William Murray,[1] and whom you shall think fit: But if Montrose be weak, then he should disband; for it will do me more harm for a small body to keep together, than it can do me good: Howsoever, though they are disbanded, there must be care had that they may not be lost, but *entertained in other troops!*"[2]

Thus doubly, trebly armed, with the triumph of a vicious faction, the ruin of a desolate kingdom, and the dishonour of a dethroned King, Sir William Fleming departed from Breda to Edinburgh. His pass, signed by Charles II., from the Low Countries and back, "for our particular affairs," is dated 10th–20th of May 1650.[3] When he reached his destination Montrose was in life, which is all that can be said. But he arrived in perfect time to save him, had his safety depended on justice and honour. King Campbell was in possession, through Lothian and Sir William Fleming, of the treaty and whole proceedings at Breda, and consequently of such conditions as the King had made for the personal safety of Montrose, some days before his vengeance was glutted on the noblest of his foes. Nor, considering that the emissary between Breda and the covenanting government was so closely connected by the ties both of blood and friendship with the captive hero, and was so fully informed of all his commissions, and of all his relations with the King, can a doubt remain, that Argyle was just as well informed of all that ought to have saved Montrose, as was Sir William Fleming?[4] In the full knowledge, we say, of the stipulation for his safety by the treaty of Breda, and of the King's correspondence with him, with a perfect conviction of

[1] The creature of Argyle, and the Kirk! See before, p. 373.

[2] *Original*, Wigton Papers.

[3] *Original*, Wigton Papers.

[4] Mr Brodie says (iv. 273), and says accurately,—"The English Parliament had been perfectly informed of all these negotiations" at Breda. Lothian, the close ally, and *quondam* brother-in-arms, of Argyle, was at Breda, and in constant correspondence with him. Fleming landed at Leith on or before 18th May (old style) 1650, three days before Montrose was executed.—*Whitelock, Carte, Perfect Diurnal*, &c.

the truth of his dying words,—" and for my coming in at this time, it was by his Majesty's just commands, his Majesty knowing, that whenever he had ended with you, I was ready to retire upon his call,"—Argyle hanged Montrose, without even the form of a trial, or permitting him to produce a single paper. The foul deed would bear not a moment's previous consideration. And a meaner letter, or one more false, was never penned than that which he wrote, the day after the crime was perpetrated, to Lothian at Breda, for the ear of the scarcely less guilty King.

" I am much in your Lordship's debt,"—writes the evil genius of Scotland, commencing with affected indifference somewhat wide of the subject nearest his heart,—" for I had many long letters from your Lordship without return; and yet I hope your Lordship will censure me favourably if I make not amends at this time; for we fail not in our ordinary way of long sitting, and, it being now late, I confess I am weary: For all last night *my wife was crying;* who, blessed be God, is safely brought to bed of a daughter, whose birth-day is *remarkable*, in the *tragic end of James Graham at this Cross.* He was *warned* to be sparing in speaking to the King's disadvantage, or *else he had done it.*[1] For, before the Parliament, in his own justification, he said he had several commissions from the King for all he did; yea, he had particular orders, and that lately,[2] for coming to the mainland of Scotland. He got *some* resolution, *after* he came here, how to go out of this world: but nothing at all how to enter into another; not so much as once humbling himself to *pray at all* on the scaffold;[3] nor saying anything on it that he had not repeated many times before, when the ministers were with him."[4]

This characteristic epistle, from the " man of craft, subtlety, and falsehood,"—as his own father characterised him to Charles the First, and of whom Clarendon has recorded that " honesty

[1] A gross falsehood, as will appear in the next chapter.

[2] Obviously referring to the dispatches brought by Harry May, along with the order of the Garter, which were the last he received.

[3] Another gross falsehood, as will presently be shewn.

[4] This is true enough; his unanswerable defence when hurried before the Parliament, without his papers, or permission to recover them, was repeated to the ministers who persecuted him in prison; and what he said to the ministers, he repeated on the scaffold. For Argyle's letter, see Mr Sharpe's edition of Kirkton, p. 124.

and courage" were qualities omitted in his composition,[1]—bears the stamp of such a character on the face of it. Montrose's highly accredited position, in relation to his Sovereign, was notorious over Europe. It was distinctly implied, if not expressly stated, in the treaty of Breda. And if more private details could have been of any consequence to the justification of Montrose, or to Argyle's intentions with regard to him, there was his friend and relation, Sir William Fleming, in possession of the latest and most important, and in communication with, and in the power of, Argyle and his government, at the very moment. And why,—if his own eloquent assertion, of his constitutional position and conduct, was to be answered by abusive scepticism, and even perverted into a *calumny* against Charles,—was the hero indecently hurried to death, without a trial to clear the fact, or a day allowed him to recover a single document, or to obtain one word of confirmation or grace from the King?

Having thus, through Lothian, afforded a significant hint to the ex-monarch, that he must either abstain from his proffered throne in Scotland (a consummation devoutly wished for by Argyle), or submit to the fact being assumed, and tacitly acknowledged by himself, in the face of a universal knowledge and belief to the contrary, that Montrose had been hanged, not for high treason against King Campbell and the Covenant, but against King Charles and the Monarchy,—the master spirit in Scotland now struck another, and more audacious stroke. On the fourth day after the death of Montrose, the following scene occurred in Argyle's Parliament, as noted at the time by Sir James Balfour:—

"Saturday, 25th May 1650: A letter from the King's Majesty to the Parliament, dated from Breda, 12th May 1650, showing, that he was *heartily sorry* that James Graham had invaded this kingdom, and how he had *discharged him* from doing the same; and earnestly desires the Estates of Parliament to do himself *that justice* as not to believe that he was accessory to the said invasion *in the least degree*,—read.

"Also a double (copy) of his Majesty's letter to James Graham, dated 15th of May 1650, commanding him to lay

[1] See before, p. 158.

down arms, and secure all the ammunition under his charge,—read in the House.

" The House remits to the committee of dispatches to answer his Majesty's letter to the Parliament.

" The *Marquis of Argyle* reported to the House, that himself had a letter from the Secretary, the *Earl of Lothian*, which showed him that his Majesty was *no ways sorry* that James Graham was defeated, in respect, as he said, he had made that invasion *without*, and *contrary to* his command."[1]

This " enormous lying" astounded the rafters of the grand Parliament Hall of Edinburgh, in perfect time for the echo to reach Breda before Charles quitted it for Scotland. It was a tough morsel to swallow,—*unless the lie was his own.* But swallow it he did, wrapped in both the Covenants, which Argyle crammed down his convulsed throat, ere permitting him to land at the mouth of the Spey, or set his foot on Scottish ground. Heartless and unprincipled as Charles the Second was, that he could have said to Lothian, or have written to the Parliament, that which Sir James Balfour records as from himself, is utterly incredible. Even placing no reliance, at such a crisis, upon his gratitude or his honour, there was the fact, that he had consigned into the hands of Sir William Fleming, beyond his power of recal, at least seven documents, public and private, partly autograph, and all under his own signature, any one of which would have sufficed to convict him of the meanest and most ungrateful falsehood that mortal could have uttered.

We doubt, too, if it be possible. The date, 12th May 1650 (even assuming it to be the old style, or 12th–22d), was but two days later than the date of Sir William Fleming's pass from Breda, dated 10th–20th of the same month. At this last date, the dispatches prove that the King was ignorant of the defeat, or of the position of Montrose. Then " the double" of the orders to Montrose bearing date 15th May 1650, which Sir James Balfour notes as having been read in the House at the same time, must be that which we have given from the original, in the note to a previous page. Fleming only arrived a week before that scene in Parliament, and no other messenger appears to have

[1] Original MS., in Sir James Balfour's own hand, *Advocates' Library*; published by Messrs Haig of the Library, 1825.

brought dispatches from Breda between that date and the 25th of May, the date of Argyle's statement in the House.

And we are asked to believe that Charles had emphatically announced what would have been equivalent to Montrose's death-warrant, if yet in life, or to the royal confirmation of his sentence, if already executed, about a fortnight *before* he wrote (still at Breda) the following letter of condolence to his champion's young successor, whom the covenanting convention, now acknowledged by the King as a Parliament, would not acknowledge for a peer, although their Sovereign did!

"*For the Marquis of Montrose.*

"My Lord of Montrose: Though your father is unfortunately lost, *contrary to my expectation*, yet I assure you I shall have the same care for you as if he were still living, and as able *to serve me* as ever; and shall provide for your subsistence with that affection you have reason to expect from

"Your affectionate friend,

"Charles R."

"June the 8th, 1650."[1]

Utterly irreconcilable as is this letter with the idea that the writer of it had, immediately before, expressed his extreme satisfaction, to Argyle and his government, at the most exciting event of the day, it is couched in terms that sufficiently indicate his royal determination to accept of the crown of Scotland from any hands, and upon any conditions. Argyle, by that martyrdom, had played his best card to deter the rival King in vain. Notwithstanding the gross hint, Charles set out for Scotland, and was anchored at the mouth of the Spey on Sunday the 23d (old style) of June 1650, about a month after the death of his heroic General. While yet at sea, his rival played the last card. New instructions, steeped in the very gall of the Covenant, arrested him on his voyage. It is said that these staggered him for a moment. But he had suffered himself to be made accessory after the fact to murder, and the prospect of perjury had lost its terrors. John Livingston, one of the

[1] *Original*, Montrose Charter-room. This important letter was unknown until first printed in the author's previous edition of the Life of Montrose.

most rabid of the covenanting preachers who now had him in their toils, dating from on board of ship at the mouth of the Spey, on Sunday the 23d of June, thus writes to a congenial spirit: "About ten or eleven o'clock we came to anchor, after much tossing; all the particulars mentioned in your last letters *are holpen;* the King hath granted *all desired*, and this day hath sworn and subscribed the *two Covenants* in the words of your *last* declaration, and with assurance to renew the same at Edinburgh, when desired."[1]

The covenanting Government arranged all the stages of his Majesty's progress from the north, and determined that he should not escape the most unpleasant associations. "The House ordains that his Majesty should come from Aberdeen to Dunotter; from thence to *Kinnaird*, the Earl of Southesk's house; thence to Dundee; from it to St Andrews; and then to his own house at Falkland."[2] At Aberdeen, being lodged in a merchant's house near the town port, one of the limbs of the glorious Marquis, elevated in terms of the sentence, greeted his gaze in the morning. At Kinnaird, the scene of Montrose's youthful wooing and nuptials, and where the boy bridegroom's portrait was still preserved, the King might also see his orphan boys, who appear to have been at this time under the charge of their grandfather, the ever safe Southesk. Charles the Second entered the capital in triumph, when the shambles of the Covenant were in full bloom, and the gutters of Dunedin running red with the blood of the noblest, the best, and bravest of his loyal subjects. And conspicuous above all the ensigns of his welcome, and the mural decorations which hailed his deservedly luckless and miserable progress through the great street of the city, was the gory head of that nobleman whom he had so recently decorated with the order of the Garter, and who, but the year before, had written to him,—"As I never had *passion upon*

[1] See the "Personal History of King Charles the Second," by the Rev. C. J. Lyon, M.A. Cantab., Incumbent of St Andrew's Episcopal Chapel, St Andrews, published by T. G. Stevenson, 1851. The fullest, and most authentic, account of the scandalous transaction, between the Argyle government and Charles II., will be found in the Introduction to Mr Lyon's valuable history.

[2] Balfour.

earth so strong as that to do the King your father service, so shall it be my study, if your Highness *command me*, to show it redoubled for the recovery of you; and I shall never have friend, end, nor enemy, but as your pleasure, and the advancement of your service, shall require."[1]

[1] The records of the Presbytery of St Andrews (of which some extracts were printed for the Abbotsford Club) alone suffice to prove the foundation, the extent, and the character, of the reign of King Campbell. The "having *drunk drinks* to James Graham;" or sung a loyal song in his praise; or (in the case of a minister), the *not* having "spoken *enough* for our deliverance from James Graham;" or, worse than all, the having "*spoken rashly of the Marquis of Argyle*,"—are the heinous offences against Kirk and State recorded in these Presbyterial books, as having met with condign punishment. Notwithstanding the severity of his wars, and the popular distress and irritation of necessity created by civil war, the evils of which the common sense of the people was not inclined to impute to him personally, the *popularity* of such a character as Montrose, more especially when contrasted with Argyle's, was only kept under by the meanest and grossest tyranny of the Kirk. It occasionally manifested itself, however. Nicoll narrates, in his Diary, that "an honest man in Glasgow, called John Bryson," hearing a proclamation in which, as usual, Montrose was styled "traitor and excommunicated rebel," called out that he was "as honest a nobleman as was in this kingdom." He was immediately ordered before the Committee of Estates, who condemned him to be "cast into the thieves'-hole, wherein he lay in great misery by the space of many weeks." Nicoll has also some amusing notes, explaining that his own occasional use of abusive epithets against Montrose, was not an expression of his own opinion, but a *conforming* for the time, out of sheer terror.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE LAST DAYS AND DOOM OF MONTROSE.

THE particulars of the death of the Marquis of Montrose constitute one of the most deplorable chapters in the history of human brutality. And there is no brutality like human brutality. The horror is heightened by the fact, that this outrage upon Christianity and civilization in Scotland, where civilization had made some progress, and Christianity was very loudly professed, must be imputed to the ministers of religion. The crime was accomplished by means of the irresistible pressure of the Kirk, under the pharisaical dominion of the Marquis of Argyle, upon the weaker fragment of Scotland's severed constitution. A deed which scandalized Europe, was, by its clerical authors and abettors, impressed upon their bewildered serfs as a pious and religious act,—a sacrifice of a sweet smelling savour ascending unto the God of justice. Montrose was Agag, and Argyle Samuel.

The tragedy must be minutely unfolded, but by no narrative of ours. To prove each particular of this indictment against covenanting Scotland, some ear and eye witness shall be called into court, some authentic contemporary record produced, and the humbling tale be told in the very words of those by whom the facts were seen, heard, and written down at the time.

For the sake of Scotland, however, be it said, that there was no *national* desire to sacrifice Montrose. There was not the least "pressure from without," upon the clerical government of Argyle. That the Scotch, or, as Hallam has it, "the Scotch army," had learnt to *abhor* him, even after all the tyrannical prompting of the rampant Kirk, is a falsehood of the covenanting faction, which has been suffered to grow (as that faction contemplated) into a vulgar error of history. But there was

an intense desire, attendant upon "the particular and indirect practising of a few,"[1] to create and perpetuate that belief. From the first moment of his high principled defection, their object was to crush the warrior statesman, who, in the cabinet, had detected and turned against their selfish and destructive policy, and overwhelmed them with shame and terror in the field. Once again in their power, his blood must atone for his "treachery," and his "butchery," without a moment's delay, or a morsel of mercy.

Whitelock, in his Memorials, records: "17th May 1650; letters (in London) that Montrose was taken two or three days after the fight, sixteen miles from the place of the engagement, disguised and *sorely wounded*."

Again, on the day before the execution, the same chronicler notes,—"20th May 1650; letters from Berwick, that, in Scotland, Montrose was sentenced to be quartered, and preparations for his execution, before they heard from their King, or he from them, lest he should *intercede for his pardon*."

Feebly a voice of mercy sounded from *la belle France*, herself not yet demoralised by scenes, the prototypes of which were now instructing her in the British isles. Did Henrietta Maria, did her minion Jermyn, exert themselves upon this occasion? Alas! the counsels that were so backward to save the life of Charles, were not likely to be on the alert to stay the massacre of Montrose. The Cardinal de Retz, whose eulogy of the hero has become famous, he it was who generously urged the Regency of France to supplicate the *Vehm Gericht* of Scotland. Among the Montrose Archives is now preserved the original of a royal letter, in French, from Louis XIV., and the Regency, written at *Compeigne* on the 10th (new style) of June 1650, and addressed to the Parliament of Scotland. It bears the signature of Louis, the minor king, and also that of *De Lomenie*. But the crime had been consummated for more than a week, ere this useless missive, to their "*Tres chers et grands amis*," was signed.

"Having learnt," says the melancholy appeal, "that his Excellence, the Marquis of Montrose, was taken prisoner in the

[1] See before, p. 269; the Conservative Bond, signed at Cumbernauld.

battle he fought in Scotland, and considering that this misfortune has befallen him by the fate of war, while *fulfilling the commission* of our very dear and well beloved brother and cousin, the King of Great Britain, and that his conduct, upon all occasions, has been characterised by great prudence, honour, and virtue, and that he is well deserving of our esteem and affection; and, moreover, having also taken into our consideration the very humble petition in his favour, presented unto us by his Excellence the Bishop of Corinth, coadjutor in the archbishoprick of our good city of Paris,[1] We find ourselves impelled to write these to you, acting under the advice of the Queen Regent, our most honoured lady and mother, to entreat you to set at liberty his said Excellence the Marquis of Montrose, and suffer not that he should be subjected to any maltreatment whatever. We flatter ourselves, that this our recommendation, which most affectionately we offer, will not be disregarded; and that you yourselves will be inclined to prefer mercy to the rigor of law, under which it cannot be said that he has fallen, seeing he hath done no more than devote himself, in a most generous spirit, to his paramount duty in *fulfilling the commands of the King*, his sovereign lord, and yours, who will be mindful some day of this favour shewn to one of his servants. In his behalf we have expressly dispatched this nobleman, who will assure you of our affection, and whom you will credit in whatever he says in our name, and from whom you will learn, that this our appeal in favour of his said Excellence, the Marquis of Montrose, is made with the same heart-felt sincerity that we pray Almighty God to preserve you, our very dear and illustrious friends, in his high and holy keeping."[2]

The very day after the date of this unavailing remonstrance, the news arrived in Paris that Montrose was no more. Abraham Cowley, the poet, was then private secretary to Jermyn, ere very long created Earl of St Albans. The following occurs in a letter from Cowley to Henry Bennet, afterwards Earl of Arlington, dated Paris, 11th June 1650:

[1] The Cardinal de Retz.

[2] *Original* (in French), Montrose Charter-room. See Memorials of Montrose for the original French, vol. ii. p. 451.

"*This day* news is come, that, at Edinburgh, they have hanged, drawn, and quartered, the Lord Montrose, in a cruel and barbarous manner. The particulars I know not yet. Some say, he was first hanged, then beheaded, and then quartered. If this be true, as I fear it is, it is a great and most unseasonable misfortune. And, though I doubted no more of his death, after his being taken, than of his being beaten after I heard of his landing, yet I thought that either he would not have fallen alive into their hands, or that even in that case they would have contented themselves, in this conjuncture, with the revenge of simply putting him to death, without such extraordinary circumstances of cruelty. I am confounded with the thoughts of it."[1]

But Cowley knew not all the horrors. General David Leslie had instructions, which he was well fitted to fulfil, to parade his noble prisoner from be-north the Beauly firth, to be-south the Forth, as if he were some savage beast of prey, or noxious vermin, that had been caught in a trap. Among the mob attending this barbarian triumph was the Reverend James Fraser, a clergyman attached to the family of Lovat. He tells us, that for thirty years his grandfather was "major domo" to Simon eighth Lord Lovat, who died in 1633. Hence the grandson became chaplain to that nobleman's successor. By some sad perversity and misguidance, the gallant clan Fraser had been generally opposed in arms along with Seaforth and the Mackenzies to the royal standard. Their chaplain, therefore, was not necessarily predisposed in favour of Montrose. But he came into contact with him at a time when every Christian feeling must have revolted at the conduct of his captors. From a chronicle compiled by this reverend gentleman, which still remains in manuscript, we derive the following graphic account of the condition, treatment, and demeanour of the noble captive, while being dragged from the place where he was taken, to the tolbooth of Edinburgh. The minute details are to be found no where else :[2]—

[1] See *Miscellanea Aulica*, printed in 1702 ; p. 138.

[2] The present possessor of this curious and valuable manuscript history, is Mr John Thomson of Liverpool, who most obligingly transmitted it to the author when editing the Memorials of Montrose for the Maitland Club. The period of the

The Reverend James Fraser's Account of the conducting Montrose captive to Edinburgh.

"We are now to set down the fatal *preludium* and *parade*, of one of the noblest and gallantest generals this age saw in Britain; whose unexampled achievements might frame a history. Were its volume far bigger than mine, it would yet be disproportionate to the due praise of this matchless hero.

"May 4th, 1650, he was taken; and the fourth day after, delivered to David Leslie, at Tain, Strachan having run south to have his reward of blood from the State; which did not a little gall Leslie to see an upstart rival risen to honour and to have so great success: A vanity!

"Montrose, being now in the custody of his mortal enemies, from whom he could expect no favour, yet expressed a singular constancy; and, in a manner, a *carelessness* of his own condition. He was conveyed with a guard over the river Conan, towards Beauly. Crossing that river they refreshed them at Lovat; such scurvy base indignities put all along upon him as reached the height of reproach and scorn. Which confirms the poet's *dixi* and *ditte*:—

> "Nescia mens hominum fati, sortisque futuræ,
> Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis."[1]

"But now I set down *that which I was myself eye-witness of.*

"The 7th of May, 1650, at Lovat, he sat upon a little shelty horse, without a saddle, but a quilt of rags and straw, and pieces of ropes for stirups; his feet fastened under the horse's belly with a tether; a bit halter for a bridle; a ragged old dark

Reverend James Fraser's life embraces the times both of Montrose and Dundee. Eventually he became Episcopal clergyman at Wardlaw, and was alive in the early part of the eighteenth century.

[1] From the tenth Book of the Æneid. But for the comparison with Turnus, the whole passage might be applied to the retributive fate of Argyle:—

> "Oh mortals! blind in fate, who never know
> To bear high fortune, or endure the low,
> The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
> Shall wish untouched the trophies of the slain,
> Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,
> And curse the dire remembrance of that day."

reddish plaid; a *montrer* (montero) cap, called *magirky*,[1] on his head; a musketeer on each side, and his fellow prisoners on foot after him.

"Thus conducted through the country, near Inverness, under the road to Muirtown, where he desired to alight, he called for a draught of water, being then *in the first crisis of a high fever*. And here the crowd from the town came forth to gaze. The two ministers, Mr John Annand, wait here upon him to comfort him; the latter of which the Marquis was well acquainted with.[2] At the end of the bridge, stepping forward, an old woman, Margaret MacGeorge, exclaimed and *brauted*, saying,—'Montrose look above; view these ruinous houses of mine, which you occasioned to be burnt down when you besieged Inverness.'[3] Yet he never altered his countenance; but, with a majesty and state beseeming him, kept a countenance high.

"At the cross, a table covered. The Magistrates treat him with wine, which he would not taste, but allayed with water. The stately prisoners, his officers, stood under a forestair, and drank heartily. I remarked Colonel Hurry, a robust, tall, stately fellow, with a long cut on his cheek.[4] All the way through the streets Montrose never lowered his aspect. The provost, Duncan Forbes, taking leave of him at the town's end, said,—'My Lord, I am sorry for your circumstances.' He replied,—'*I am sorry for being the object of your pity.*' The Marquis was convoyed that night to Castle Stewart, where he lodged.

"From Castle Stewart, the Marquis is convoyed through Moray. By the way, some loyal gentlemen wait upon his Excellency, most avowedly, and with grieved hearts: Such as, the Laird of Culbin, Kinnaird; old provost Tulloch, in Narden;

[1] The words in italics are given as they seem to be written. The MS. is in some places very difficult to decypher.

[2] Only one of them is named in the MS.

[3] This is the proper type of the so-called popular feeling, and whole case against Montrose.

[4] This portrait, affording so admirable a subject for the historical painter, is verified by Sir James Turner, who mentions, that when Hamilton's army of "the Engagement" was routed, "among others, Colonel Urrey got a dangerous shot on the left side of his head, whereof, though he was afterwards taken prisoner, he recovered."—*Memoirs*, p. 65. It was *Major-General Sir John Hurry!*

Tannochy, Tulloch; Captain Thomas Mackenzie, Pluscarden; the laird of Cookstoun; and old Mr Thomas Fullerton, his acquaintance at college. He was overjoyed to see these about him; and they were his guard forward to Forres, where the Marquis was treated; and thence, afternoon, convoyed to Elgin city, where all these loyal gentlemen waited on him, and diverted him all the time, with allowance of the General (David Leslie).

"In the morning, Mr Alexander Symons, parson of Duffus, waited on him at Elgin, being college acquaintance with the Marquis; four years his condisciple at St Andrews. This cheered him wonderfully, as *the parson often told me.* Thence they convoyed him all the way to the river Spey, and a crowd of loyalists flocked about him unchallenged. Crossing Spey, they lodged all night at Keith; and next day, May 12th, being the Sabbath, the Marquis heard sermon there. A tent was set up in the fields for him, in which he lay. The minister, Master William Kinanmond, altering his ordinary, chose for his theme and text, the words of Samuel the prophet to Agag, the king of the Amalekites, coming before him *delicately:* 'And Samuel said, As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women,' &c. This unnatural, merciless man, so rated, reviled, and reflected upon the Marquis, in such invective, virulent, malicious manner, that some of the hearers, who were even of the swaying side, condemned him. Montrose, patiently hearing him a long time, and he insisting still, said,—'Rail on, *Ra* (?);'[1] and so turned his back to him in the tent. But all honest men hated Kinanmond for this ever after. Montrose desired to stay in the fields all night, lying upon straw in the tent till morning.

"Monday after, they march through the Mearns, south. By the way, the Marquis came to his father-in-law's house, the Earl of Southesk, where he visited two of his own children.[2] But neither at meeting or at parting could any change of his former countenance be seen, or the least expression heard, which was not suitable to the greatness of his spirit, and the fame of his former actions, worth, and valour. *In transitu*, his Excellency staid one night at Dundee; and it is memorable, that,

[1] Illegible in the MS. Query, *Rabshakeh*? contracted.

[2] See note in the Appendix as to Montrose's sons.

though this town suffered more loss by his army than any else in the kingdom, yet were they so far from insulting over him, that the whole town expressed a great deal of sorrow for his condition; and furnished him with clothes and all other things suitable to his place, birth, and person.[1]

"At Leith he was received by the Magistrates of Edinburgh; and thence convoyed up to the city, by the water-gait[2] of the Abbey; and with him all the prisoners of quality on foot, about forty persons. But, according to the sentence of the Parliament, the Marquis himself had the favour to be mounted on *a cart horse.*

"Having ended this part of his journey, in as much state as *in triumphs* is accustomed to be, he was met at the end of the Canongait, under the Netherbow, by some other officers, and the executioner, hangman, in a livery coat, into whose hands he was delivered. There was framed for him a high seat in fashion of a chariot, upon each side of which was holes: Through these a cord being drawn, crossing his breast and arms, bound him fast in that mock chair. The executioner then took off the Marquis's hat, and put on him (the executioner) his own bonnet; and, this chariot being drawn with four horses,[3] mounted on the first, and solemnly drives along towards the Tolbooth.

"By this conduct was confirmed and fulfilled *Thomas Rythmer's* prophecy, never understood till now: '*Visa la fin, on an ouler tree, green, shall by many be seen,*' &c. '*Visa la fin,*'—look to the end,—is Montrose, or Graham's motto; and this cart was made of green ouler, or alder, timber; which happened to be brought in newly cut to the market-place, and there sold.[4]

[1] There is a story, told in the "Memorie of the Somervilles," that Montrose being lodged at the house of the laird of Grange, not far from Dundee, the good lady had planned his escape, by means of dressing him in her own clothes; and that the ruse had very nearly been successful. Some doubt is thrown upon this anecdote, though circumstantially told, by the entire omission of it, in the minute account in our text; nor is it elsewhere mentioned.

[2] That is to say, the *gait*, or *way*, leading from the sea to the Abbey of Holyrood House.

[3] Other contemporary accounts mention but one horse attached to the cart; the City records, however, to be afterwards quoted, confirm Fraser's statement.

[4] *Avise la fin*, is the motto of the Cassilis family. In the reign of Robert III., the widow of Sir James Kennedy married Sir William Graham of Kincardine, Montrose's ancestor. The Montrose motto is *N'oublie.* The reverend chronicler's illus-

" The vast crowd, assembled to gaze upon this noble peer, who before wished to see this spectacle, and wished him all vengeance and misfortune, could not now restrain tears. Wringing their hands, they began to be shaken with the first shew of his tragedy. Then, being incarcerated in the Tolbooth, he was so closely shut up that none of his dearest friends were suffered to come nigh him. Being now in the mercy of his implacable foes, not satisfied with his calamities, they reviled him with all possible spite; objecting to him, his former condition and present misery; pronouncing heavy judgments against him; and, being asked why they could not otherways be satisfied but by so ignominiously handling of him, replied, that they knew no other way to humble him, and bring him home to God."

Still preserved at Cumbernauld, the scene of Montrose's ill-fated conservative bond, and found along with those royal letters and instructions by which we have been enabled to clear him from the imputation of an unauthorised invasion of Scotland, is the following minute relation, by another eye-witness, of his reception in Edinburgh, and his progress to the Tolbooth.

" *A note of the several passages concerning Montrose his carriage after he was brought prisoner to Edinburgh.*

" The Parliament being informed that Montrose was apprehended, and fearing lest his countenance and carriage might gain him some favour among the people, thought fit to give out their sentence against him *before* he came to Edinburgh; and

tration is not very accurate. Not in the prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer, but in those of " Sibylla and Eltraine," occurs the following:—

" The sadled horse shall be seen
Tied to a tree greene,
And with *Avisa la fine*
In a boge shall be borne,
Syne twa ships in a shield
That day shall foote the field,
To the Antelopes beild,
And fetch him beforne."

Without pretending to interpret this mystery, we may remark, that " ships in a shield" is descriptive of the bearings of *Argyle*. See Collection of Ancient Scottish Prophecies, reprinted for the Bannatyne Club, 1833.

therefore, upon the 17th of May (Friday), in the morning, they appointed a *committee* to prepare and give in their opinion, what was fittest to be done with him; who *that same forenoon* gave in their report in writing, which was approven, thus:

"That how soon he should come to the town, he should be met at the port by the Magistrates and hangman; that he should be tied with cords upon a cart, bare-headed; that the hangman should ride upon the horse, covered, before him, and so carry him through the town; that he should be hanged on a gibbet at the Cross of Edinburgh till he died, and his history, and declaration, hanged about his neck; and hang three hours thereafter in the view of the people; thereafter, he should be headed and quartered; his head to be fixed at the prison house of Edinburgh; and his legs and arms to be fixed at the ports of the towns of Stirling, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen; and, if he repented, that the bulk of his body should be buried, by pioneers, in the Greyfriars; if not, to be buried in the Burghmoor. It is not unworthy of remark, that *the new* Earl of Roxburgh, and Mr Chiesly, who was knighted at the Isle of Wight, and got a pension, which he presently enjoys, for his *offers of service to the late King*, were two of the committee who projected this sentence. The reason of his being tied to the cart was in hope that the people would have stoned him, and that he might not be able by his hands to save his face."[1]

"Upon the 18th day,[2] about four in the afternoon, he was brought in at the Water-gate, where he was met by the Ma-

[1] This account of the sentence, with the precise date of its ratification, is confirmed by the notes of the Lord Lyon, Sir James Balfour, preserved in the Advocates' Library. But Sir James has not recorded the names of the *committee*, which of course was both secret and select. The rapidity with which they produced that elaborate and ingenious sentence, argues that they alone sat upon it who were most apt to a task evidently fulfilled *con amore*. The composition bears the stamp of Johnston of Warriston, who by this time had ceased to be Lord Advocate, having obtained the office of Lord Clerk Register, the great object of his ambition; and in virtue of which the *bon bouche* fell to him, of reading the sentence to Montrose. "The new" Earl of Roxburgh mentioned above was Sir William Drummond, youngest son of the Earl of Perth. He succeeded to the Earldom of Roxburgh, through his mother, by the special destination of that title; and in that same month of May, had been served heir thereto, and so became second Earl of Roxburgh. It is not easy to understand why he took such a part against Montrose, as the Drummonds were generally loyal, and some of them adherents of Montrose.

[2] Saturday, 18th May (old style) 1650.

gistrates, the guards, and the hangman; the rest of the prisoners, being tied two and two, going before him[1] How soon he came within the port, the Magistrates shewed him that order. When he had read it, he perceived the cart and the hangman. He said he would go willingly to it; he was only sorry that, through him, his master, *whose commission he carried*, should be dishonoured. Then, going cheerfully on the cart, he, being uncovered, was by the hangman tied thereto by ropes; and the hangman rode, covered, upon the horse that drew the cart.[2] Thus was he led to prison. In all the way, there appeared in him such majesty, courage, modesty, and even somewhat more than natural, that those common women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and who were *hired to stone him*, were, upon the sight of him, so astonished and moved that their intended curse turned into tears and prayers; so that, the next day, all the ministers preached against them for not stoning and reviling him.

"It is remarkable, that, of the *many thousand* beholders, only Lady Jean Gordon, Countess of Haddington, did publicly insult and laugh at him; which being perceived by a gentleman in the street, he cried up to her, that it became her better to sit upon the cart for her adulteries.[3]

"The Lord Lorn, and his new Lady, were also sitting in a balcony, joyful spectators; and the cart being stopt when it came before the lodging where the Chancellor, Argyle, and Warriston, sat,—that they might have time to insult,—he, suspecting the business, *turned his face towards them*; whereupon they presently crept in at the windows: Which being perceived by an Englishman, he cried up, it was no wonder they started aside at his look, for they durst not look him in the face these seven years bygone![4]

[1] The prisoners treated in this inhuman manner were of the highest distinction; such as Sir John Hurry, Colonel Gray, young Charteris, young Spottiswoode, &c. &c.

[2] There were certainly three horses attached to the cart, if not four, as will appear afterwards; the hangman, in official costume, was mounted on the leading horse, and one of his men appears to have been placed on the shaft of the cart.

[3] This Countess of Haddington was the niece of Argyle, and the third daughter of that Marquis of Huntly whom Argyle had lately put to death.

[4] Argyle's eldest son had been married on the Monday previous to Lady Mary

"After he was loosed from the cart, he gave the hangman gold, saying,—'Fellow, there is drink-money, for driving the cart.'[1]

"It was past seven o'clock at night before he was entered into the tolbooth; and immediately the Parliament met, and sent some of their own number, and *some ministers*, to examine him: But he refused to answer any thing to them, until he should know *in what terms they stood with the King:* Which being reported to the Parliament, they delayed proceedings against him till Monday; and allowed their commissioners to tell him that *the King and they were agreed.* He desired that night to be at rest; for he was wearied with a longsome journey; and, he said,—'the compliment they had put upon him that day, was *something tedious.*'"[2]

A very interesting state paper, recently communicated from the Archives of France, by M. Guizot, affords a valuable confirmation of the details now laid before our readers from the Wigton manuscript. The French Resident in Edinburgh, M. de Graymond, was at this time corresponding with his chief, on the all engrossing subject of the advent of the dethroned King of England to the capital of Scotland. Cardinal Mazarin, whose recent brilliant offers to the champion of Charles the First, we have recorded in a previous chapter,[3] then ruled the destinies of France. M. de Graymond, in a long letter of political news (of which we translate only the passages relating to our subject), thus writes from Edinburgh to the Cardinal, on

Stewart, eldest daughter of that Earl of Moray from the balcony of whose house (still existing) in the Canongate, the marriage party were now enjoying the spectacle. The anecdote is confirmed by the next document.

[1] Many a time had Montrose bestowed "drink-money," when he little expected to have to do it with his own hand upon such an occasion. See before, p. 54.

[2] This original document was found by the late Mr Dennistoun, among the Wigton papers at Cumbernauld house, and printed for the Maitland Club in the collection mentioned previously, p. 758, *note.* It is obviously the original of a tract printed in the year of Montrose's execution, and now extremely scarce, entitled, "A true and perfect relation of the most remarkable passages and speeches at and before the death of his Excellence James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, &c., faithfully collected by *an eye-witness* in Edinburgh, as they happened upon the 18th 20th, and 21st of May 1650; printed 1650."

[3] See before, p. 665.

Wednesday the 23d of May 1650, the day after the execution of Montrose:—

M. de Graymond's Report to Cardinal Mazarin, of Montrose's Progress through Edinburgh to the Tolbooth.

"The rumour on Thursday was, that the King of England had arrived at Aberdeen; and, on Friday, that he was at Dunotter. This is not confirmed, but assuredly he will be here immediately.

"Saturday last Montrose arrived in this town, which went forth in arms to receive him, about half a mile out of town. When he reached the port of the Canongate, which is a *faux-bourg*, or rather a separate town, the Magistrates ordered him to ascend a villainous little cart, driven by the hangman, who was seated on the shaft. Without betraying the slightest emotion, he enquired if their instructions were to compel him to do so. They answered in the affirmative, and that such were the orders of the Parliament. 'Oh,' he said immediately, 'if that be the way they mean to treat us, let us mount.'

"He was paraded the whole length of the Canongate, and through the town, to the prison, fast bound upon a seat attached to the cart, and his head uncovered. Regarding the spectators on either side of him with a majestic air, a smile of disdain on his countenance bore witness that he gloried in his sufferings. So remarkable was this, that we may say of him, *deliberata morte ferocior*. Few were there, present, that did not sympathize; or who forbore to express, by their murmurs, and mournful aspirations, how their hearts were touched by the nobility of his bearing, amid such a complication of miseries.

"He was surrounded by those guarding him; and it has occasioned much talk since, that *the procession was made to halt in front of the Earl of Moray's house*, where, among other spectators, was *the Marquis of Argyle*, who contemplated his enemy from a window, the blinds of which were partly closed.

"Yesterday morning (Tuesday), as also on Sunday, the appointed ministers of religion prayed for his conversion, in their sermons, and for the salvation of his soul. Others of them visited him in prison, to impress upon him how he had broken

the covenant which he had subscribed; for so they put it, urging him to repentance. He cast the accusation back upon them; asserting that they now took his life for no other reason than that he had maintained the principles of the Covenant, in terms of his oath.

"After this interview, he was conducted into the presence of the Parliament, where sentence was pronounced upon him to this effect: That he was to be hanged; his head set upon the top of the prison; his legs and arms to be sent to the principal towns of the Kingdom, to be there exposed to public view; the rest of his body to be treated as garbage, if he died impenitent; otherwise, to be buried in the cemetery; a sentence in the execution of which they were occupied *yesterday* for several hours.

"He neither affirmed nor denied that he had an express commission from the King of Great Britain, to invade this Kingdom at the present time.[1] Nor, as I understand, did he say that the Duke of Hamilton had been competing with him, as some allege,[2] for the commission he held, of commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland. He preferred confining himself to general expressions, indicating that his undertaking was for the weal and the honour of his Sovereign, and not without that Sovereign's approbation.

"Your Eminence must pardon me, if I have suffered myself to be somewhat carried in this long narration. But the figure of Montrose—his quality of Marquis—a peer of the Realm—a General commanding in chief—so recently created a Knight of the Garter—the extraordinary mode of his execution, with all the concomitants—unprecedented in Scotland—struck me as affording matter for profound reflection."[3]

[1] M. de Graymond was not well informed here. Montrose repeatedly and pointedly asserted his royal credentials, as Argyle mentions to Lothian; but with that high-mindedness which characterised him, he forbore as much as possible from seeming to impute blame to his Sovereign (who had manifestly sacrificed him), or from being personal to him. Argyle's mean accusation to Lothian was the very reverse of the truth; see before, p. 763.

[2] See before, the Queen of Bohemia's letter to Montrose, p. 713.

[3] From the original in the "*Archives des Affaires Etrangeres de France*;" most obligingly communicated to the author by M. Guizot. See note in the Appendix.

Mr Brodie (Hist. iv. 269) says: "We must not rashly credit the *enemies* of Argyle, when they assert that, seated at a window, he feasted his eyes on the humiliation of his enemy." M. Guizot, by his discovery of M. de Graymond's interesting

Exactly one hour before the procession arrived at the tolbooth, Parliament, specially convened, was assembled in their great hall, the Scottish Inquisition being rendered yet more awful by the glare of many torches. The intention was to order the wounded and way-worn prisoner at once into their presence, to receive his doom. Argyle and Warriston must have passed rapidly from Lord Moray's balcony, to confront him in their more conspicuous places in Parliament. We now quote the record of the Lord Lyon:—

"Saturday, 18th May 1650: James Graham entered Edinburgh, according to the ordinance of Parliament of the 17th of May, with twenty-three prisoners, all commanders, and Sir John Hurry his General-Major, and were all of them committed prisoners to the tolbooth of Edinburgh:

"The House met this same day, likewise by a special ordinance, at 6 o'clock at night, and sent Robert Lord Burleigh, Sir James Hope of Hopetoun, George Porterfield of Glasgow, Mr James Durham, and Mr James Hamilton, ministers, to James Graham, to ask at him if he had any thing to say; and to show him that he was to repair to the House to receive his sentence. They used some interrogatories, and brought his answers in writing.[1]

"The House delays the execution[2] of James Graham's sentence till Monday at ten hours, the 20th. The House ordains Lord Burleigh; Sir James Hope; George Porterfield; Sir Archibald Johnston, Clerk Register; Sir Thomas Nicolson, King's Advocate; Sir James Stewart, Provost of Edinburgh; to examine James Graham on some points *anent Duke Hamilton and others*:[3]

state paper, has added another confirmation to a contemporary anecdote, which there was never any reason to doubt, and which was also more particularly recorded, in the Wigton manuscript, by an eye-witness, and printed in a tract that same year.

[1] No trace of this document has been discovered.

[2] A mistake for the *reading* of the sentence; the *execution* of it was postponed until the following day.

[3] This refers to *Lanerick*, the second Duke of Hamilton; who, notwithstanding his disreputable covenanting antecedents, was understood to be a competitor for the commission with which Montrose had been recently invested by Charles II. After joining the Covenanters in Scotland, he had debased himself, as a very efficient

And, because he was desirous to understand of them, formerly, how it stood betwixt the King and them, the Parliament ordained them to show him the truth, that their commissioners and the King's Majesty were agreed, and that his Majesty was coming here to this country."

Thus closed the last Saturday of Montrose's existence. Sunday, of course, was no day of rest for him. While he lasted, he was the property of the ravens of the Covenant. We again quote the words of the Wigton manuscript:—

"The next day, being Sunday (19th May), he was constantly attended by ministers and Parliament men, who still pursued him with threatenings; but they got no advantage of him. He told them,—if they thought they had affronted him the day before, by carrying him in a cart, they were much mistaken, for he thought it the most honourable and joyful journey that ever he made; God having all the while most comfortably manifested his presence to him, and furnished him with resolution to overlook the reproaches of men, and to behold him for whose cause he suffered."

This account of his persecution, by the ministers of covenanting religion, we are enabled amply to corroborate by their own testimony. Ten o'clock on Monday morning was the hour appointed for his undergoing the scene of receiving sentence in the Parliament hall; a scene so trying, that, when over, we may say the bitterness of death had passed. All his energies of body and mind were requisite to meet it. He had been "sorely wounded" in the fray. He had been famished in the wilderness. The last of his dearest friends and companions was now the food of beasts of prey in some solitary spot there, where they had parted for ever. Poor Kinnoul! But Montrose was reserved for suffering more intense. We have seen him seated on a quilt of rags, in the squalid garb of a vagrant, his legs tied under the belly of a miserable highland pony; pleading for a draught of water, "being then in the first crisis of a high fever;"

tool for Argyle; whose ulterior object, however, would not allow of the stars of Hamilton or Lauderdale rising, as that of Montrose fell. See before, pp. 384, 713.

reposing his wounded and fevered frame at night on a truss of straw in the fields; preached and railed at by a rabid minister, insulting him with the story of Agag; tortured with that last glimpse of his weeping boys, at the scene of his early love; and, finally, submitted with elaborate and exhausting indignity to the gaze of his bitterest enemies, through that city which he had saved from destruction when its authorities were at his feet. Well might he desire "that night to be at rest, for he was wearied with a longsome journey, and the compliment they had put upon him that day was something tedious." But rest was not permitted to him, even for the few hours within which he had to make his peace with Heaven. At eight o'clock on Monday morning, a time so precious to him for thought and repose, before confronting his judges two hours later, the ministers were flocking round him again. The following private record we found among the manuscripts of the Advocates' Library. It is all in the autograph of, and signed by, the Reverend Robert Wodrow, the well known apologist of the covenanting enormities, a worthy of whom we shall have more to say, when we come to record the history of the great DUNDEE.

The Reverend Patrick Simson's Testimony, as preserved by the Reverend Robert Wodrow.

"This same time, Mr Patrick Simson told me he was allowed to go in with the ministers that went in to confer with the Marquis of Montrose *the day before his death*, and was present at the time of their conference. His memory is so good, that although it be now sixty years and more since it was, I can entirely depend upon his relation, even as to the very words; and I set it down here, as I wrote it from his mouth, and read it over to him."[1]

"In the year 1650, the 20th of May, being Monday, the morning about eight of the clock, *before* the Marquis got his sentence, several ministers, Mr James Guthrie,[2] Mr James Durham, Mr Robert Trail, minister at Edinburgh, and, if my

[1] Patrick Simson was minister of Renfrew, born in 1628, and died in 1715. At one time he was Moderator of the Assembly.

[2] See before, p. 593.

author be not forgetful, Mr Mungo Law, appointed by the Commission of the Great Assembly, went into the tolbooth of Edinburgh, where Montrose was. His room was kept by Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace. Being forfeited and excommunicated, they only termed him *Sir*, and gave him none of his titles. Mr James Guthrie began, and told Montrose that there were several things might *mar his light*, in this affair they were come to him about, which he would do well to lay to heart, and he would hint at them before they came to the main point. 1st, Somewhat of his natural temper, which was *aspiring* and *lofty*, or to that purpose. 2dly, His personal vices, which were too notorious. *My author tells me* he meant his being given to women.[1] 3dly, the taking a commission from the King to fight against his country, and raise a civil war within our bowels. Montrose's direct answer to this my relator hath forgot. 4thly, His taking Irish and Popish rebels, and cut-throats, by the hand, to make up of against his own countrymen. 5thly, The spoil and ravage his men made through the country, also the much blood shed by his cruel followers. Montrose heard him patiently till he had done, and then resumed all the particulars, and discoursed on them handsomely, as he could well do, intermixing many Latin apothegms, only my author thought his way and expression a little too airy and volage,—not so much suiting the gravity of a nobleman.[2] He granted that God had made men of several tempers and dispositions,—some *slow and dull*, others more *sprightly and active*,—and, if the Lord should withhold light on that account, he confessed he was one of those that love to have praise for virtuous actions. As for his personal vices, he did not deny but he had many; but if the Lord should with-

[1] We may rest assured that had any thing of the kind been known, it would have been particularly noted and libelled against Montrose, and cast up to him in his dying moments. The conjectural general calumny (probably a failure in the old covenanting minister's memory), expressed in the gross phrase of a gross sect, is sufficiently met by the fact, that with no particular scandal was Montrose ever charged, or upbraided, even by the unscrupulous enemies whose voluminous accusations against him were a tissue of puerile falsehoods. See before, p. 339.

[2] One of the ministers evinced his own Christian manners upon that occasion, by telling Montrose that "he was a faggot of hell, and he saw him burning already."—*Saintserf.*

hold light upon that account, it might reach unto the greatest of saints, who wanted not their faults and failings. One of the ministers, here interrupting him, said, he was not to compare himself with the Scripture saints. He answered, 'I make no comparison of myself with them, I only speak of the argument.' As to the taking of those men to be his soldiers, who were Irish Papists, &c., he said it was no wonder that the King should take any of his subjects who would help him, when those who should have been his best subjects, deserted and opposed him: 'We see,' said he, 'what a company David took to defend him in the time of his strait.' There were some volitations, to and fro, upon that practice of David, which are forgot. As to his men's spoiling and plundering the country, he answered,—they know that soldiers who wanted pay could not be restrained from spoilzie, nor kept under such strict discipline as other regular forces; but he did all that lay in him to keep them back from it; and for bloodshed, if it could have been thereby prevented, *he would rather it had all come out of his own veins.*

"Then falling on the main business, they charged him with breach of Covenant. To which he answered, 'The Covenant which I took I own it and adhere to it. *Bishops, I care not for them. I never intended to advance their interest.* But when the King had granted you all your desires, and you were every one sitting under his vine and under his fig tree,—that then you should have taken a party in England by the hand, and entered into a League and Covenant with them against the King, was the thing I judged my duty to oppose to the yondmost.' In the progress of their discoursing, which my author hath forgot, the Marquis added, 'that course of theirs ended not but in the King's death, and overturning the whole of the Government.' When one of the ministers answered, 'that was a *sectarian* party that rose up and carried things beyond the true and first intent of them,'—he said only, in reply, '*Error is infinite.*' After other discourses, when they were risen and upon their feet to go away, Mr Guthrie said,—'As we were appointed by the Commission of the General Assembly to confer with you, to bring you, if it could be obtained, to some sense of your guilt, so we had, if we had found you penitent, power from the same Commission, to release you from that sentence of excommunica-

tion under which you lie. But now since we find it far otherwise with you, and that you maintain your former course, and all these things for which that sentence passed upon you, we must, with sad hearts, leave you under the same, unto the judgment of the great God, having the fearful apprehension, that *what is bound on earth, God will bind in Heaven.* To which he replied, 'I am very sorry that any actions of mine have been offensive to the Church of Scotland, and I would, with all my heart, be reconciled with the same. But since I cannot obtain it on any other terms,—unless I call that *my sin* which I account to have been *my duty*,—I *cannot*, for all the reason and conscience in the world.' This last expression is somewhat short; but my author tells me he remembers it distinctly, and the Marquis had those very words, neither more nor less. This is an exact copy of what I took from Mr Simson's mouth, September 29th, 1710.

"RO. WODROW."

"He tells me further, that on Friday, or Saturday,[1] Mr David Dickson was with Montrose, but gained no ground on him; that the Parliament would allow him no knife nor weapon in the room with him, lest he should have done harm to himself. When he heard this, he said to his keeper: 'You need not be at so much pains; before I was taken, I had a prospect of this cruel treatment, and if my conscience would have allowed me, I could have dispatched myself.'

"After the ministers had gone away, and he had been *a little his alone*, my author being in the outer room with Colonel Wallace, he took his breakfast, a little bread dipt in ale. He desired leave to have a barber to shave him, which was refused him; my author thinks, on the former reason. When Colonel Wallace told him, from the persons sent to, he could not have

[1] It must have been Saturday, and the days following, as appears from the minutes of the Assembly of the Kirk: "Edinburgh, 18th May 1650. The Commission of the General Assembly doth appoint Messrs David Dickson, James Durham, James Guthrie, Robert Trail, Hugh Mackael, to attend upon James Graham when he is entered in ward, and upon the scaffold, and deal with him to bring him to repentance, with power to them to release him from excommunication, if so be *he shall subscribe the declaration condescended upon by the Commission*, containing an *acknowledgment of heinous and gross offences*; otherwise that they *should not relax him.*"

that favour, my author heard him say,—'*I would not think but they would have allowed that to a dog.*'

"This same day (Monday, 15th May) between ten and twelve, he was called to the bar, and got his sentence,—to be hanged and quartered, his head to remain at Edinburgh, one quarter to Glasgow, another to Aberdeen, &c. When he got notice that this was to be his sentence, either in the prison or when coming from the bar, he said,—'*It becomes them rather to be hangmen than me to be hanged.*' He expected and desired to be headed."

From the Reverend Robert Trail's MS. Diary.

"When the Marquis of Montrose was brought into the Parliament-hall to receive his sentence, *I was present*, with some others of the ministers of the town, and heard his sentence read unto him, he being in the pannel, and commanded to kneel on his knees while it was a reading, which he did, but very unwillingly. After it had been fully read, he answered,—'That, according to our Scots proverb, *a messenger should neither be headed nor hanged.*' My Lord Loudon, being then President of the Parliament, replied very well, that it was he, and such as he, that were a great snare to Princes, and drew them to give such *bloody commissions.*[1] After that he was carried back to

[1] Argyle and his government knew perfectly that Montrose could plead the King's commission for every step he had taken. See before, p. 762. They felt conscious that the fact deprived them of every pretext for putting Montrose to death. Hence they neither proposed to their victim to produce the credentials he alleged, nor would they have suffered him to recover a single document. Yet after his death, Argyle, in his letter to Lothian, pretends to treat with scepticism the fact, *known to Europe*, that Montrose was acting under the commissions and instructions of his Sovereign. Some ten years afterwards, when his retributive fate overtook Argyle, a count in his indictment (and one very ill founded in law, considering how Charles II. homologated the act), was, that, when wielding the supreme power in Scotland, he had put the *royal Lieutenant* to death, and with unexampled barbarity. Argyle's reply in defence is miserably weak. He says that he *declined to vote* (a fact not proved) on the question of affirming the committee's sentence; and with regard to Montrose's credentials, this extraordinary plea is put in: "And as to the aggravations of the said murder, the said Marquis being his Majesty's commissioner for the time,—it is no way a relevant circumstance to aggravate the same, *except it had been libelled* that the said commission *had been shown to the Parliament;* which *nobody can affirm;* but, on the contrary, the said Parliament con-

prison. The commission of the Kirk, then sitting, did appoint Mr James Hamilton, Mr Robert Baillie, Mr Mungo Law, and me, to go and visit him in the prison. For he being some years before excommunicated, none except his nearest relations might converse with him.[1] But by a warrant from the Kirk, we staid a while with him about his *soul's condition.* But we found him continuing in his old pride, and taking very ill what was spoken to him, saying,—'*I pray you, gentlemen, let me die in peace.*' It was answered, that he might die in true peace, being reconciled to the Lord, and to *his Kirk.* He went aside to a corner of the chamber, and there spoke a little time with Mr Robert Baillie alone; and thereafter we left him. Mr Baillie, at our coming out of the Tolbooth, told us, that what he spoke to him was only concerning some of his personal sins in his conversation, but nothing concerning the things for which he was condemned.[2] We returned to the Commission, and did shew unto them what had passed amongst us. They, seeing that for the present he was not desiring relaxation from his censure of excommunication, did appoint Mr Mungo Law, and me, to attend on the morrow upon the scaffold, at the time of his execution, that in case he should desire to be relaxed from his excommunication, we should be allowed to give it unto him in the name of the

ceived they had *just reason to presume* that there could be no such commission for his coming against them at that time; because his Majesty, after the murder of his royal father, very graciously had admitted their gracious application to him." *Indictment against Argyle, and his Answers,* "printed for the satisfaction of all those that desire to know the truth, 1661."

For the same class of readers, probably, was printed the account of Argyle in Wood's edition of Douglas's Peerage, where, in the face of all history and records, it is actually asserted (though not by *Douglas*) that *the one* indignant reclaimer, and dissentient voice, against the murders both of *Huntly* and *Montrose,* was Argyle !! Argyle made no such defence for himself.

[1] This refers to the rule of "excommunications" merely; none of Montrose's relations were with him in prison, or on the scaffold. There is no evidence that his father-in-law, Southesk (who alone of his near male relations was in the country), came near him.

[2] The Reverend Robert Baillie (whom we have so often quoted) here seems to give himself the airs of a father-confessor to Montrose ! We may be assured that the conversation thus reserved, must have been some general expressions of a christian mind, that would only have testified in favour of his christian condition. It is remarkable, that among the voluminous letters and journals of Baillie, there is not a word on the subject of the capture or murder of Montrose.

Kirk, and to pray, with him and for him, *that what is loosed on earth, might be loosed in Heaven.*"[1]

Sir James Balfour's note of the scene in Parliament.

"Monday, 20th May 1650: The Parliament met about ten o'clock; and immediately after the down-sitting, James Graham was brought before them by the Magistrates of Edinburgh, and ascended the place of delinquents. After the Lord Chancellor had spoken to him, and in a large discourse declared the progress of all his rebellions, he shewed him that the House gave him leave to speak for himself: Which he did in a long discourse, with all reverence to the Parliament, as he said, since the King and their Commissioners were accorded. He pleaded his own innocency; by calling all his own depredations, murders, and bloodshed, only diversion of the Scots nation from interrupting the course of his Majesty's affairs in England; and as for his last invasion from Orkney,—from which, *said he*, he moved not one foot but by his Majesty's special direction and command,—*that* he called an accelerating of the treaty betwixt his Majesty and this nation.[2] To him the Lord Chancellor (Loudon) replied, *punctually proving* him, *by his acts of hostility*, to be a person most infamous, perjured, treacherous, and, *of all that ever this land brought forth, the most cruel and inhuman butcher of his country;* and one whose boundless pride and ambition had lost the father, and by his wicked counsels had done what in him lay to destroy the son likewise. He made no reply, but was commanded to sit down on his knees, and receive his sentence, which he did. *Archibald Johnston*, the Clerk Register, read it; and the Dempster gave the doom: And immediately arising from off his knees, without speaking one word, he was removed thence to the prison. He behaved himself all this time in the House with *a great deal of courage and modesty, unmoved and undaunted*, as appeared; only, he sighed two several times, and rolled his eyes alongst all the corners of the House, and at the reading of the sentence, *he lifted up his face*,[3] without any word speaking.

[1] These poor fanatics held strange doctrines. See before, p. 788.

[2] A characterising of his own wars in which, as we have shewn, he was perfectly justified, as Sir James Balfour himself could hardly fail to know.

[3] Doubtless to confront Warriston, who would read the sentence with great unction. See before, p. 592.

He presented himself in a suit of black cloth, and a scarlet coat to his knee, trimmed with silver galouns, lined with crimson tafta; on his head a bever hat and silver band. He looked *somewhat pale, lank-faced, and hairy.*"[1]

From this last portrait, stamped with individuality, and replete with pathos, Burke might have illustrated the sublime. They were all drawn by close but not friendly observers, and betray involuntary admiration. There is admiration in the complaint that his nature was "aspiring and lofty." Their bitter denouncing of the sins which they declared were about to consign his soul to perdition, is unwittingly absorbed in their contemplation of the manner he "discoursed on them *handsomely*, as he *could well do*, intermingling many latin apothegms."[2] And yet a greater triumph for his temper and indomitable spirit, is the having diverted their gloomy and pharisaical homilies, on death and coming judgment, into an envious criticism of "his *way* and *expression*—a little too *airy* and *volage*—not so much suiting the gravity of a nobleman!"

An hour later, however, when in presence of the Parliament, his manner is no longer *volage*. Just nine years before, he had stood in that same "place of delinquents," a prisoner of the same faction, then anxious to prevent his meeting with Charles the First. Now it was Charles the Second whose advent was expected, and Montrose must be hurried to his doom. On the former occasion he told them,—"My resolution is to carry along fidelity and honour to the grave." He had kept his word. How many of his compeers had failed in theirs! He stood before them now, with his bloody, seared, and solitary laurels, his hopes destroyed, and his worst predictions fulfilled. To save

[1] Original MS. autograph of Sir James Balfour, *Advocates' Library*. The scarce contemporary tract describes his dress yet more minutely:—

"He came into the House apparelled in a very rich suit, thick overlaid with costly lace, and over it a scarlet rochet; and on his head a beaver hat with a very rich hat-band upon it; with carnation silk stockings, garters, and roses; with other habiliments suitable; all which he had caused to be made for him immediately upon his coming to Edinburgh, as if he had been going rather about some festival, than tragical affair."

[2] This characteristic trait is exemplified in some of his writings we have produced. See his letter to the King, p. 313.

his Country, he had warred with and conquered the oppressive and cruel Covenant, in vain:

"Oh Patria! et rapti nequicquam ex hoste Penates?"

But his port was as lofty, his soul unshaken as ever. The *facile princeps* of heroic nobility in Scotland, the commander of the greatest fame, the statesman of the "clearest mind," and the brightest honour, now stood before that degraded remnant of his own Order, about to treat him as carrion. Yet we must congratulate those few,—only eleven peers present, including Argyle,—hopelessly subjugated to the will of the Dictator, that they were not called upon to dispose of their prisoner after the fashion of more primitive and less responsible savages.

He had been suffered to array himself as became his condition. He affected no indifference to the proprieties of his rank and his cause. The puerility of covenanting malice had exhausted itself in the vain endeavour to extinguish his nobility, by depriving him of its outward attributes. As the Parliament now sat in the name of the King, to have continued the grovelling farce of degrading him through his garb, would have been an insult too gross to the Sovereign and to the House. Agag coming *delicately* before Israel, when Samuel hewed him in pieces, was the scene they now fancied. Clad bravely as beseemed him, still "he looked somewhat pale, lank-faced, and hairy." The use of a razor had been refused. Can we wonder, considering all that had come and gone since last he stood there, that "*he sighed two several times*, and rolled his eyes alongst all the corners of the House?" And nothing less than sublime is that other trait noted by the same close and fascinated observer:—"At the reading of the sentence, he *lifted up his face*, without any word speaking!"

But why, if he meant his notes for history, did Sir James Balfour discredit himself by that feeble and false record of the hero's defence? The address he actually delivered, was, under all the overwhelming circumstances, scarcely to have been expected from human nature. It could not have been more perfect, had the wounded, exhausted, and tormented nobleman, been permitted to repose, for months previously, in his chamber and

been still.[1] Too terse and dignified to be interrupted, even by the low-minded Loudon, it yet missed no single point of his case, and must have thrilled the hearts of those who trembled as he reasoned. Though scarcely left for a moment to his own reflections, he yet delivered a speech, in reply to a torrent of intemperate abuse, whose argument, structure, and language, were worthy of his reputation as a statesman, a scholar, a hero, and a Christian.

Montrose's Speech to the Parliament before receiving Sentence: from the Wigton Manuscript.

"Upon Monday forenoon he was brought before the Parliament: And after that the Chancellor had *snivelled out* a long premeditated discourse, of his miscarriages against the first Covenant, and the *league* Covenant, his invasion and joining with the Irish rebels, and blood-guiltiness, and that now God had brought him to his just punishment,—he desired to know if he might be allowed to speak; which being granted, he said:—

"'Since you have declared to me that you have *agreed with the King*, I look upon you as if his Majesty were sitting amongst

[1] The Major or Captain of the Town Guard was that notorious character *Major Weir*, executed for many horrible crimes in the reign of Charles the Second. At this period, however, his reputation was *saintly*, a character then easily acquired by the unprincipled; see before, p. 87. His conduct to Montrose is thus described in a rare work, entitled "*Ravillac Redivivus;*" from the second edition of which, printed in 1682, we quote the following:

"The barbarous villain treated the heroic Marquis of Montrose with all imaginable insolence and inhumanity when he lay in prison; keeping him in a room in which was no other light than that of a candle, and his lighted *tobacco*, which he continually smoked with him, though the Marquis had an aversion to the smell of it above any thing in the world. Nay, he would even disturb him in his devotions, making his very calamities an argument that God as well as man had forsaken him; and calling him dog, atheist, traitor, apostate, excommunicated wretch, and many more such intolerable names."

The Wigton manuscript says:—"His friends were not suffered to come near him; and a guard was kept in the chamber beside him, so that he had no time or place for his private devotions, but in their hearing; yet it is acknowledged by them all that he rested as kindly those nights, except sometimes when at prayers, as ever they themselves did."

you; and in that relation I appear with this reverence,—bare-headed:

"'My care has been always to walk as became a good Christian, and loyal subject. I *did* engage in the first Covenant, and was *faithful to it.* When I perceived some private persons, under colour of religion, intend to wring the authority from the King, and to seize on it for themselves, it was thought fit, for the clearing of honest men, that a bond should be subscribed, wherein the security of religion was sufficiently provided for.[1] For *the League*, *I thank God* I was never in it; and so could not break it. How far *Religion* has been advanced by it, and what sad consequences followed on it, these poor distressed Kingdoms can witness. When his late Majesty had, by the blessing of God, almost subdued those rebels that rose against him in England, and that *a faction* of this Kingdom went in to the assistance of the rebels, his Majesty *gave commission* to me to come into this Kingdom, to make a diversion of those forces which were going from this against him. I acknowledged the command was *most just*, and I conceived myself bound in conscience and duty to obey it.

"'What my carriage was in this country, *many of you may bear witness.* Disorders in arms cannot be prevented; but they were no sooner known than punished. Never was any man's blood spilt *but in battle;* and even then, *many thousand lives have I preserved.* And I dare here avow, in the presence of God, that never a hair of Scotsman's head, that I could save, fell to the ground. And as I came in upon his Majesty's warrant, so, upon his letters, did I lay aside all interests, and retire:

"'And as for my coming at this time, it was by *his Majesty's just commands*, in order to the accelerating the treaty betwixt him and you; his Majesty knowing, that, whenever he had ended with you, I was ready to retire upon his call. I may say, that never subject acted upon more honourable grounds, nor by so lawful a power, as I did in these services:

"'And therefore I desire you to lay aside prejudice; and consider me as a Christian, in relation to the justice of the quarrel; as a subject, in relation to my royal master's command;

[1] The Cumbernauld Bond, signed by eighteen peers besides Montrose. See before, p. 269.

and as your neighbour, in relation to the *many of your lives I have preserved in battle:* And be not too rash; but let me be judged by the laws of God, the laws of nature and nations, and the laws of this land:

"'If otherwise,—*I do here appeal from you, to the righteous Judge of the world, who one day must be your Judge and mine, and who always gives out righteous judgments.*'

"This he delivered with such a gravity and possessedness as was admirable. After this the Chancellor commanded the sentence to be read; which he heard with a solid and unmoved countenance; and having then desired to speak, the Chancellor stopped him,[1] and commanded he should be presently removed:

"He was no sooner carried back to prison, but the ministers with their fresh assaults invade him, aggravating the terror of the sentence, whereby to affright him. He said he was much beholden to the Parliament for the honour they put on him; 'for,' says he, 'I think it a greater honour to have my head standing on the ports of this town, for this quarrel, than to have my picture in the King's bed-chamber: I am beholden to you, that, lest my loyalty should be forgotten, ye have appointed five of the most eminent towns to bear witness of it to posterity.'"

The brutal sentence went forth—the solemn appeal was entered. And that his country might never forget it, with a command of mind scarcely to be paralleled, he framed it in words that have fixed themselves on the history of Scotland like the blister on the forehead of Cain. Once again his desolate muse poured forth the lava strain that criticism shrinks from touching. She lives in that dying prayer,—

"Let them bestow on every airt[2] a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake,—
Then place my par-boil'd head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air,—
Lord! since Thou knowest where all these atoms are,
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

[1] Sir James Balfour had omitted to note this circumstance.

[2] *Airt*, point of the compass.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE EXECUTION—THE RETRIBUTION—LADY NAPIER AND THE HEART OF MONTROSE—EPITAPH.

Sir James Stewart of Coltness, devoted to the government of Argyle, was Provost of Edinburgh; and upon him devolved the duty of superintending the preparations for Montrose's execution, and seeing that triumph accomplished. It is said that he ventured to remonstrate against the details. But he had conspicuously attached himself to the covenanting regime, and this was not a time when he could draw back. His remonstrance, indeed, was feeble, if it went no further than what his friendly family chronicler records. "Sir James," he says, "had nothing of insolence, or bloody cruelty in his disposition. The Marquis Argyle pursued, or prosecuted, the unfortunate Montrose with too keen resentments: '*What need*,' said Sir James, '*of so much butchery and dismembering?* Has not heading, and publicly affixing the head, been thought sufficient for the most atrocious state crimes hitherto? We are embroiled, and have taken sides; but to insult too much over the misled, is *unmanly*.' Yet there was no remedy. Argyle pushed the vengeance of Church and State against Montrose. But Sir James his conduct was on the side of humanity."[1]

Be this as it may, he had to do his work, and that speedily and thoroughly. Orders were issued to the city workmen to labour throughout the whole of the night of Friday the 17th, to have the machinery of death erected at the Cross before the arrival next day of the prisoner, whose instant execution was at first contemplated. The Provost dare not abate an inch of the gallows, or a nail of the scaffold; nor shall we, in laying before

[1] Genealogy of the Stewarts of Allanton and Coltness, drawn up by Sir Archibald Stewart Denham of Westshiels (who was born in 1683, and died in 1773); and ably edited for the Maitland Club in 1842, by Mr Dennistoun of Dennistoun.

our readers the items of cost to the city, which may be termed the butcher's bill.

In the accounts for the week commencing Monday 13th May 1650, and the week following, there are entered, of course in Scots money,—

"Paid by John Forster, by order of the Bailies, for seven torches to the Lords of the Parliament that night (Saturday 18th) James Graham was brought in to the tolbooth,[1]	£4	4	0
"*Item*, paid by John Forster for charges disbursed by him with the officers attending at the foot of the Canongate, and for taking the horses to draw the cart,	1	10	0
"*Item*, paid to William Barrone for his cart, and *three horses*,[2] for carrying of James Graham from the water-gate to the tolbooth, conform to order of Council,	3	0	0
"*Item*, to Allan Robisone,[3] and his men, for driving of the cart, and leading of the horses up the High Street,	1	16	0
"*Item*, to David Sands, wright, for making a seat upon the cart in form of a chair, for James Graham to sit upon, and for other charges that day during their onwaiting at the water-gate,	3	0	0
"*Item*, for 100 flooring nails for flooring the cart with deals, and to make the seat,	0	13	4
"*Item*, given by order of the Bailies to the master wright his men, who were *commanded to work all night*, for making of a high new gallows, and a double ladder, *in haste* for the execution,	1	16	0
"*Item*, for 12 single garrone, and 6 double flooring nails, for making the said high gallows, and ladder foresaid,	1	4	0
"*Item*, to a sledder for carrying out some lime to the south loch, for bigging up the stone work there, to hold in the water, by order of Council,[4]	0	16	0
"*Item*, paid to David Sands, wright, and others, for making of a large scaffold, for the said execution,	6	13	4

[1] Parliament was specially convened that night to receive him, and sat late.

[2] This seems to account for the four horses mentioned by the Rev. James Fraser, including the cart horse upon which their noble prisoner arrived.

[3] This gives us the name of the hangman, who wept as he cast Montrose from the ladder.

[4] The south, or Burgh-moor loch, was drained in the last century, and now forms those pleasant meadows to the south of the city, which are still the object of further improvements. The public gallows, under which Montrose's dismembered body was thrust, stood on the south-east verge of it; and, probably, the place had to be cleared of water. A *sledder* means the driver of a low cart.

"*Item*, paid to the wrights for making of a high new gallows, and double ladder, by direction, for that execution, .	6	13	4
"*Item*, for 200 single, and 60 double flooring nails, for making the scaffold, ...	2	10	8
"*Item*, for 30 single garrone nails thereto, . .	0	15	0
"*Item*, to the wrights and workmen for upsetting the said gallows upon the scaffold, by a galbert, from the length thereof,[1]	1	10	0
"*Item*, bought by John Forster 12 fathom of tows (ropes) for setting the galbert on foot, . . .	1	0	0
"*Item*, paid to the workmen for bearing of the deals, puncheons, ladder, galbert, &c., to and from the Cross for the execution foresaid, ...	6	13	4
"*Item*, paid by John Forster for 16 empty wine puncheons, bought by order of the Bailies, for enlarging of the scaffold, at 24s. the piece, to be kept for executions, . .	19	4	0
"*Item*, paid by him, by order foresaid, to 6 workmen appointed to attend the whole day upon the execution, .	1	4	0
"*Item*, for a half-hundred plencheor nails for making of four boxes, to put the *legs and arms* into, for sending away to places appointed by the Parliament, . .	0	6	0
"*Item*, to 6 workmen that carried *the corps* of James Graham, and buried the same in the Burgh-moor, . .	2	0	0
"*Item*, to the executioner his men for making the grave, and for a new shovel bought for that use, . .	2	8	0
"*Item*, to David Sands, wright, for taking down the high gallows, and for altering the scaffold for another execution, and setting the scaffold in the same place,[2] . .	3	6	8
"*Item*, to the workmen, for attending, and helping to alter it,	0	18	0
"*Item*, for 100 flooring nails to the wrights for that purpose,	0	8	8
"*Item*, paid to two men that went up to the west end of the new tolbooth, for up-putting of *James Graham's head*, .	1	4	0
"*Item*, for 2 load of sand to that same execution, .	0	8	0"

The iron work of the gallows formed a separate charge, as appears from the following items of the account disbursed to "John Tweedy, town smith," and dated 17th May 1650:—

"*Item*, a gallows, made new to James Graham, 4 great cleeks, and 4 great nook bands, being four stone and eight pounds weight, at 3 lb. 4s. the stone, ...	£14	8	0
"*Item*, more, for 80 great nails to the bands of the said gallows,	4	0	0
"*Item*, more, for the said gallows, four great staples, .	0	16	0"

[1] The gallows, being thirty feet high, required machinery to set it up.

[2] Sir John Hurry, and Montrose's other comrades in arms, executed soon afterwards, were favoured with decapitation by the Scotch guillotine, called *The Maiden*.

Two other items, of a later date, must be specially noted, as relating to the romantic incident, we shall presently have to record, of the abstraction of the hero's heart from beneath the felons' gibbet:—

"27th May 1650: *Item*, to the Lockman's (hangman) men for covering of James Graham's grave, in the Burgh-moor, *over again*, and for making of it *much deeper*, ... £1 16 0

"5th June 1650: *Item*, made a great trinket prick for James Graham's head,[1] . . . . . 1 16 0"

On the morning of Tuesday the 21st of May 1650, Montrose was "delicately" adjusting his head for the public exhibition of it which was to last for ten years. Those flowing auburn locks, cherished as the type of his loyalty, now dishevelled, and probably matted with the blood of his wounds, he was in the act of combing out and arranging, when a sullen moody man broke in upon him with the impertinent reproof,—"Why is James Graham so careful of his locks?" "My head," replied the hero, "is yet my own; I will arrange it to my taste; to-night, when it will be yours, treat it as you please."[2]

His attention was arrested by drums and trumpets resound-

[1] Nicoll, in his Diary, mentions, that, "because it was rumoured among the people that James Graham's friends secretly intended to convoy his head off the prick whereon it was set, on the tolbooth of Edinburgh, therefore, *within six days after* his execution, there was a new cross prick appointed of iron, to cross the former prick whereon his head was fixed, which was speedily done, that his head should not be removed." This was in consequence of the previous abstraction of the heart; and the item in the text confirms Nicoll. These unexplored Accounts of the City of Edinburgh are replete with minute and curious information. They are now being properly cared for, and arranged, under the superintendence of Mr Adam, the city accountant, to whom the author is much indebted for ready access, and intelligent aid, in searching them.

[2] The additional precaution for securing it on the tolbooth was not in vain. In a rare work, entitled, "Binning's Light to the Art of Gunnery," printed in 1676, it is stated:—"In the year 1650 I was in the Castle of Edinburgh: One remarkable instance I had, in shooting at that mirror of his time, for loyalty and gallantry, James Marquis of Montrose his head, standing on the pinnacle of the tolbooth of Edinburgh; but Providence had ordered that head to be taken down with more honour. I admired of its abiding; for the ball took the stone joining to the stone whereon it stood, which stone fell down, and killed a drummer, and a soldier or two, on their march between the Luckenbooths and the church; and there remained, till by his Majesty it was ordered to be taken down and buried (1661), with such honour as was due to it."

ing through the town. Perhaps his own verse recurred to him,—

"I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by tuck of drum,"—

but he betrayed no symptoms of such regret; and when told that it was to call the soldiers and citizens to arms, because the Parliament dreaded a rising of the *malignants* to rescue him,—"What," he said, "am I still a terror to them? Let them look to themselves, my ghost will haunt them." The bitterness of death had indeed passed, and now he made him boon for the proudest of his triumphs, and the greatest of his victories. Those fearful preparations, recorded by the city treasurer in the matter of fact manner we have disclosed, had produced a suitable stage for this grandest of all the field-days of the Kirk. Their contemporary sport of hunting out, torturing, and burning alive, confused and half-witted old crones, for the clerical crime of witchcraft, was stupid and tiresome by comparison.[1] Then, and for months thereafter, the Cross of Edinburgh became the theatrical booth of the Covenant; only, instead of "*veluti in speculum*," the motto was, "*Jesus and no quarter.*"[2]

Sir Walter Scott has recorded, that "the Marquis of Montrose walked on foot from the prison to the *Grassmarket*, the common place of execution for the basest felons, where a gibbet of extraordinary height, with a scaffold covered with black cloth, were erected."[3] This is a mistake, which it seems strange

[1] On Monday 20th May 1650, immediately after Montrose had been sent back to the Tolbooth, after receiving sentence, the Lord Lyon notes the business of the House as follows:—

"The House, this afternoon, appoints two Committees:—

"1. *For witches.*

"2. For *examining prisoners.*"

[2] "After Montrose's death, the scaffold which was set up at the Cross for the mangling of his body, was, contrary to all former custom, kept unremoved near two months, for the execution of the Scots officers who were taken with him, and other worthy men who had embarked in the same cause: So that it became all covered with blood and gore, and was called '*The Ministers' Altar*,'—of whom it was sarcastically observed, upon this occasion, 'that they delighted not in unbloody sacrifices.'"—*Skinner's Ecclesiastical History*, p. 417. See before, pp. 582-604.

[3] History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 481. In the former edition of the Life and Times of Montrose, the author being more occupied with the *why* of Montrose's execution than the *where*, followed this high authority without further consideration. Lord

that Sir Walter should have committed. Montrose was put to death in the market-place of Edinburgh, beside the ancient Cross (now removed) on the south side of the High Street, about midway between the tolbooth (also now removed) situated towards the Castle, and the Tron Kirk in the direction of Holyrood House. Thus, in walking to the scaffold, he had to proceed down the High Street, eastward, and not, as Sir Walter supposed, in the opposite direction. That *quid-nunc* of his day, John Nicoll, regarded the scene with intense interest, and has left us this vivid portrait, and description both of the opening and close of the tragedy:—

"In his down-going from the tolbooth to the place of execution, he was very richly clad in fine scarlet, laid over with rich silver lace; his hat in his hand; his bands and cuffs exceeding rich; his delicate white gloves on his hands; his stockings of incarnate silk; his shoes, with their ribbons, on his feet; and *sarks* (embroidered linen) provided for him, with *pearling* (lace) about, above ten pounds the elne. All these were provided for him by his friends; and a pretty cassock put on upon him, upon the scaffold, wherein he was hanged. To be short, nothing was here deficient to honour his poor carcase, more beseeming a bridegroom than a criminal going to the gallows:

"He hung full three hours; thereafter cut down, *falling upon his face;* none to countenance him but the executioner and his men; his head, two legs, and two arms, taken from his body with an axe, and sent away and affixed at the places foresaid; his body cast into a little short chest, and taken to the Burghmoor, and buried there among malefactors."

Thus, with ill-disguised sympathy, wrote the worthy notary-public, whose Diary, however, was kept in great subjection at the time by the tyrannical regime he lived to see overthrown: "Such," he says, "were the orders of Parliament and *Committee*, and prohibitions of *the Kirk*, that none durst speak in favour

Mahon has adopted the mistake somewhat conspicuously. Sir Walter was mistaken also in supposing that the *Grassmarket* was then a place for public executions; it did not become so till about the time of the Restoration. As some of the contemporary accounts speak of Montrose being executed at the *market-place*, meaning the Cross of Edinburgh, Sir Walter had hastily concluded that this meant the *Grassmarket* at the foot of the Castle-rock.

of Montrose for fear of censure and punishment." But even the most zealous organs of that government were somewhat carried by the christian triumph of their victim, over their own inventive malice. "Mr Robert Trail," says a contemporary, "and Mr Mungo Law were two such venemous preachers, as no man that knows them can mention their names without detestation."[1] The characteristic here alluded to, and of which we have a fair example in the sermon of Master Kinnanmond in Montrose's tent, obtained for these worthies the high distinction of following him to the scaffold, on the part of the Kirk. Vandyke could not have pourtrayed the hero in prouder lineaments, than the sudden impulse of admiration caused Trail himself thus to report his demeanour, to his own credit and his Church's discomfiture:—

"But he did not at all desire to be released from excommunication in the name of the Kirk; yea, *did not look* towards that place in the scaffold where we stood; only, he drew apart some of the Magistrates, and *spake a while with them;* and then went up the ladder, in his red scarlet cassock, *in a very stately manner*, and never spoke a word; but when the executioner was putting the cord about his neck, he looked down to the people upon the scaffold, and asked,—"How long shall I hang here?" When my colleague and I saw him casten over the ladder, we returned to the Commission, and related the matter as it was."

We find it mentioned in the Wigton manuscript, that "an Englishman," disgusted with the scene before Lord Moray's balcony, did what few Scotchman dared at that time to have done; namely, vent his indignation aloud, and against some of the most distinguished of the spectators. It appears that the Government in England had their "own correspondent" in Edinburgh at the time, nor is it at all unlikely to have been that same Englishman. For the Covenant, and all its mean and cruel ways, had fallen into the greatest contempt with the triumphant party of Cromwell. In the British Museum is yet preserved the following letter, written on the very day of Mon-

[1] "The Continuation of Montrose's Historie;" being a Supplement to a translation of Dr Wishart's *Commentarius*, published in 1652 under the title of "Montrose Redivivus."

trose's death, and, as the context proves, even during the very time the scene of his execution was proceeding. It bears no signature; nor is it addressed, having been probably enclosed. But it is dated "Edinburgh, May 21st, 1650," and endorsed as we here title it:— [1]

"*Relation from Edinburgh concerning the hanging of Montrose, May 21st, 1650.*"

"What with the early going away of the post, and what with the *hubbub* we are in,—*Montrose being now on the scaffold*,—I must cut short:—

"Saturday, he was brought into the town, sitting tied with a rope upon a high chair, upon a cart; the hangman having before taken off his hat, and riding before him with his bonnet on. Several have been with him. He saith, for personal offences he hath deserved all this; but justifies his cause.[2] He caused a new suit to be made for himself; and came yesterday into the Parliament House with a scarlet rochet, and suit of pure cloth all laid with rich lace, a beaver and rich hat-band, and scarlet silk stockings. The Chancellor made a large speech to him; discovering how much formerly he was for the Covenant, and how he hath since broke it. He desired to know whether he might be free to answer? And being admitted, he told them his cause was good; and that he had not only a *commission*, but *particular orders*[3] for what he had done, from his Majesty,

[1] It is contained in a volume of original manuscripts presented to the British Museum, August 6th 1802, by Nicolas Vansittart, Esq., Secretary to the Treasury. It bears some indications of having been in the hands of printers, and probably is the transcript for a printed news broad-sheet or pamphlet of the day. Whitelock, in his Memorials, seems to refer to it, when, on the 27th May 1650, he notes:—"From Edinburgh, the *particulars* of the execution of Montrose." The short account which he subjoins agrees very closely with the manuscript in the British Museum.

[2] This christian sentiment pervades the whole of Montrose's dying discourses; but has sometimes been misunderstood, or perverted to his disadvantage. Continually taunted with the fact of *excommunication*, as excluding him from God's mercies, his reply was, that, as *a man*, subject to the infirmities of human nature, he would not justify himself to God; but, in relation to his public conduct as a Scotchman, he admitted no guilt, and was ready to justify every act of his life.

[3] Argyle expressly states so, in his letter to Lothian. M. de Graymond had been misinformed on that point. See the orders themselves, p. 753.

which he was engaged to be a servant to: and they also had professed to comply: and upon that account, however they dealt with him, yet he would own them to be a true Parliament. And he further told them, that, if they would take away his life, *the world knew he regarded it not;* that it was a debt that must once be paid; and that he was willing, and did much rejoice, that he must go the same way his master did; and it was the joy of his heart, not only to do, but to suffer for him.

"His sentence was, to be hanged upon a gallows thirty feet high, three hours, at Edinburgh Cross; to have his head strucken off, and hanged upon Edinburgh Tolbooth, and his arms and legs to be hanged up in other public towns in the kingdom, as Glasgow, &c., and his body to be buried at the common burying-place, in case excommunication from the Kirk was taken off; or else to be buried where those are buried that were hanged.

"All the time, while the sentence was given, and also when he was executed, he seemed no way to be altered, or his spirit moved; but his speech was *full of composure*, and his carriage as sweet as ever I saw a man in all my days. When they bid him kneel, he told them he would; he was willing to observe any posture that might manifest his obedience, especially to them who were so near conjunction with his master.[1] It is absolutely believed that he hath overcome more men by his death, in Scotland, than he would have done if he had lived. For I never saw a more sweeter carriage in a man in all my life.

"I should write more largely if I had time; *but he is just now a turning off from the ladder:* but his countenance changes not. But the rest, that came in with him a Saturday, are in great fears.

"The King is expected daily. The Parliament and Kirk do conceive, that, if he doth not speedily come in, his ground of coming was rather upon Montrose's score, than his agreement with them. The event of these things will suddenly be known. They are forthwith a raising men, and have chosen their officers already. They do intend to make up their army 25,000; but are fearful too publicly to appear, for fear they should encourage the English army to march. There are several gentlemen come

[1] Trail says he knelt "very unwillingly;" see before, p. 789.

from England. Amongst the rest, one Major Weldon, brother to the Governor of Plymouth, speaks very highly for King and Covenant. I have not time to tell you how much the Scots are encouraged by the backwardness of the English army not marching northward. But I shall say no more, but rests, really yours."

We now resume the story as told by the Chaplain of Lovat.

The Reverend James Fraser's Account, continued.

" The fatal day being come, designed to put a period to all his troubles, there was erected in the middle of the market-place, 'twixt the Cross and Trone, a large four-square scaffold, breast high, in the midst of which was planted a gibbet of *thirty feet height*. He was convoyed by the Bailies out of the jail, clothed in a scarlet cloak richly shammaded with golden lace. He stept along the streets with so great state, and there appeared in his countenance so much beauty, majesty, and gravity, as amazed the beholders: And many of his enemies did acknowledge him to be the bravest subject in the world; and in him a gallantry that graced all the crowd,—more beseeming a monarch than a mere peer. And in this posture he stept up to the scaffold; where, all his friends and well-willers being debarred from coming near, they caused a young boy to sit upon the scaffold by him, designed for that purpose, who wrote his last speech in *brachography*,[1] as follows. The young man's name was Mr Robert Gordon, Cluny, my *cammarad*, son to Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun; *from whom I got the same, thus:*

" *Montrose his speech upon the scaffold.*

" I am sorry if this *manner* of my end be scandalous to any good Christian here. Doth it not often happen to the righteous according to the way of the unrighteous? Doth not sometimes a just man perish in his righteousness, and a wicked man pros-

[1] Short hand. All the contemporary accounts mention the fact, with the exception of the boy's name, which I have found nowhere else than in Mr Fraser's account. It furnishes another decisive answer to a very crude idea of that distinguished historian, Lord Mahon; who greatly erred in his hasty theory, that would deprive Montrose, in the face of all contemporary history, and evidence of friends and foes, of this his last, noblest, and most beautiful composition. See Appendix for a correction of Lord Mahon's mistake.

per in his wickedness and malice? They who know me, should not disesteem me for this. Many greater than I have been dealt with in this kind. But I must not say but that all God's judgments are just. And this measure, for *my private sins*, I acknowledge to be just with God. I wholly submit myself to Him. But, in *regard of man*, I may say they are but instruments. God forgive them; and I forgive them. They have oppressed the poor, and violently perverted judgment and justice. But He that is higher than they will reward them. What I did in this kingdom was in obedience to the *most just commands* of my Sovereign: And in his defence, in the day of his distress, against those who rose up against him. I acknowledge nothing; but *fear God and honour the King*, according to the commandments of God, and the just laws of Nature and Nations. And I have not sinned against man, but against God; and with Him there is mercy, which is the ground of my drawing near unto Him. It is objected against me by many, even *good* people, that I am under the *censure of the Church*. This is not my fault, seeing it is only for doing my duty, by obeying my Prince's most just commands, for Religion, his sacred person, and authority. Yet I am sorry they did excommunicate me: And, in that which is according to God's laws, without wronging my conscience or allegiance, I desire to be relaxed. If *they* will not do it, I appeal to *God*, who is the righteous Judge of the world, and who must, and will I hope, be my Judge and Saviour. It is *spoken of me* that I would blame the King.[1] God forbid. For the late King, he lived a Saint, and died a Martyr. I pray God I may end as he did. *If ever I would wish my soul in another man's stead, it should be in his.* For his Majesty now living, never any people, I believe, might be more happy in a King. His *commands to me were most just*; and *I obeyed them*. He deals justly with all men. I pray God he be so dealt withal, *that he be not betrayed under trust as his father was.* I desire not to be mistaken; as if my carriage at this time, in relation to your ways, were stubborn. I do but follow the *light of my conscience*; my rule; which is seconded by the working of the Spirit of God

[1] This is clearly an allusion to the *warning*, of which Argyle so meanly and falsely boasts in his letter to Lothian, p. 763. But Montrose disdained to impute that *blame* to his Sovereign which, most unquestionably, he deserved.

that is within me. I thank Him I go to Heaven with joy the way he paved for me. If He enable me against the fear of death, and furnish me with courage and confidence to embrace it even in its most ugly shape, let God be glorified in my end, though it were in my damnation. Yet I say not this out of any fear or mistrust; but out of my duty to God, and love to His people. I have no more to say, but that I desire your charity and prayers. And I shall pray for you all.[1] I leave my soul to God, my service to my Prince, my good-will to my friends, my love and charity to you all. And thus briefly I have exonerated my conscience.'

"The ministers, because he was under the sentence of excommunication, would not pray for him, and even on the scaffold were very bitter against him. Being desired to pray apart, he said,—'I have already poured out my soul before the Lord, who knows my heart, and into whose hand I have committed my spirit, and he hath been pleased to return to me a full assurance of peace in Jesus Christ my Redeemer; and therefore, if you will not *join with me* in prayer, my reiterating it again will be but scandalous to you, and me.' So, closing his eyes and holding up his hands, he stood a good space with his inward devout ejaculations, being perceived to be mightily moved all the while. When he had done, he called for the executioner, and gave him four pieces of gold; who, weeping, took his book and declaration, and other printed papers which he had published in his life, and being all tied in a string, hanged them together about his neck, when he said,—'I love this more than my badge of being Knight of the Garter, which his Sacred Majesty was pleased to make me: Nay, more *my honour* than a chain of gold.'[2] Then his arms being tied, he asked the officers if they had any more dishonour, as they conceived it, to put upon him? —he was ready to receive and accept of the same. And so, with an undaunted courage and gravity, in spite of all their affronts, uncivil and barbarous usage, he went up to the top of

[1] Compare with Argyle's fanatical and false account, in his letter to Lothian, p. 763.

[2] Both General David Leslie and Colonel Strachan were invested, by Government, with massy gold chains, for their respective victories at Philiphaugh and Corbiesdale.

that prodigious gibbet, where, having freely pardoned the executioner, he desired him that, at the uplifting of his hands, he should tumble him over; which was accordingly done by the weeping hangman, who with his most honest tears seemed to revile the cruelty of his countrymen; which may serve for a test of the rebellious and diabolical spirit of that malicious Consistory. After three hours he was taken down, and had his head cut off, which was fixed on the iron pin, west end of the Tolbooth; his quarters sent to be placed and set up in the several cities; and the rest of his mortal parts buried under the gallows.

"I saw his arm upon the Justice-port of Aberdeen; another upon the South-port of Dundee; his head upon the Tolbooth of Edinburgh: Also, *I saw it taken down*, and—*Argyle's head put up in the place of it.*"

We must not fail to note, that good "Maister William Forrett," the faithful and persecuted *Dominie* of Montrose, and of his boys, survived to mourn over the sad catastrophe, but not to witness the retribution. He died while that great sorrow was yet heavy on his heart.[1]

James second Marquis of Montrose, not seventeen years of age when his father perished, had either made his escape, or been permitted to take refuge in Holland, from the *tuition* of the Kirk.[2] His cousin, Lord Napier, was there in exile too. We shall hear more of them both, in our introductory chapter to the LIFE OF DUNDEE; a history to come, which forms

[1] The Commissary Record of Testaments throws some light upon the extraction of Montrose's earliest instructor, and affords touching evidence of his enduring devotion to the House of Graham, and to those who had been the most faithful adherents of his beloved pupil and patron. He is therein designed "Maister William Forrett, son to umquhill (deceased) James Forrett of Borrowfield;" and is stated to have died in the month of February 1652. The Inventory of his gear proves that this old Dominie had lent money to "David Graham of Fintry, Sir Robert Graham of Morphie (curators of Montrose), and others, *Grahams*, conform to their bond, the sum of £2500, with interest." And, in his testament, dated at Edinburgh last day of October 1651, he leaves,—"*Item*, to *Sir Robert Spottiswoode, his three sons*, the sum of £1000, when it is gotten in, being 500 merks to ilk ane of them." See before, pp. 18, 440, 471, 599.

[2] See before, p. 644.

indeed the proper sequel to that of Montrose. His niece, Lady Stirling of Keir,—she who once sent to him "a well known token,"[1] when their hopes were high for the rescue of Charles, and the Throne,—along with her sister Lilias Napier, her husband Sir George, and their faithful chaplain Dr Wishart, were also in exile. It seems most probable that the whole of this interesting and stricken group were in company together, in Holland, when the destruction of Montrose was consummated.[2] The Stirlings had no family, and Lilias Napier remained unmarried.

But what of their sister-in-law, the Lady Elizabeth Erskine, Lady Napier; she who had suffered such severe persecution and imprisonment, along with the rest, for devotion to Montrose? Lady Napier, it seems, had not been able to fulfil the ardent wish of her exiled husband, who wrote to her some three years before,—"I should be more contented to live with you meanly in the deserts of Arabia, than, without you, in the most fruitful place in the world, plentifully, and with all the delights it could afford." But they had five young children,—their father himself only twenty-six years of age in 1650,—and Lady Napier judged, doubtless wisely, that her paramount duty was, to remain in the old dilapidated castle of Merchiston, and to reside upon their ruined and sequestrated barony, in order to save what she could for the family. The incident we are about to narrate redeems her from all imputation of being less devoted to the cause of Montrose, than his other nieces and nephews in exile. No friend or relation was permitted to be with the hero in his last moments. Few indeed were there remaining to have performed the sad office. But to this bereft and sorrowing Lady, it can scarcely be doubted, the dying nobleman was indebted for the embroidered linen, "with pearling about," and the "stockings of incarnate silk;" and the bunches of ribbons on

[1] See before, p. 396, *note*.

[2] In the Napier Charter-chest is a bond for a thousand merks, borrowed by "Archibald Lord Napier, and Mrs Lilias Napier, our sister, from Mr James Weems, lawful son of Dr Ludovick Weems,"—and made payable "thirty days after that this our bond shall be shown and intimated to Lady Elizabeth Erskine, Lady Napier." This melancholy document is dated "Shiedam in Holland, 7-17th of October, 1652;" and witnessed by "Dr George Wiseheart, minister of the Scots congregation there, and writer thereof."

his feet. Thus we have realized the romance of Flora M'Ivor. And the Lady of the well known token, and the spirited Lilias, who had written so indignantly to Keir, before joining him in his exile,—" If business had not gone *miserably* here, there would *a been more ado* with these honest men, who now are forced to leave their own country,"—would envy their sister in Scotland, her sad and dangerous share in that awful tragedy. How many unrecorded incidents, of deepest interest, must have composed their romance of real life. The exasperated Loudon, safely swelling in that mock judgment-seat, might denounce the hero who had defeated and destroyed his clan, as " the most cruel and inhuman butcher of his country." Hallam may condescend to play parrot to the calumny of a virulent faction, and recklessly record him as " abhorred, and *very justly*." But those three noble and irreproachable Ladies, with whom we may include the " Queen of Hearts," and her peerless daughters, respected, admired, and loved to the last, the accomplished and devoted Christian Knight, who penned this stanza,—

" The golden laws of Love shall be
Upon those pillars hung ;
A single heart, a simple eye,
A true and constant tongue :
Let no man for more love pretend
Than he has hearts in store,
True love begun will never end,—
Love one, and love no more."

The stockings of incarnate silk are still in possession of the present Lord Napier ; and, with the other reliques, have been possessed by his ancestors since the time of Montrose's death. They are made of unspun silk ; and are knitted, not woven. Their original flesh or rose colour has long faded away, except in some of the folds, where that dye is still visible. They are of a glossy texture, not at all worn, and the shape indicates strength of limb, and a small foot. There is other dye, however, upon them than the " incarnate." The upper part of both stockings, which must have reached above the knees, seems as if saturated with blood, the dark stains of which diminish in

streaks towards the ankle. On one of the stockings a streak extends to the instep. The fact of hewing off the limbs with an axe, when the stockings (which the executioner, whose perquisite they were, would take care not to cut,) were pushed down below the knees by the operator, sufficiently accounts for these appearances. The stockings must have been purchased from the executioner by Lady Napier, who in all probability had provided them.

Another relique, yet more interesting, accompanies the stockings. It is a piece of the finest linen, very ancient, about three feet square, tasselled at the corners like a pall, and trimmed all round with a border of antique lace: the "*pearling*, above ten pounds the elne," of which citizen Nicoll speaks in his Diary! This sheet appears to have contained something that had marked it, especially towards the centre, with stains and blotches of various hues, all now faded in different degrees. It has been called, in the Napier family, Montrose's handkerchief, stained with his blood. But it is too large for that piece of dress, and he used no other signal than his hand. The following history, we think, accounts for this sad memorial, and the appearance it presents.

The extensive plain of fertile pastures, to the south of the city of Edinburgh, now surrounded by venerable trees, and so well known by the name of "The Meadows," was, in the days of Montrose, occupied by the "Burgh-moor Loch;" called also the South Loch, relatively to the basin on the other side of the castle, called the North Loch, at present the site of the Railway, and Prince's Street Gardens. The South Loch was only drained in the last century, by the enterprize of Hope of Rankeillor, and hence is sometimes called Hope Park. At the south-west extremity of the Burgh-moor, beyond the Loch, stands the ancient castle of Merchiston. In nearly a direct line from it eastward, little more than half-a-mile, was situated the usual place of execution for the worst criminals. It was the Golgotha of the capital; and there, under the gibbet, to mingle with the dust and decaying bones of many generations of common felons, was thrust the mutilated body of one of Scotland's greatest worthies. In the city accounts, we find an

item, of the same date as Montrose's execution, which might whet the appetite of an Afrit:

> "*Item*, to George Meine, *sledder*, for carrying of *redd* (rubbish) and covering of some *foul graves* in the Burgh-moor, not being well covered before at the first, the earth being worn off them, . £1 4 0"[1]

This entry follows immediately after the item already quoted of thirty-six shillings "to the Locksman's (hangman) men for covering of James Graham's grave in the Burgh-moor *over again*, and making it *much deeper*." Unquestionably it was broken into very soon after interment. One contemporary account says, that the body of Montrose, being carried to the Burgh-moor, "was thrown into a hole, where afterwards it was *digged up by night*, and *the linen*, in which it was folded, *stolen away*."[2] Lamont, in his Diary, comes nearer the fact: "For his body," says that contemporary, "it was carried out and buried in the Burgh-moor, a place where malefactors are interred: it is reported by some, that it was taken up again that very same night, and carried to some other place by his friends."

But Thomas Sydserf, or Saintserf, (son of the Bishop of Galloway), whom we have already mentioned as one of the most trusty and adventurous emissaries of Montrose, has given us the particulars, so as to leave no doubt on the subject. When the Restoration turned the tables on Argyle, Saintserf became the editor of a most popular vehicle of daily news, the "*Mercurius Caledonius*." In his journal of Monday, January 7th, 1661, he minutely records that gorgeous pageant ordered by King and Parliament, for redeeming the scattered remains of Montrose to hallowed ground. After describing the pomp and circumstance of this public holiday, he adds, that they "went to the place, where, having *chanced directly*,—however, possibly, persons might have been present *able to demonstrate*,—on the same (the body of Montrose), as evidently appeared by the coffin, which had been *formerly broke* a purpose, by *some of his friends*, in that place nigh his chest, whence *they stole his heart*,

[1] Vast numbers of the poor of Edinburgh, cut off by the great plague of 1645, were buried in the Burgh-moor.

[2] "*Montrose Redivivus*," 1652.

embalmed it in the costliest manner, and so *reserves it.*" Then follows an account of the ceremony of taking down the head from its ten-years' communion with the gory pinnacle of the Tolbooth. Upon the 11th of May following, occurred the sequel, another yet more magnificent and chivalrous pageant, also ordered and paid for by Government, for the re-interment of the collected remains of Montrose, in the vault of his grandfather, the Viceroy of Scotland, within the cathedral church of St Giles. There were they then laid, amid the applauding shouts of the populace, the repeated volleys of the train-bands, who lined the streets, and the roar of cannon from the Castle. Another minute account of this grand ceremonial was published at the time, in a separate pamphlet entitled "The true Funerals" of Montrose. The authorship is not doubtful. In the heraldic procession are recorded "Two *secretaries*, Master William Ord, and *Master Thomas Sydserf;*" and there is strong reason for suspecting, that the "*adventurous spirits*," referred to in the paragraphs we are about to quote from that history of the pageant, were the two secretaries above named, whose daring adventure had entitled them to that honourable post in the pageant.

"All that belonged to the body of this great hero was carefully re-collected; only *his heart*, which, two days after the murder, in spite of the traitors, was, by conveyance of some *adventurous spirits*, appointed by that noble and honourable lady, the Lady Napier, taken out, and embalmed in the most costly manner by that skilful chirurgeon and apothecary, Mr James Callender; then put in *a rich box of gold*, and sent, by the same noble Lady, to the now Lord Marquis, who was *then in Flanders*. The solemnities being ended, the Lord Commissioner, with the nobility and barons, had a most sumptuous supper and banquet at the Marquis of Montrose's house, with concerts of all sorts of music."[1]

The accuracy of this relation is placed beyond question by the fact, that it was immediately published, and in the hands of the very Marquis mentioned therein, and to whom, when in Flanders, the gold box containing the precious relique had been

[1] Saintserf's "Relation," 1661.

sent, as there stated, by Lady Napier, whose ill-fated husband had died abroad early in the previous year.

And who was the Lord High Commissioner, then wielding regal power, and surrounded by regal state in Scotland, whom James, second Marquis of Montrose, feasted so sumptuously that night?

> "His name was Major Middleton,
> That mann'd the Brig o' Dee."[1]

We have thus accounted for the fine linen, trimmed with lace, and all "tricked with bloody gules," still preserved among the archives of the Napier family. In all probability, it had been wrapped round the dismembered trunk, when thrown into that vile hole, and carried off along with the bleeding heart by those "adventurous spirits," appointed by Lady Napier. But, with absolute certainty, we have traced the gold box, with its precious contents, from Lady Napier to Montrose's son. There is no hint in the published relation presented to the young Marquis, that it was not still possessed by him of that date, namely, the commencement of the year 1661. It is not so easy, however, to determine when or how such a relique came to be lost to the family, who unquestionably do not possess it now. Here its history becomes obscured; and it is much to be regretted that the enthusiastic Saintserf had not been more minute in his relation, as to whether the second Marquis then actually had it with him in Scotland, or had left it behind him in Flanders or Holland, or had lost it somehow while in exile during the Usurpation. Neither can we trace the fate of that precious miniature of Montrose, "in the breadth of ane sixpence," which, as Lord Napier wrote to his Lady, was bestowed upon him in 1648 by his affectionate uncle. Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, in his meagre and careless chronicle of Scots statesmen, after recording the fate of the first Lord Napier, adds this anecdote of the second,—"And the son fled out of the country, who, being *robbed of all his money in his way towards Paris*, still lives there, and his lands are forfeited." But Holland was the country of his exile, where he died at the commencement of the year 1660. It is not impossible, although

[1] See before, p. 217.

Saintserf has made no mention of such loss, that upon the occasion alluded to by Scotstarvet, both the miniature and the heart may have fallen into sacrilegious hands.

Be this as it may, some time in the last century, the great-grandfather of the writer of these pages[1] recovered, in Holland, what that nobleman never doubted was the identical embalmed heart of his great uncle, the loyal martyr, still contained in the original cases wherein Lady Napier had caused it to be enshrined. The identification, we presume, must have been convincing; for, whether this was actually the same that Lady Napier had so preserved,—the very dust of that heart which once beat so ardently, in a breast glowing with generous emotions and the noblest ambition,—it was undoubtingly believed so to be by the intelligent and accomplished nobleman who chanced to obtain it, and who cherished it accordingly. All the circumstances of this extraordinary history, of the supposed recovery, and subsequent loss, of the embalmed Heart of Montrose, are too well narrated and authenticated, by the letter which forms the first number of the Appendix to this volume, to require further illustration. We are there told how it chanced to pass into far distant climes, which the hero himself never visited; and where, on the silver urn in which it then came to be deposited, some record of his fate was engraved in Tamil and Telugoo,—strange tongues of which Montrose's scholarship had never dreamt. But yet more congenial to the romance of his own dispositions is the fact, that over his sad story, thus recorded, a heart as heroic,—of one as unfortunate in his high aims, though not so illustrious in the page of history,—had throbbed with the sympathy and emulation of the brave. Yes—not the least worthy offering to the memory of the Christian hero, insulted by the grovelling malice of covenanting zeal, is that latest recollection of the Indian chief, who, "when he heard that he was to be executed immediately, alluded to the story of the urn, and expressed a hope to some of his attendants, that those who admired his conduct would preserve his heart in the same manner as the European warrior's heart had been preserved in the silver urn." Relieved upon the

[1] Francis fifth Lord Napier, great-grandson of the lady who procured the heart, nd great-great-grandfather of the present Lord Napier.

dark ground of Scotish fanaticism, let that dying aspiration be preserved of the untutored Indian, generous and heroic in his emotions as he whose death-song the bard of Wyoming records:

" ' And I could weep,'—the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun,
' But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son.' "

No stone or inscription was ever placed, to mark the cloistered spot within the Cathedral of St Giles to which the remains of Montrose were redeemed in 1661. It is said that a suitable epitaph was intended; and various rude efforts in verse were made at the time to record the memorable event. We have attempted another here, the sentiment of which, at least, cannot now be gainsaid, in the face of those voluminous and unquestionable contemporary documents, condemnatory of the Covenant throughout all its history, from which we have so thoroughly illustrated the LIFE AND DEATH OF THE GREATEST OF THE GRAHAMS.

From yon grim tower, where long, in ghastly state,
His head proclaim'd how holiness can hate;
From gory pinnacles, where, blench'd and riven,
Ten years his sever'd limbs insulted Heaven;
From the vile hole, by malice dug, beneath
The felon's gibbet, on the blasted heath,
Redeem'd to hallow'd ground, too long denied,
Here let the martyr's mangled bones abide.

His country blush'd, and clos'd the cloister'd tomb,
But rais'd no record of the hero's doom;
Blush'd, but forbore to mark a nation's shame
With sculptur'd memories of the murder'd Graham;
The warrior's couch, 'mid pious pageants spread,
But left the stone unletter'd at his head:
Vain the dark aisle! the silent tablet vain!
Still to his country cleaves the curse of Cain,—
Still cries his blood, from out the very dust
Of Scotland's sinful soil,—' *Remember me they must.*'

But, though the *shame* must Scotland bear through Time,
Ye bastard Priesthood, answer for the *crime!*
Preachers, not Pastors, redolent of blood,
Who cried, ' Sweet Jesu,' in your murderous mood,—
Self-seeking—Christ-caressing—canting crew,
That, from the Book of Life, death-warrants drew,
Obscur'd the fount of Truth, and left the trace
Of gory fingers on the page of Grace :—
This was thy horrid handiwork, though still
Sublime he soar'd above your savage will,
Rous'd his great soul to glorify its flight,
And foil'd the adder of his foeman's spite :—
This was thy horrid handiwork, the while
He of the craven heart, the false Argyle,
Sent for our sins, his Country's sorest rod,
Still doom'd his victims in the name of God,
Denounc'd true Christians as the Saviour's foes,
And gorg'd his Ravens with the GREAT MONTROSE.

APPENDIX.

I.

SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF MONTROSE'S HEART.

[The writer of the following very interesting letter, was the Right Honourable Sir Alexander Johnston of Carnsalloch, in Dumfriesshire, now deceased. His mother was the Honourable Hester Napier, daughter of Francis fifth Lord Napier, and great-great grandaughter of the Lady of the heart. Her husband, Sir Alexander's father, was Samuel Johnston Esq., of the Carnsalloch family, in the civil service of India. This letter on the subject of Montrose's heart, which Sir Alexander addressed to his daughters, was transmitted by him to the author, for publication in his first biography of Montrose, published in 1838. Sir Alexander became highly distinguished for the patriotic spirit and judicial abilities which he displayed as Chief-Commissioner, and Chief-Justice of Ceylon. He enjoyed many years of retirement, spent alternately in London and at his estate in Scotland. His death, a few years since, deprived letters of an accomplished and liberal patron.]

"19, *Great Cumberland Place*,
1st July 1836.

"My Dear Daughters,

"I have great pleasure, at your request, in putting down upon paper, for your amusement, all the circumstances,—as well those which I have heard from my grandmother, Lady Napier, and my mother, as those which I can myself recollect,—relative to the story of the Heart of the Marquis of Montrose, and the silver urn which is represented as standing upon a table before her, in the portrait of the wife of the second Lord Napier, which we have in our drawing-room.

"My mother was, as you know, the only surviving daughter, at the time of his death, of Francis the fifth Lord Napier of Merchiston. Owing to this circumstance, she was a particular favourite of his, and was educated by him with the greatest care at Merchiston. The room in which she and her brothers, when children, used to say their lessons to him, was situated in that part of the tower of Merchiston in which John Napier had made all his mathematical discoveries, and in which, when she was a child, there were still a few of his books and instruments, and some of the diagrams he had drawn upon the walls. In this room were also four family portraits; one of John Napier, the Inventor of Logarithms; one of the first Marquis of Montrose, who

was executed at Edinburgh in 1650; one of Lady Margaret Graham, who was the Marquis's sister, and married to John Napier's son, Archibald the first Lord Napier; and one of Lady Elizabeth Erskine, daughter of John eighth Earl of Mar, and who was married to the Marquis's nephew, Archibald second Lord Napier.[1]

"My mother's father, by way of amusing her after her lessons were over, used frequently to relate to her, all the remarkable events which are connected with the history of the four persons represented in these portraits; and perceiving that she was particularly interested in the subject, to dwell at length upon the history of the urn containing the heart of Montrose, as represented in the portrait of the wife of the second Lord Napier.

"He related to her the following circumstances concerning it. He said, that the first Marquis of Montrose, being extremely partial to his nephew, the second Lord Napier, and his wife, had always promised at his death to leave his heart to the latter, as a mark of the affection which he felt towards her, for the unremitting kindness which she had shown to him in all the different vicissitudes of his life and fortune; that, on the Marquis's execution, a confidential friend of her own, employed by Lady Napier, succeeded in obtaining for her the heart of the Marquis; that she, after it had been embalmed by her desire, enclosed it in a little steel case, made of the blade of Montrose's sword, placed this case in a gold filagree box, which had been given to John Napier, the Inventor of the Logarithms, by a Doge of Venice, while he was on his travels in Italy,[2] and deposited this box in a large silver

[1] The portraits mentioned by Sir Alexander are still in possession of Lord Napier, with the exception of that of Montrose, which I cannot trace. A great proportion of the Napier properties were sold after the death of the fifth Lord, and the family portraits became dilapidated and dispersed.

[2] In the proceedings of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1835, I find it stated by Sir Alexander Johnston, in his capacity of Chairman of the Committee of Corespondence, and Vice-President of that society, and when giving a history of their Transactions, that,—"It appeared by *John Napier's* [the mathematician] *papers*, that he had, from the information he obtained during his travels, adopted the opinion, that *numerals* had first been discovered by the College of Madura, and that they had been introduced from India by the Arabs into Spain, and other parts of Europe. Lord Napier [Sir Alexander's grandfather, who meant to have written a life of the great Napier,] was anxious to examine the sources from whence John Napier had derived his information on this subject, and when he himself was abroad visited Venice," &c. I was not in possession of this fact, so interesting to science, when writing the History of the Logarithms in the Memoirs of Napier. Sir Alexander Johnston told me that these papers of the great Napier came into the possession of his, Sir Alexander's mother, and were most unfortunately destroyed, with some curious papers of her own, by fire. He also told me that his grandfather, Lord Napier, had satisfied himself of the fact of John Napier having been at Venice.

urn, which had been presented some years before by the Marquis to her husband, Lord Napier; that it had been Lady Napier's first intention to keep the gold box containing Montrose's heart in the silver urn upon a little table near her bed-side, and that she had the portrait of herself, of which the one in the drawing-room is a copy, painted at that time; but that she had subsequently altered her intention, and transmitted the gold box, with Montrose's heart in it, to the young Marquis of Montrose, who was then abroad with her husband, Lord Napier, in exile; that, for some reason or another, the gold box and heart had been lost sight of by both families, that of Montrose and that of Napier, for some time, until an intimate friend of his the fifth Lord Napier, a gentleman of Guelderland, recognized, in the collection of a collector of curiosities in Holland, the identical gold filagree box with the steel case, and procured it for him, when he was in that country; but that he never could trace what had become of the large silver urn.[1]

"In the latter part of the life of her father, my mother was his constant companion; and was, as a young woman of sixteen, proceeding with him and her mother to France, when he was suddenly taken ill at Lewis, in Sussex, and died of the gout. Two days before his death, finding himself very weak, and believing at the time that there was little or no chance of his recovery, he told my mother that, owing to a great part of his family property having been forfeited at the time of Cromwell's usurpation, and to the unexpected expense he had been at in plans for carrying the Caledonian Canal into effect, he was much

[1] In illustration of this part of Sir Alexander's letter, it may be mentioned, that in the Napier charter-chest, there is a deed of gift of £3000 from Charles II. to the Lady Napier who obtained the heart, dated in 1662, soon after the death of her husband in exile. The King states,—"The Lady Napier, and the now Lord Napier, her son, have been great sufferers during the late commotions raised in Scotland, from the first beginning thereof, both by plundering their goods, and long exile, and did constantly adhere to us beyond seas, where their sufferings were also very great." This indicates that after Montrose's execution Lady Napier had joined her husband, Montrose's nephew, who being particularly excepted from all acts of grace and pardon both by the Covenanters in 1650, and by Cromwell, in 1654, could never come home, and died at Delfshaven in Holland, in the spring of 1660, before the Restoration. Lady Napier may herself have been the bearer of the heart to young Montrose. She had returned before her husband's death, however, (for the sake of their five children,) and in 1656 is reduced to petition "His Highness the Lord Protector, showing that the ordinance of pardon and grace to the people of Scotland nameth no provision for the maintainance of her and her children, as the wives of other forfeited persons have." Upon this petition she receives £100 out of the rents of the Napier estates, and is again reduced to petition in 1658, when the same sum yearly is granted to her by an order signed by Monk. The second Marquis of Montrose must have returned from Flanders before 1654, for in that year he was with the army of Royalists in the North of Scotland; and in 1659 he was imprisoned by the Parliament. But there was a party in Holland with whom he might well leave his father's heart.

afraid that Merchiston would be sold after his death, and that he would have nothing to leave to her; but that, however, as she had always taken an interest in the story of the heart of Montrose, he would give her in his lifetime, which he then did in the presence of her mother, the gold filagree box containing it; and trusted that it would be valuable to her, as the only token of his affection which he might be able to leave her; and that it might hereafter remind her of the many happy hours which he had spent in instructing her while a child in the tower of Merchiston, and that, whatever vicissitudes of fortune might befal her, it might always afford her the satisfaction of being able to show that she was descended from persons who were distinguished in the history of Scotland, by their piety, their science, their courage, and their patriotism.

"After my mother's marriage, and when I was about five years old, she, my father, and myself, were on the way to India, in the fleet commanded by Commodore Johnston, when it was attacked off the Cape de Verde Islands, by the French squadron, under Suffrein. One of the French frigates engaged the Indiaman in which we were, and my father, with our captain's permission, took command of four of the quarter-deck guns. My mother refused to go below, but remained on the quarter-deck with me at her side, declaring that no wife ought to quit her husband in a moment of such peril, and that we should both share my father's fate. A shot from the frigate struck one of these guns, killed two of the men, and with the splinters which it tore off the deck, knocked my father down, wounded my mother severely in the arm, and bruised the muscles of my right hand so severely, that, as you know, it is even now difficult for me at times to write, or even to hold a pen. My mother held me during the action with one hand, and with the other hand she held a large thick velvet reticule, in which she, conceiving that if the frigate captured the Indiaman the French crew would plunder the ship, had placed some of the things which she valued the most, including the pictures of her father and mother, and the gold filagree case containing the heart of Montrose. It was supposed that the splinter must have first struck the reticule, which hung loose in her hand, for, to her great distress the gold filagree box, which was in it, was shattered to pieces, but the steel case had resisted the blow. The frigate that attacked us was called off, and next day Commodore Johnston and Sir John M'Pherson, who was with him in the flag-ship, came on board of the Indiaman, and complimented my father and mother in the highest terms for the encouragement which they had given the crew of their ship.

" When in India, at Madura, my mother found a celebrated native goldsmith, who, partly from the fragments she had saved, and partly from her description, made as beautiful a gold filagree box as the one that had been destroyed. She caused him also to make for her a silver urn, like that in the picture, and to engrave on the outside of it, in Tamil and Telugoo, the two languages most generally understood throughout the southern peninsula of India, a short account of the most remarkable events of Montrose's life, and of the circumstances of his death. In this urn my mother enclosed the gold filagree box containing the case with Montrose's heart, also two fragments of the former filagree box, and a certificate, signed by the gentleman of Guelderland, explaining the various circumstances which, in his and my grandfather's opinion, unquestionably proved it to contain the heart of Montrose. The urn was placed upon an ebony table that stood in the drawing-room of the house at Madura,[1] which is now my property, and which I intend for a Hindu College. My mother's anxiety about it gave rise to a report amongst the natives of the country that it was a *talisman*, and that whoever possessed it could never be wounded in battle or taken prisoner. Owing to this report it was stolen from her, and for some time it was not known what had become of it. At last she learnt that it had been offered for sale to a powerful chief, who had purchased it for a large sum of money.

" My father was in the habit of sending me every year, during the hunting and shooting season, to stay with some one of the native chiefs who lived in the neighbourhood of Madura, for four months at a time, in order to acquire the various languages, and to practise the native gymnastic exercises. One day while I was hunting with the chief who was said to have purchased the urn, my horse was attacked by a wild hog, which we were pursuing, but I succeeded in wounding it so severely with my hunting pike, that the chief soon afterwards overtook and killed it. He was pleased with my conduct upon this occasion, and asked, before all his attendants, in what manner I would wish him to show his respect and regard for me. I said, if the report was really true, that he had bought the silver urn which belonged to my mother, he would do me a great favour by restoring it; and to induce him to do so, I explained to him all the circumstances connected with it. He replied that it was quite true that he had purchased it for a large sum, without knowing that it had been stolen from my mother, and he immediately added, that one brave

[1] For a description of the manner in which this building was laid out, with a view to its becoming a College, see Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Vol. ii. App. p. xii.

man should always attend to the wishes of another brave man, whatever his religion or his nation might be; that he therefore considered it his duty to fulfil the wishes of the brave man whose heart was in the urn, and whose wish it was that his heart should be kept by his descendants; and, for that reason, he would willingly restore it to my mother. Next day, after presenting me with six of his finest dogs, and two of his best matchlocks, he dismissed me with the urn in my possession, and with a present from himself to my mother of a gold dress, and some shawls, accompanied by a letter, expressing his great regret that he had innocently been the cause of her distress by purchasing the urn, which he assured her he would not have done had he known that it had been stolen from her.

"This was the native chief so celebrated throughout the Southern Peninsula of India, who, thirty or forty years ago, rebelled against the authority of his supposed sovereign, the Nabob of Arcot, and who, after behaving with the most undaunted courage, was conquered by a detachment of English troops, and executed with many members of his family, as is fully described in the first volume of Major Welsh's Military Reminiscences. When, in 1807, I visited the site of this chief's former capital, and the scenes of my early sports in the Southern Peninsula of India, there were still two of his old servants alive, who used to have charge of his hunting dogs when I was with him. When they heard who I was, they came to me as I was travelling through the woods of their former master, and gave me a very detailed account of his last adventures, and of the fortitude with which he had met his death, telling me, among other anecdotes of him, that when he heard that he was to be executed immediately, he alluded to the story of the urn, and expressed a hope to some of his attendants, that those who admired his conduct would preserve his heart in the same manner as the European warrior's heart had been preserved in the silver urn.

"My father and mother returned to Europe in 1792, and being in France when the revolutionary Government required all persons to give up their plate, and gold and silver ornaments, my mother entrusted the silver urn, with Montrose's heart, to an Englishwoman of the name of Knowles, at Boulogne, who promised to secrete it until it could be sent safely to England. This person having died shortly afterwards, neither my mother or father in their lifetime, nor I myself since their death, have ever been able to trace the urn, although every exertion has been made by me for the purpose; and although, within the last few years, I have received from the French Government the

value of the plate and jewels which my father and mother had been compelled to give up to the municipality of Calais, in 1792. To the last hour of her life my mother deeply regretted this loss, and in July 1819, a few days before her death, expressed to me her wishes with regard to the urn, if it should ever be recovered by me.

"As I frequently opened the urn, the new filagree box, and the steel case, after the native chief returned them to my mother, I will give you, from my own recollection, some account of the appearance of the fragments of the old filagree box, and of the steel case and its contents.

"The steel case was of the size and shape of an egg. It was opened by pressing down a little knob, as is done in opening a watch-case. Inside was a little parcel, supposed to contain all that remained of Montrose's heart, wrapped up in a piece of coarse cloth, and done over with a substance like glue. The gold filagree case was similar in workmanship to the ancient Venetian work in gold which you have frequently seen, particularly to that of the gilt worked vases in which the Venetian flasks at Warwick Castle are enclosed. I have none of the fragments: they were always kept along with the writings on the subject within the silver urn. My grandfather never had a doubt that the steel case contained the heart of Montrose.

"Believe me to be, my dear daughters,

"Your most affectionate father,

"ALEXANDER JOHNSTON."

II.

CEREMONY OF COLLECTING THE REMAINS OF MONTROSE, AND TAKING DOWN HIS HEAD FROM THE TOLBOOTH OF EDINBURGH, ON MONDAY 7TH JANUARY 1661.

The first Parliament of the Restoration in Scotland was *ridden* in the greatest state possible, Middleton representing Majesty, on the 1st day of January (old style) 1661. Nothing could exceed the pomp and circumstance attending the Viceroy, or the popular enthusiasm with which he was hailed. The following extracts are from the "*Mercurius Caledonius*," edited by Saintserf, and published at the time:—

" Friday, January 4th, 1661 : The Parliament sat again, where having first settled some small debates touching commissions, they resolved *an honourable reparation* for that horrid and monstrous barbarity *fixed on royal authority*, in the person of the great Marquis of Montrose, his Majesty's Captain General, and Lord High Commissioner; namely, that his body, (together with that of the Baron of Dalgetty, murdered on the same account, and buried in the same place) head, and other his divided and scattered members, may be gathered together and interred with all honour imaginable."

" Monday, January 7th, 1661 : This day, in obedience to the order of Parliament, this city was alarmed with drums, and nine trumpets, to go in their best equipage and arms for transporting the dismembered bodies of his Excellency the Lord Marquis of Montrose, and that renowned gentleman Sir William Hay of Dalgetty, murdered both, for their prowess and transcending loyalty to King and country; whose bodies, to their glory, and their enemies' shame, had been ignominiously thrust in the earth, under the public gibbet, half a mile from town. That of the Lord Marquis was indeed intended for ignominy to his high name; but that of the other was ambitiously coveted by himself, as the greatest honour he could have, to ingrave nigh his great patron; which doubtless proceeded from a faith typical of a more glorious one.

" The ceremony was thus performed : The Lord Marquis of Montrose, with his friends of the name of Graham, the whole nobility and gentry, with Provost,[1] Bailies and Council, together with four companies of the trained bands of the city, went to the place, where, having *chanced* directly (however *possibly* persons might have been present able to demonstrate)[2] on the same trunk, as evidently appeared by the coffin, which had been formerly *broke on purpose by some of his friends in that place nigh his chest, whence they stole his heart*, embalmed it in the costliest manner, and so reserves it : As also by the trunk itself, found without the skull and limbs, distracted in the four chief towns of the nation; but these, through the industry and respect of friends carried to the martyr, are soon to welcome the rest.

" That other of Sir William Hay of Dalgetty, was as surely plucked forth, lying next to that of his Excellency.

[1] Sir Robert Murray. His predecessor, Sir James Stewart, along with his cousin Sir John Chiesly (see before, pp. 741, 778,) had come to grief, being now state prisoners; and both narrowly escaped death.

[2] Doubtless there were ; and *possibly* Saintserf himself.

"The noble Lord Marquis and his friends took care that these ruins were decently wrapt in the finest linen; so did likewise the friends of the other; and so incoffined suitable to their respective dignities.

"The trunk of his Excellency, thus coffined, was covered with a large and rich black velvet cloth, taken up, and from thence carried by the noble Earls of Mar,[1] Athole,[2] Linlithgow,[3] Seaforth,[4] Hartfell,[5] and others of these honourable families; the Lord Marquis himself, his brother Lord Robert,[6] and Sir John Colquhoun,[7] nephew to the deceased Lord Marquis, supporting the head of the coffin; and all under a very large pall, or canopy, supported by the noble Viscount of

[1] This was not John eighth Earl of Mar, the father of Lady Napier, *the Lady of the Heart* (who died in 1654); but his son, John ninth Earl, who obtained a charter of the Earldom in the lifetime of his father. See his fanatical exhibition before the General Assembly of 1648, noted at p. 270. See also before, p. 537.

[2] John Murray, second Earl of Athole, son of Montrose's loyal associate, whom Argyle oppressed in 1640, and who died in 1642. See before, p. 257.

[3] George third Earl of Linlithgow, the same who, in 1645, was so submissive to the Covenant, as to receive orders as the jailor of the loyal Sir George Stirling of Keir, in the castle of Blackness. See before, p. 511.

[4] Kenneth Earl of Seaforth, son of him so frequently recorded in our text as playing fast and loose with his loyalty, but who died in the very odour of loyalty, in 1651. See before, p. 732.

[5] John second Earl of Hartfell, son of him whom Montrose reported not very favourably to Charles I. in 1644 and who died in 1653. See before, p. 407.

[6] This renders it most probable, that in 1661, the only sons of Montrose in life were *James* the second Marquis, and his younger brother *Robert*. Of this last the genealogical writers make no mention, and he is not recorded in the peerage; but see before, p. 513, and *note*, for the interesting evidence of his existence. When writing that note, we supposed that the discovery of this Robert completed the record of Montrose's children; namely, three sons, *John*, *James*, and *Robert*. Very recently however, Mr William Fraser of the Register House, the extent and accuracy of whose researches in family history render his aid as valuable as it is readily accorded, communicated the following extract from the Baptismal Register of Montrose:—

"1638, January 8th, James Earl of Montrose, *Father*: David Grahame, *son*: James Lord Carnegie, Sir Alexander Falconer of Halkertoun, *witnesses*."

This *David*, of whom, and of *Robert*, no more is known, had probably died young, before 1661. He had been named after his grandfather, the first Earl of Southesk. Lord Carnegie, who witnesses, was his uncle; and Sir Alexander Falconer (of whom see before p. 68,) was cousin-german to Montrose's Marchioness. The two sons whom Montrose was allowed to see at Kinnaird, when being conducted to his doom, (p. 775.) must have been Robert and David, if the second Marquis was in Flanders at the time. See before, p. 814.

[7] Sir John Colquhoun of Luss. By this time his too notorious father had gone to his account; and we must hope, was "loosed in Heaven," by some more efficacious process than the Kirk having "loosed him on Earth," (p. 791.) See before, pp. 14, 15, 75, 89.

Stormont,[1] the Lords Strathnaver,[2] Fleming,[3] Drumlanrig,[4] Ramsay,[5] Maderty,[6] and Rollo.[7]

"Being accompanied with a body of horse, of nobility and gentry, to the number of two hundred, rallied in decent order by the Viscount of Kenmure,[8] they came to the place where *the head* stood, under which they set the coffin of the trunk, on a scaffold made for that purpose, till the Lord Napier,[9] the barons of Morphie, Inchbrakie, Orchill, and Gorthie,[10] and several other noble gentlemen placed on a scaffold

[1] James Murray, second Earl of Annandale, who in 1642 succeeded as third Viscount Stormont, in terms of the limitations of that title. He was married to Lady Elizabeth Carnegie, the sister of Montrose's Marchioness.

[2] George Lord Strathnaver; eldest son of John, thirteenth Earl of Sutherland, who was mainly instrumental in the destruction of Montrose at Corbiesdale, by then holding the north for Argyle. See before pp. 43, 740.

[3] John Lord Fleming, who succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Wigton in 1665. He was nephew to Sir William Fleming, mentioned before, p. 762; and among his family archives at Cumbernauld are found the contemporary account of the death of Montrose, and the other Wigton papers quoted in our text.

[4] William Douglas, who succeeded his father as third Earl of Queensberry in 1671; and was created Marquis in 1682, and Duke of Queensberry in 1684.

[5] George Lord Ramsay, who became second Earl of Dalhousie in 1674. His mother was the eldest sister of Montrose's Marchioness; and he was married to Montrose's cousin Lady Ann Fleming.

[6] David, third Lord Maderty, married to Montrose's youngest sister, "The bairn Beatrix." See before, pp. 7, 69, 430, 442.

[7] James, second Lord Rollo; married, *first*, Montrose's sister Lady Dorothea Graham, and, *second*, Argyle's sister, Lady Mary Campbell. The presence of this staunch adherent of Argyle and his faction, holding the canopy, in 1661, over the then honoured remains of Montrose, affords a curious commentary on the politics of the times, and the calumnies against Montrose. This Lord Rollo was literally in the *same boat* with Argyle, during the battle of Inverlochy; but he took care not to be in the same boat with him now. See before, pp. 35, 381, 481.

[8] Robert Gordon, fourth Viscount Kenmure; he died without issue in 1663.

[9] Archibald, third Lord Napier, (a minor) and the son of Montrose's nephew. In the Napier charter-chest is a deed of gift of £3000, dated (blank) day of (blank) 1662, in favour of his mother, the Lady Napier who obtained Montrose's heart, in which Charles II. states: "To our certain knowledge, the Lady Napier, and the now Lord Napier her son, have been very great sufferers during the late commotions raised in Scotland, from the first beginning thereof, both by plundering their goods, and long exile, and did constantly adhere to us *beyond seas*, where their sufferings were also very great, all which they have cheerfully endured for their duty to our dearest father and us; to give them some recompense for their fidelity and loss," the King wills and requires his High Commissioner in Scotland, Middleton, to pay to Lady Napier and her son the sum of £3000, sterling. The narrative of this deed implies that Lady Napier and the young Lord had both been in exile; in which case probably her Ladyship had carried Montrose's heart to Flanders herself, to deliver to the young Montrose.

[10] These were all Grahams, chiefs of branches of Montrose. See before, pp. 22, 25, 51, 64, 68, 420, 436. The Inchbrakie mentioned is "Black Pate," Montrose's sole companion, when he first joined the Claymores in Athole. Graham of Gorthie was he who

next to the head—and that on the top of the town's tolbooth, *six stories high*—with sound of trumpet, discharge of many cannon from the Castle, and the *honest people's loud and joyful acclamation*, all was joined, and crowned with the crown of a Marquis, conveyed with all honours befitting such an action, to the Abbey Church of Holyrood-House, a place of burial frequent to our Kings, there to continue in state, until the noble Lord his son be ready for the more magnificent solemnization of his funerals."

"From Tuesday 8th January, to Wednesday 16th January 1661.

"Before I proceed to this week's intelligence, take along the last week's omissions, occasioned by a cheerful celebrating of our happy Restoration. That whereas it was mentioned, the funerals of the late great Marquis of Montrose was to be remitted to his noble son, is a mistake: For our dread Sovereign, who wants not bounty to the meanest of his servants, hath likewise gratitude to his best; and therefore, amongst other signal tokens of his favour, he hath appointed the solemnity of his funerals *at his Majesty's own expense;* and to be accompanied by the Lord High Commissioner, the whole Peers, and all the Members of Parliament, when he and they shall think expedient.[1]

"Aberdeen, the 1st of March, 1661: The *dismembered arm* of the Great Montrose, which, upon his Majesty's first arrival in Scotland, was by these honest citizens *decently interred* in the burial-place of the Marquis of Huntly, with great solemnity raised, and put into a box covered with crimson velvet embroidered, carried by Henry Graham, son to the Baron of Morphie, bareheaded; the Lord Provost, Bailies, and Town Council, accompanied with the Members of the University, and clarions of trumpets, their train-bands, to the number of five hundred in gallant array, conducted it through the city; and after they had in triumph carried it three times about the Cross, with infinite vollies of shot, and great acclamations of the people, it was delivered to the Magistrates, who *with great grandeur* received it at the Town-house, where it is placed amongst their most precious Records, till such time as orders come to bring it to the body.[2]

lifted the head from off "the iron prick" on the pinnacle of the Tolbooth, and kissed it as he took it down. The coronet of a Marquis was then placed upon it. Gorthie died that same night! *God's judgment*, said the covenanting zealots! but why only so visited upon Graham of Gorthie, they did not explain. Gorthie's son adopted for his crest the crowned skull between two hands, and for motto, *Sepulto vivesco*. See before, p. 46.

[1] The remains lay in state in the Abbey of Holyrood House until Saturday 11th May 1661, when the grand pageant of the public funeral took place.

[2] There can be no doubt, however, that this arm occupied, for a time at least, the

III.

THE "TRUE FUNERALS OF MONTROSE," 1661.

The collected remains of Montrose lay in state, in the Abbey Church of Holyrood House, from Monday 7th January, to Saturday 11th May, 1661. Of this latter date, the public ceremony of his "True Funerals" was performed, and with a splendour and fulness of heraldic pomp only equalled by that of the coronation of Charles I. in 1633. Montrose's devoted adherent Saintserf, chief secretary to the pageant, failed not to record it in a rare pamphlet of the day, entitled, "A Relation of the True Funerals of the Great Lord Marquesse of Montrose, His Majesty's Lord High Commissioner, and Captain General of his forces in Scotland: with that of the renowned Knight, Sir William Hay of Dalgetty." After some preliminary remarks moralizing upon the change of times, and the retributive justice of Providence, he tells us:—

"The particulars of the honourable ceremonies will, *in true and exquisite heraldry*, display the several dignities he had, either as a Peer of the land, or charged with his Majesty's service: So, in a proportionable manner, we shall show the honour done to the memory of that renowned Colonel, Sir William Hay of Dalgetty, who, suffering martyrdom with him in the same cause; ambitioned his funeral under the same infamous gibbet; prophetically, certainly, that he might participate with him the same honour at his first bodily resurrection. This his request was easily assented to by these *monstrous leeches*, whose greatest glory was to be drunk and riot in the blood of the most faithful subjects. Nay, even some of those whose profession should have preached mercy, belched out, that *the good work went bonnily on*,—when the scaffold, or rather *shambles*, at the Cross of Edinburgh, for the space of six weeks, was daily smoking with the blood of the most valiant and loyal subjects.

"But we proceed to the funeral pomp, hoping that these glorious martyrs are praising and glorifying God, while we are amusing ourselves in this scambling transitory following description.

pinnacle of the gateway to which it had been consigned in terms of the sentence; for the Rev. James Fraser says, (p. 809.) "I saw his arm upon the Justice-port of Aberdeen." Charles II. had seen it there too, (p. 767,) after which shock to his royal nerves it was, most probably, that the good citizens of that loyal town had been so bold as to take it down and bury it.

" From the Abbey Church of Holyrood House to that of St Giles in the High Town, the funeral pomp was as follows:—

" Two Conductors, in mourning, with black staves.

" Twenty-five Poor, in gowns and hoods; the first of which went alone, next to the Conductors, carrying a gumpheon; the other twenty-four following, two and two, carrying the arms of the House on long staves.

" An open trumpet, clothed in rich livery of the Marquis's colours, carrying his arms on his banner.

" Sir Harry Graham, in complete armour, on horseback, carrying on the point of a lance the colours of the House: This noble gentleman accompanied his Excellence in all his good and bad fortunes, both at home and abroad.[1]

" Servants of friends, in mourning, two and two.

" The great Pincel, with his arms, carried by John Graham of Douchrie, a renowned Highland Hector, and one who stuck peremptorily to the present Marquis of Montrose, in the last expedition under his Grace the Lord Commissioner: He is best known by the title of *Tetrarch of Aberfoil.*

" The great Standard in colours, with his arms, carried by Thomas Graham of Potento; a hopeful cadet of the ancient family of Clarisse.

" A horse of war, with great saddle and pistols, led by two lacqueys in livery.

" The defunct's servants, two and two, in mourning.

" A horse in state, with a rich footmantle, two lacqueys in rich livery, and his Parliament badges.

" Four close trumpets in mourning, carrying the defunct's arms on their banners.

" The great Gumpheon of black taffety, carried on the point of a lance by William Graham younger of Duntroon, another sprightful cadet of the House of Clarisse.

" The great Pincel of mourning, carried by George Graham younger of Cairnie, who, from his first entry to manhood, accompanied his chief in the wars.

" The defunct's friends, two and two, in mourning.

" The great mourning Banner, carried by George Graham of Inchbrakie, younger, whose youth-head only excused him from running the risks of his father.

" The Spurs, carried on the point of a lance by Walter Graham,

[1] This was Montrose's natural brother, who narrowly escaped the disaster of Corbiesdale, having been left behind in charge, at Kirkwall in Orkney.

elder, of Duntroon, a most honest royalist, and highly commended for his hospitality.

" The Gauntlets, carried by George Graham of Drums, on the point of a lance, a worthy person, well becoming his name.

" The Head-piece, carried by Mungo Graham of Gorthie, on the point of a lance; whose father had sometimes the honour to carry his Majesty's standard under his Excellence; his great sufferings and forfeiture is enough to speak his actions and honesty.[1]

" The Corslet, carried by George Graham of Monzie, on the point of a lance; a brave young gentleman, whose father fell in his Majesty's service under the defunct.

" A Banner, all in mourning, carried by John Graham of Balgowan, who likewise hazarded both life and fortune with his chief.

" The Lord Provost, Bailies, and Burgesses of Edinburgh, two and two, all in deep mourning.

" The Burgesses, Members of Parliament, in mourning, two and two.

" The Barons, Members of Parliament, two and two, in mourning.

" The Nobles in mourning, two and two.

" Next followed the eight branches. First, his Mother's House.

" *Halyburton, Lord Dirleton*, carried by William Halyburton of Buttergask.

" *Douglas, Earl of Angus*, carried by Sir Robert Douglas of Blackerston, a most worthy person, and great sufferer for his constant adherence to his Majesty's interest.

" *Stewart, Lord Methven*, carried by Stewart, Sheriff of Bute. It is to no purpose to commend their loyalty, or to doubt of it, when the relations of their predecessors to his Majesty's predecessors is considered.

" *Ruthven of Gowrie*, carried by William Ruthven, Baron of Gairnes, a gentleman of clear repute and honesty, suitable to his noble and valiant cousin the Earl of Forth and Brentford.

" Next, on the father's side.

" *Keith, Earl of Marischal*, carried by Colonel George Keith, brother to the said Earl, a noble gentleman, whose behavour in his Majesty's service discovered him a worthy inheritor of his illustrious progenitors.

" *Fleming, Earl of Wigton*, carried by Sir Robert Fleming, son to the said Earl, a gallant soul, carried out for his King and country's

[1] Mungo Graham was the son of that Graham of Gorthie, who took down the head of Montrose from the spike on the Tolbooth, and died that same night. See before, p. 46.

service, as were all his family; witness his noble uncle Sir William Fleming.

" *Drummond, Earl of Perth*, carried by Sir James Drummond of Machany, one whose fidelity to King and country was never brought in question.

" *Graham, Marquis of Montrose*, by James Graham, Baron of Orchill, whose life and fortune never caused him scruple to advance the royal interest.

" The Arms of the defunct in mourning, carried by James Graham of Bucklevy, son to the Baron of Fintrie, a gentleman whom nothing could ever startle from his Majesty's service; and that he was a favourite of the deceased, and accompanied his son in the late Highland war, is sufficient to speak his praises.

" A Horse in close mourning, led by two lacqueys in mourning.

" Four close trumpets in mourning, with the defunct's arms on their banners.

" Six Pursuivants in mourning, with their coats displayed, two and two.

" Six Heralds with their coats, as follows:—

" The *first* carrying an antique shield, with the defunct's arms on it: The *second* carrying his crest: The *third* his sword: The *fourth* his targe: The *fifth* the scroll and motto: The *sixth* his helmet.

" Two Secretaries, Master William Ord, and Master Thomas Saintserf.

" Then Doctor Middleton (Physician) and his chaplain (Master John Laing).

" His Parliament Robes, carried by James Graham of Killearn, a gentleman whose merit, besides his birth, procured this noble employment.

" The General's baton, by Robert Graham, elder of Cairnie, a brave and bold gentleman, who, from the beginning of his chief's enterprises, never abandoned him, and one whose fortune endured all the mischiefs of fire and devastation.

" The Order of the Garter, carried by Patrick Graham, baron of Inchbrakie, elder, a person most eminent for his services upon all occasions, and the only companion of the defunct when he went first to Athol, and published his Majesty's commission.

" The Marquis's Crown, carried by Sir Robert Graham of Morphie, younger, a noble person, no less renowned for his affection to royalty, than for his kindness and hospitality amongst his neighbour gentry.

" The Purse, carried by David Graham of Fintrie: This noble gen-

tleman's predecessor was the son of the Lord Graham, then head of the house of Montrose, who, upon a second marriage on King James the First his sister, begat the first baron of Fintrie, which, in a male line, hath continued to this baron; and, as their birth was high, so their qualifications hath in every respect been great; for in all ages since their rise, nothing unbecoming loyal subjects, or persons of honour, could be laid to their charge, and he who possesseth it now can claim as large a share as any of his ancestors.

" Next before the corps went Sir Alexander Durham, Lyon King of Arms, with his Majesty's coat displayed, carrying in his hand the defunct's coat of honour.

" The Corps was carried by fourteen Earls, viz.—

" The Earls of Mar, Morton, Eglinton, Caithness, Wintoun, Linlithgow, Home, Tullibardine, Roxburgh, Seaforth, Callendar, Annandale, Dundee, Aboyn.

" The pall above the corps was likewise sustained by twelve noblemen, viz., the Viscounts of Stormont, Arbuthnot, Kingston, the Lords Strathnaver, Kilmaurs, Montgomery, Coldinghame, Fleming, Gask, Drumlanrig, Sinclair, Macdonald.

" *Gentlemen appointed for relieving of those who carried the coffin under the pall.*

" Earls sons; Sir John Keith, Knight Marshal; Robert Gordon; Alexander Livingstoun; Sir David Ogilvy; the barons of Pitcurr; Powrie-Fotheringhame; Cromlix; Abercairnie; Ludwharne; Denholm; Mackintosh; Balmedie; Glorat; Colquhoun; Braco; Craigie; Morphie; Bandoch, elder and younger; and the ingenious baron of Minorgan; and John Graham of Craigie, who likewise accompanied the Lord Marquis in his travels in France and Italy.

" Next to the Corps went the Marquis of Montrose, and his brother,[1] as chief mourners, in hoods and long robes carried up by two pages, with a gentlemen bare-headed on every side.

" Next to them followed nine of the nearest in blood, three and three, in hoods and long robes, carried up by pages; viz.—

" The Marquis of Douglass; the Earls of Marischal, Wigton, Southesk, Lords of Drummond, Maderty, Napier, Rollo, and baron of Luss,[2] nephew to the defunct.

" Next to the deep mourners went my Lord Commissioner, his Grace, in an open coach and six horses, all in deep mourning; six gentlemen

[1] This brother was the Lord *Robert* Graham. See before, p. 827.

[2] This was the son of the infamous laird of Luss, who by this time had gone to his account. See before, p. 88, *note*.

of quality going on every side of the coach in deep mourning, bareheaded.

"*The Corps of Sir William Hay of Dalgetty followed in this order.*

"Captain George Hay, son to Sir John Hay, late Clerk Register, carried the standard of honour. William Ferguson of Badyfarrow the gumpheon. Master John Hay the pinsel of honour. Alexander Hay the spurs and sword of honour. Master Harie Hay the croslet. Master Andrew Hay the gauntlets.

"Next followed his four branches: Hay,—House of Errol, carried by Alexander Hay. Lesly,—House of Bonwhoyn, by George Lesly of Chapleton. Forbes,—of the House of Forbes, by Forbes of Lesly. Hay,—of Dalgetty, by Robert Hay of Park.

"Two close trumpets in mourning.

"Then the corpse garnished with scutcheous and epitaphs, attended by the Earl of Errol, Lord High Constable of Scotland; the Earls of Buchan, Tweedale, Dumfries, Kinghorn; the Viscount of Frendraught;[1] the Lords Rae, Fraser, Forrester; Master Robert Hay of Dronlaw; George Hay of Kininmonth; with a multitude of the name of Hay, and other relations.

"As the good town of Edinburgh was never wanting to the celebration of loyal solemnities, so they appeared highly magnificent in this; for their trained bands in gallant order, ranged both sides of the street betwixt the two churches; and, as the corpse of the great Montrose was laying in the grave of his grandfather, who was Viceroy, they did nothing but fire excellent vollies of shot, which was answered with thundering of cannon from the castle; the same was done to the baron of Dalgetty as he was interring by his general's side. There was two things remarkable; the one,—that, before the beginning of the solemnity, there was nothing but stormy rains, but the corpses no sooner came out, but fair weather, with the countenance of the sun, appeared, and continued till all was finished, and then the clouds returned to their frowns, and the storm begun afresh: The other,—it was observed, that the friends of both the deceased had wedding countenances, and their enemies were howling in dark corners like howlets. Some say that there was then a kind of *collective body*, or sort of *spiritual judicatory* in town, that would not be present at the funeral, lest the bones of both should bleed.[2]

"Never funeral pomp was celebrated with so great jollity; neither

[1] See afterwards as to Lord Frendraught, p. 841.

[2] The General Assembly was then sitting, very crestfallen.

was it any wonder, since we now enjoy a King, Laws, Liberty, Religion, which was the only cause that the deceased did so bravely fight for. And who would not be good subjects, since there is so great honour paid to their memories? while we see traitors for their villany have their carcases raised and hung upon gibbets, as was the late Cromwell and others.

"All that belonged to the body of this great hero was carefully recollected,—only *his heart*, which, *two days after the murder*, in spite of the traitors, was, by the conveyance of some adventurous spirits appointed by that noble and honourable lady, the Lady Napier, taken out and embalmed in the most costly manner by that skilful chirurgeon and apothecary Mr James Callendar, then put in a rich box of gold, and sent by the same noble lady to the now Lord Marquis, who was then in Flanders.

"The solemnities being ended, the Lord Commissioner, with the nobility and barons, had a most sumptuous supper and banquet at the Marquis of Montrose's house, with concerts of all sort of music." [1]

[1] On that memorable Monday, 20th May 1650, when the Earl of Loudon, Argyle's Chancellor, addressed Montrose in a speech as brutal as the sentence it prefaced, there were present (and none present raised a dissentient voice) one Marquis, five Earls, and five Barons; only eleven peers in all. Of these Lord Torphichen was under age, or only just of age; for he had been objected to, as being a minor, in the previous month of March, by the Earl of Cassillis. On the day when his sentence was read to Montrose, the sederunt of Peers is thus noted by Sir James Balfour:—

"Noblemen present in the House this day.

"Lord Chancellor (Loudon) President.

"Marquis of Argyle.	"Lord Torphichen.
E. of Eglinton.	Lord Balmerino.
E. of Roxburgh.	Lord Burleigh.
E. of Buccleuch.	Lord Forrester.
E. of Tweeddale.	Lord Balcarres."

Of these, Argyle, Burleigh, and Balcarres had been signally defeated by Montrose in battle. Loudon and Balmerino, were the devoted tools of Argyle from the first. The rest of that sederunt, swayed as they were by petty considerations of private interests, must have been mightily ashamed of themselves.

On the 11th of May 1661, when their inhuman sentence was so emphatically condemned, no less than forty four peers, exclusive of the young Montrose, are specially named, as taking a prominent part in the pageant, besides others not named, who attended as mourners. A notable commentary on the times is, that *Roxburgh* ("The new Earl of Roxburgh," see before, p. 778), who had aided in concocting the sentence against Montrose, and was present when it was read, is one of the fourteen Earls who were the bearers to hallowed ground of the fragments of that body he had decreed to be dismembered, and treated as garbage. *Tweeddale*, and *Forrester*, two of the scanty sederunt that sentenced Montrose, are also named in the pageant of his "True Funerals." Forrester, (who married the first Lord Forrester's daughter, and so got the title,) was a younger son of that Lieutenant General Baillie whom Montrose so signally defeated both at Alford and Kilsyth; and the fate of this so far fortunate youth, was to be murdered, with his own sword, by a woman who was executed therefor.

Saintserf's very minute description of the personal appearance of Montrose, with some account of his youthful travels, and education abroad, follows this record of the pageantry of his "True Funerals;" but we have already quoted in the foregoing biography (pp. 91, 92,) what is most interesting of the circumstances thus preserved by his faithful adherent. We have little doubt, that the "eye-witness" who so minutely related the whole circumstances of Montrose's martyrdom, printed in a pamphlet of that same year, 1650, (see before, p. 789, *note*,) was also the author of the "Continuation of Montrose's Historie," having the whole of that same "Relation" appended thereto, published in 1652, under the title of *Montrose Redivivus;* and was this same Thomas Saintserf. The "Relation" of Montrose's death, appears to have formed part of the materials for Dr Wishart's *second part* of his latin *Commentarius.* Of this second part, in latin, a perfect manuscript, carefully collated by Wodrow, is preserved in the Advocates' Library. Although re-translated into English, in several editions of Wishart, it has never been printed from the latin MS., which Dr Wishart had not quite completed. An accurate print of the whole of that unquestionably great performance, is a *desideratum* which some of our literary clubs ought to supply.

In "Montrose Redivivus," also, there is preserved a minute description of Montrose, being very nearly a repetition of the portraiture given in the "True Funerals." This, too, has been already quoted in the foregoing biography, p. 92, *note;* where the date of "Montrose's Redivivus" is erroneously printed 1661, instead of 1652. It was reprinted however, in 1660, under the new title of "The complete History of the Wars in Scotland, under the conduct of the illustrious and truly valiant James Marquis of Montrose."

IV.

M. GUIZOT'S CONTRIBUTION FROM THE ARCHIVES OF FRANCE.

M. Guizot, in a note to his recent work on Cromwell, refers to a letter, preserved in the Archives of France, written by the French Resident at Edinburgh to Cardinal Mazarin, upon the occasion of the death of Montrose. This evidence M. Guizot justly considers to have placed beyond doubt the disputed fact of the savage procession to the Tolbooth having been made to pause before the mansion of the Earl of Moray, that Argyle might from thence safely inspect his prisoner.

The author's application to be favoured with a copy of that interesting document, hitherto unknown to the chroniclers and historians of Scotland, was honoured by M. Guizot with immediate attention. In a very frank and kind letter, wherein he terms Montrose, "Cet héroique personnage, le plus grand des *Cavaliers*," M. Guizot adds:—

"Je vous envoye, selon votre desir, une copie complète et exacte de la lettre écrite le 31–21 Mai, 1650, par Mons. de Graymond, Resident de France à Edinbourg, au Cardinal Mazarin. Cette copie a été faite sur l'original même de la lettre; et j'ai indiqué en marge le No. du Registre de nos Archives des Affaires Étrangères, ou elle se trouve. Vous y relirez la phrase que j'en ai citée, en note, sur le Marquis d'Argyle.

"Recevez, Monsieur, avec mes remerciemens, l'assurance de ma consideration tres distinguée.

"GUIZOT."

"*Paris*, 25 *Mai* 1854."

We here extract so much of the transcript of the letter from M. Graymond to Cardinal Mazarin, transmitted by M. Guizot, as we have translated before at p. 781.

"Le bruit couroit Jeudy, que le Roy d'Angleterre etoit arrivé a *Aberdin;* et, Vendredy, qu'il etoit à *Dunotyr*,—l'un et l'autre sans aucun fondement. Je ne crois pas neansmoins qu'il tarde plus long temps."

"Montrose arriva Samedy dernier en cette ville, qui marcha en armes pour le reçevoir, et les officiers prisoniers, à demi mil d'ici: Quand il fut arrivé à la porte du *Caniguet*, qui et au fauxbourg, ou plutost une-autre ville, les Echevins lui commanderent de monter sur une mechante cherrette, conduitte par le boureau, qui etoit sur le timon. Il leur demanda, sans temoigner d'emotion, si l'on le vouloit contraindre d'être mené en tel arroy? Ils luy repondirent que ouy, et qu'ainsy portoient les orders du Parlement,—'*Montons y donc*,' dit il alors, '*puisqu'on nous veut traitter de la sorte.*' Il passa tout le long du *Caniguet*, et de la ville, jusques à la prison, teste nue, lié sur un selle attachée à la charrette, regardant de costé et d'autre, les spectateurs, avec une contenance majestueuse et un sousris desdaigneux, qui tesmoignoit qu'il *tenoit à gloire ses souffrances:* si bien, qu'on pouvoit dire de luy, *deliberata morte ferocior*. Il n'y en avoit gueres qui n'eussent pitié de luy; et qui ne témoignassent par leur *helas*, et leur *murmure*, les

sentiments qu'ils avoient de la générosité, qui paroissoit sur son visage, non obstant tant de malheurs.

" Plusieurs prirent garde; *et en ont bien discouru depuis, qu'on fit halte vis à vis la maison du Conte de Moray, où étoit, entre autres, M. le Marquis d'Argile, qui consideroit son ennemi par une fenestre entreouverte.*

" Hier matin, comme aussy dimanche, de ministres, qui ont ces jours cy prié Dieu (dans leur presches) pour sa conversion, et le salut de son ame; et autres l'allerent visiter dans la prison, pour luy montrer comme il avoit forfait contre le Covenant lequel il avoit souscrit, comme ils luy firent voir, et l'exciterent à repentance. Il les accusa de *la mesme faute*, et tascha de leur prouver qu'il ne mouroit que pour l'avoir voulu maintenir de tout son pouvoir, et comme il y etoit obligé. Apres cela, on le conduisit au Parlement, où il receut sa sentence; qui porte: Qu'il sera *pendu;* sa teste mise sur la faiste de la prison; ses bras et jambes envoiers aux villes principalles de ce Royaume, pour y estre exposer à la veue de tout le monde; et le reste de son corps jette à la voirie, s'il meurt impenitent; si non, enterré, dans la cimetière: Ce que l'on exécutera aujourdhuy dans quelques heures.

" Il n'a pas ny assuré, ny denié, qu'il eût expresse commission du Roy de la G. Bretagne d'envahir ce Royaume en ce temps; ny n'a dit, comme je croy, que le Duc d'Hamilton avoit este en *compétition* avec luy pour la mesme commission qu'il avoit, de General des forces de l'Ecosse, comme quelques uns alleguent: ains, a montré en termes généraux que tout ce qu'il avoit enterpris étoit pour le bien et l'honeur de son Roy, et *non sans son* aveu.

" Je demande, tres humblement, pardon à votre Eminence si je me suis un peu trop laissé emporter dans cette longue narration. Mais la personne de Montrose—ses qualitez de Marquis—de Pair du Royaume —de General d'armée—et celle de Chevalier de la Jarretiere—qui luy avoit esté tout nouvellement donnée—l'estrangeté de sa mort, et de toutes les circonstances d'icelle—non jamais pratiquées en Ecosse—m'ont semblé mériter quelque particuliere réflexion."

On the margin of the transcript sent to the author, there is noted in M. Guizot's own hand: " Archives des affaires étrangères de France: Négociations avec l'Angleterre, l'Ecosse, et l'Irlande: Supplement: Registre 49, No. 155."

V.

JENNY GEDDES'S RECANTATION.

We had not, it seems, at p. 134, done all the justice to the Jenny Lind of the Covenant which she deserves. In his notes on Kirkton, Mr Sharpe says—"From the continuation of Baker's Chronicle, we learn that she survived the Restoration." From a yet more unquestionable source, we have since ascertained that she also survived her covenanting principles, abdicated her stool, and burnt it! A falling off from the Covenant of its original supporters was not so uncommon as the violent denunciations of Montrose's "treachery" and "treason," would seem to imply. In a very rare pamphlet, printed in Edinburgh, 1661, entitled, "Edinburgh's Joy for his Majestie's Coronation in England," which records the details of the exuberantly mirthful celebration in Edinburgh of that happy event, two distinguished characters are specially noted. The one is Lord Clermont, the hopeful heir of "Major Middleton, who mann'd the Brig o' Dee," by this time Lord High Commissioner. The other is that virago, then restored to her senses, who, in 1637, threw her stool at the Dean's head in the church. On the 3d of April 1661, the Lord Commissioner and his Lady gave a banquet, a concert, a bonfire, and a ball, at Holyrood House, where, *inter alia*, "After dinner the young Lords and Ladies came out and danced all sorts of country dances and reels; and none busier than the young Lord Clermont, son to the Lord Commissioner, who was *so ravished with joy*, that, if he had not been restrained, he had thrown rings, chains, jewels, and all that was precious about him into the fire."

The Lord Provost and Magistrates headed no less extravagant revels in the upper town. To make up for their *butcher's bill* of 1650, a representative of Bacchus at the Cross, "did bestride a hogshead of the *most gracious claret;*" and instead of the blood of the best and bravest, which erst inundated the covenanting shambles on that very spot, "streams of claret gushed from the conduits." Then was the most "glorious summer" of the Cockburns of old.

"But amongst all our *bontadoes* and *caprices*, that of the immortal *Janet Geddis*, Princess of the *Trone Adventurers*, was most pleasant: For she was not only content to assemble all her *creels*, *baskets*, *creepies*, *furms*, and other ingredients that composed the shop of her *sallads*, *radishes*, *turnips*, *carrots*, *spinnage*, *cabbage*, with all other sort of pot

merchandize that belongs to the garden, but even her *weather* [sic] *chair of state*, where she used to dispense justice to the rest of her *langkail vassals*, were all very orderly *burnt*, she herself countenancing the action with a high-flown *claret* and *vermilion* majesty."

VI.

LORD FRENDRAUGHT, *REDEVIVUS*.

A report of the day, that Lord Frendraught had committed suicide in prison, as noted by Whitelock (see before, p. 746, *note*), was thus made history of, in the most approved style, by Malcolm Laing, vol. iii. p. 422. "His friend, Lord Frendraught, to prevent the *public vengeance*, preferred a Roman death." But of date more than ten years after his "Roman death," we find in the *Mercurius Caledonius* of Saintserf:—

"Friday the 25th of January 1661: This same day, the Lord Viscount Frendraught *took his place in the House*, and had the oath administered to him. This is the Lord who, upon that fatal day when the Marquis of Montrose was defeated, and hearing his Excellency was dismounted, came instantly and found him out, and put a constraint upon the Lord Montrose, much against his will, to make use of his horse: For, as he rightly urged, the preservation of his person was keeping life in the Cause; which, without doubt it would have done, if unfortunately he had not been betrayed three days after. But the result of this brave action of the Viscount's, was the occasion of eight or nine dangerous wounds he received for his gallantry." Accordingly, we find Lord Frendraught attending Montrose's "True Funerals," in 1661. See before, p. 835.

The late Duke of York, at a levee, received a gallant relative of the author's, with the brusque, unprefaced, and quite unexpected exclamation,—"But the man's not dead!" The approaching centurion was to have been preferred to a death vacancy; the death had been erroneously reported, however, as the Duke only that moment had discovered. "Please your Royal Highness," was the ready reply, under rather difficult circumstances,—"Some other man may die." We doubt if Malcolm Laing could have backed out so cleverly.

VII.

LORD MAHON'S THEORY OF MONTROSE'S LAST SPEECH.

Lord Mahon introduces into his "Historical Essay" on Montrose, p. 190, our quotation of Traill's MS. Diary, relating to the execution of Montrose, and adds the following foot-note :—

"It is remarkable that Mr Napier, who inserts this passage from Mr Trail's 'Diary,' also inserts (without in *either* case expressing any doubt) an 'admirable speech,' addressed by Montrose to those around him on the scaffold, as 'taken in short-hand by one appointed for that purpose, and as circulated at the time.' Surely Mr Napier must have *overlooked* the phrase in Mr Trail's account, that 'Montrose never spoke a word.' This witness was standing *close by*,[1] and could have no imaginable motive for suppressing in his private Diary the fact that Montrose had made a speech. On the other hand, there is an *evident reason* why the *Royalist party* at Edinburgh should *devise* and *circulate* some last words of the hero as honourable and advantageous to their cause; and, accordingly, on examining the speech itself, several expressions appear *drawn up with that view;* as when Montrose is made to say,—'For his Majesty now living, never people, I believe, might be more happy in a King! His commands to me were most just: In nothing that he promiseth will he fail.' This speech, if *publicly circulated at the time* by the Royalists *(perhaps* in a broadside or printed sheet) might be, *without further enquiry (!)* admitted by Sir James Balfour in his notes."

This is rather a mischievous *mare's nest*, discovered as it is by a very distinguished historian. Of course we inserted, without the expression of a doubt, that which had never raised a doubt during the lapse of two centuries from the date of the event until now. Neither history nor biography could be written on other terms. Trail does not say "Montrose never spoke a word" on the scaffold. In that passage, which Lord Mahon found in our former biography of Montrose, Trail says, that their victim *did speak* aside with the Magistrates, but would not even so much as *look* towards that corner of the scaffold where Trail and his coadjutor stood. But he adds, that Montrose *ascended that ladder, of thirty feet in height*, wrapped in his scarlet rochet, "in a very stately manner, and never spoke a word,"—except that, when he attained the summit, he asked how long he was to hang there. The mistake is palpable. Montrose's dying composition, however, is too

[1] Trail says the very contrary. See before, p. 803, and *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iv. part 2, p. 223.

valuable to his biography, not to maintain it a little more in detail, against a contradictor so very respectable as Lord Mahon.

1. From the date of Montrose's death, to that of Lord Mahon's "Essay," the idea of such an *ex post facto* forgery, had never occurred to a human being. If it be not a mare's nest, it is a great historical discovery.

2. Sir James Balfour (never friendly, and not always fair, in his notices of Montrose), inserted the speech in his journal, *under the date* of Montrose's execution. He was the last man in the world to have done so "without further enquiry," as Lord Mahon loosely surmises. And had the strange and unexpected fact really occurred, of Montrose, who so nobly justified himself before the Parliament, offering no address of the kind to those nearest him on the scaffold (for of course he was not allowed to address the people), Sir James Balfour would have been among the very first to know that fact, and to note it.

3. John Nicoll, the notary-public, in like manner enters the speech, also at large, in his Diary *of that date;* and his version agrees with the Lord Lyon's.

4. Argyle refers to the speech in his letter to Lothian.

5. Among the Wigton Papers there is a contemporary manuscript of the same, agreeing with all the other records of it, and which was *immediately* printed, published, and widely circulated, both at home and abroad, without the whisper of a contradition from any quarter, until Lord Mahon impugned it in the nineteenth century. This contemporary print mentions, that a boy was placed on the scaffold to note in short-hand what fell from Montrose, who probably had written it out beforehand.

6. Lord Mahon expresses surprise that the biographer of Montrose should not, in 1840, have rejected as a forgery, this "admirable speech," as "taken in short-hand by one appointed for that purpose, and as circulated at the time." Since Lord Mahon wrote that hasty note, we have discovered the additional contemporary evidence of the Reverend James Fraser, and can now give the *name* of the youth who was placed for that purpose on the scaffold. "All his friends and well-willers," says the chaplain of Lovat, "being debarred from coming near, they caused a young boy to sit upon the scaffold *by him*, designed for that purpose, who wrote his last speech in *brachography*, as follows: The young man's name was *Mr Robert Gordon*, Cluny, *my cammarad*, son to Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonston; *from whom I got the same*, thus." Fraser then inserts the speech, agreeing almost *verbatim* with the versions of Balfour, Nicoll, the Wigton MS., and the contemporary print.

7. The *internal* evidence, which Lord Mahon quotes in support of his most original theory, affords very interesting evidence of the authenticity of the speech. Argyle, in a private letter to Lothian, (only made public of late years, see before, p. 763,) tells this falsehood,—"He was warned to be sparing in speaking to the King's disadvantage, or else he had done it." Montrose had seen through this miserable tactic, and he met it with those words,—which Lord Mahon's recent acquaintance with the subject was too crude to enable him quite to understand,—"*It is spoken of me*, that I should blame the King. God forbid. For the late king, he lived a Saint, and died a Martyr. I pray God I may end as he did. If ever I would wish my soul in another man's stead, it should be in his. For his Majesty now living, never any people, I believe, might be more happy in a King. His *commands to me* were most just; and I *obeyed them*. He deals justly with all men.[1] I pray God he be so dealt withal, that he be not *betrayed under trust, as his father was*." Thus ended Argyle's hopes that Montrose would have abused or accused Charles the Second, on the scaffold. Had this been an *ex post facto* forgery, it would have been at once detected by Argyle.

What! Is a hasty stroke of Lord Mahon's pen (though it had written a history of the world) in a Quarterly Review two centuries after the event, to deprive Montrose of his last words and dying speech, the finest thing of the kind, and the best authenticated, on historical record? Go to.

VIII.

THE PUBLIC ESTIMATE OF THE COVENANT, AND OF ARGYLE, IN 1661.

It is a curious and provoking fact, that, amid the voluminous letters and journals of the Reverend Robert Baillie, to whose fanatical and pragmatical *dicta* on the subject of Montrose we have had occasion so frequently to refer, not a scrap is to be found on the subject of his last defeat and death. Yet the uninterrupted series of those valuable, absurd, and amusing papers, printed under the auspices of an excellent

[1] This is the Reverend James Fraser's version. The Wigton MS., (which Lord Mahon quotes from our former biography) has it,—"in nothing that he promises, will he fail, he deals justly with all men." Slight verbal discrepancies, which occur in the different versions, also militate against Lord Mahon's idea of a deliberate forgery by "the Royalist party,"—who, of course, would have been exposed on the instant.

editor (of such recondite sources of Scottish history), Mr David Laing, includes the year 1661. In the year of Montrose's death, however, 1650, Baillie has not failed to put us in possession of his estimate of the character of Argyle. Few could be blind to the fact, that Argyle was working for himself, against the King, and ripening to become a peer in Cromwell's Parliament; being all he could make of it, until he ripened into a pear of another tree. So, writes Baillie on the 18th of November 1650, to his reverend brother David Dickson, "If my Lord Argyle at this strait should desert the King, and verify the *too common surmises of many*, which I trust shall be found most false, and shortly shall be refuted by his deeds, I think, and many more with me of the best I speak with, that it would be a fearful sin in him, which God will revenge: *That man my heart has loved till now*, I hope he shall give me cause to continue."

Upon this passage, Mr David Laing somewhat innocently notes,—"Baillie's fears were unfounded, as the Marquis of Argyle was the person who *crowned Charles the Second at Scone*"! So he did, on the 1st of January 1651. But he crammed *both* Covenants down his throat with one hand, while he crowned him with the other; conceiving, in fact, that he thereby crowned himself; as indeed he would, had it not been for Cromwell. That *travestie* of a coronation by Argyle, was like driving a man's hat over his eyes, while garotting him. If the act suffices to satisfy Baillie's editor of the patriotic disinterestedness of Argyle, it did not satisfy Baillie himself. Observe how he handles "that man my heart has loved till now,"—in 1661. Immediately after his execution in that year, Baillie thus writes to his old correspondent, Spang: "Argyle long to me was the best and most excellent man our State of a long time had enjoyed. *But*, his compliance with the English, and Remonstrators, took my heart off him *these eight years*. Yet I mourned for his death, and still pray to God for his family. His two sons are good youths, and were *ever loyal*." So much for a "prime Covenanter's" estimate of the King of the Covenanters!

The following interesting letter, not hitherto printed, was recently discovered by Mr T. G. Stevenson in the collection of the late Mr Robert Pitcairn, and has since been acquired by Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, Esq. of Terregles. It is addressed to that gentleman's collateral ancestor, Robert Maxwell, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Nithsdale in 1646, and died unmarried in 1667. The writer of the letter is Sir William Compton, highly distinguished as a soldier in the civil war. In 1661 he was a privy councillor, and Master of the

Ordnance; and in 1662 was appointed one of the Commissioners for Tangiers. Sir William was third son of Spencer Earl of Northampton, and died suddenly in 1663, at the early age of thirty-nine. The following curious notice of his death occurs in Pepys' Diary:—

"19th October 1663. Waked with a very high wind, and said to my wife,—'I pray God I hear not of the death of any great person this high wind,'—fearing that the Queen might be dead. So up; and going by coach with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes to St James's, they tell me that Sir W. Compton,—who it is true had been a little sickly for a week or a fortnight, but was very well upon Friday at night last at the Tangier Committee with us,—was dead; died yesterday; at which I am most exceedingly surprised, he being, and so all the world saying that he was, one of the worthiest men, and best officers of State now in England; and so in my conscience he was: of the best temper, valour, ability of mind, integrity, worth, fine person, and diligence, of any one man he hath left behind him in the three kingdoms; and yet not forty years old, or if so that is all. I find the sober men of the Court troubled for him; and yet not so as to hinder or lessen their mirth; talking, laughing, and eating; drinking, and doing everything else, just as if there was no such thing."

Sir William Compton, in the following letter, refers to the burning of the Covenant, which Evelyn thus records in his Diary: "22d May 1661. The *Scotch Covenant* was burnt by the common hangman in divers places in London. Oh prodigious change!" But Sir William had inadvertently dated his letter 3d of *May* 1661; an error which Nithsdale corrected by putting his pen through the word *May*, and writing *June*, at the same time noting that he had received the letter on the 12th of June 1661.

"*To the Right Hon^ble^ the Earl of Nithsdale,—These.*

"My Lord,

"Since my last, the Parliament passed a vote for burning the Covenant by the hand of the hangman. Some were troubled at it here, but *not many*. We are now upon a bill for repealing the act by which the Bishops were excluded from sitting in Parliament. The House have voted the King a voluntary and free benevolence. Ships are in preparing; but it is not yet known who will be the person that shall go to fetch the Queen from Portugal. My Lord of Peterborough is to go Governor of a town in Barbary, in the mouth of the straight called Tangier, which the Portugals put into the King's hands. The Lords that came lately from your Parliament solicited hard the withdrawing

the English out of the forts in Scotland. I suppose their suit will be granted; but Leith will be continued for a while; we shall not be so civil as to leave the forts standing when the forces are to be withdrawn. We have reports here that the Marquis of Argyle asserted the Covenant, and his own innocence, much at his death. They were *well coupled*, and equally to be esteemed; for his *innocence*, I believe, had the *greatest share* in promoting the evils the other brought us into. I shall sometimes, when I have any new matter, trouble you with a letter; but at present, having no more, I take my leave, and rest,

"Your Lordship's very humble servant,

"Wm Compton."

June 3. 1661.

We have thus called the best witnesses, to speak to the character of Argyle; namely, a "prime Covenanter" and a "prime Cavalier." And so, together *exeunt* the Covenant and "King Campbell." The Monarchy was restored,—the manes of Montrose appeased; and with a repetition of his own graphic symbol attached to his proclamation (p. 425) in the name of King Charles, we conclude,—

INDEX.

"*A. B.*" Signature to secret correspondence of Sir Thomas Hope of Kerse, 307, 309.

Abbey and Palace of Holyroodhouse, scene there between the Lord Advocate and the Bishop of Brechin, 161. Interview there between Montrose and Hamilton, 96.

Aber, Montrose's account of his march through, 484.

Aberdeen, Montrose's portrait painted at, 1, 68.—See *Portraits*. Montrose made burgess of, 68. Its loyalty under Huntly, from the commencement of the Troubles, 145. Montrose's expedition to induce it to sign the Conant; account of that expedition; amount of its success, 149–151. Entered by Montrose with the army of the Covenant; conduct and result of that first invasion of Aberdeen, 176–189. Again invaded for the Covenant by Montrose, who treats it with lenity, 199, 200. Stormed by the covenanting army under Montrose, after the battle of the Dee, and saved from destruction by him, contrary to his orders, 206–215. Stormed by the royal army under Montrose after the battle of Aberdeen; Spalding's account of its sufferings upon that occasion; measures adopted by Montrose to relieve and save it, 457–459.

———— Provost and Bailies of, their correspondence with Montrose under a flag of truce before the battle of Aberdeen, 452, 453; the flag of truce fired on when quitting the town, and the drummer attending it shot; consequent exasperation of the royalists, and massacre of the town's people after the battle, 454–457.

———— Reception of Charles II. at, 767.

Abernethy, forest of, on the Spey, occupied by Montrose with his army, 461.

Abertarf, at the head of Loch Ness, Montrose encamps there before turning upon Argyle at Inverlochy, 480.

Aberuthven, the church of, between Perth and Auchterarder; contains the ancient mausoleum of the Montrose family; the father and mother of Montrose there interred, 6, 27. A barony of the Montrose family, 8. The smithy there a resort of Montrose in his boyhood, 9, 10.

Aboyne, Viscount, Huntly's second son, accompanies his father in a conference with Montrose, 182. Heads the Huntly following in the north after the capture of his father, and elder brother, by Montrose, 191. Goes to the King at Newcastle, to obtain assistance; his favourable reception crossed by Hamilton, who checkmates him with "Traitor Gun," 195, 196. Enters the Road of Aberdeen with three ships, to commence hostilities against Montrose, 201. History of his collision in arms with Montrose at this time; defeated at the battle of the Bridge of Dee, 202–212. Assaulted in Edinburgh for his loyalty, by a tumult of women, 219. Accompanies Montrose to meet the Queen at Burlington, 375. One of the witnesses

before the Court of Inquiry at Oxford into the conduct of Hamilton in Scotland, 383. Acts as aid-de-camp to Montrose under his first commission to raise the standard in Scotland, 389. At the battle of Bowdenhill, 394. Resents Carnwath's contumacy towards Montrose, 394. Escapes from the Castle of Carlisle and again joins Montrose, 499. His gallant feat of arms at Aberdeen, to procure ammunition for the royal army, 500. Leads the Gordon Cavaliers, with his brother Lord Gordon, at the battle of Auldearn, 501. Their gallant charge decisive of that victory, 504. His absence from the standard after that battle detrimental to the plans of Montrose, 532, 533—*note*. Rejoins Montrose, 536. His doubtful conduct at the battle of Kilsyth, 545. His capricious desertion of the standard at Calder effects the ruin of Montrose and the royal army; Ogilvy's letter of remonstrance to him, 567, 568, 570, 572. Rejoins, and again deserts Montrose, 608, 610. His subsequent extraordinary and capricious conduct, 619, 627–629. Dies of a broken heart abroad, soon after the murder of the King, 733.

Abscindantur qui nos perturbant, an aphorism of Argyle's, 248.

Acherley, the historian, his calumny against Montrose, examined, 359; also Appendix to vol. i., No. V. p. lv.

Acheson, Sir Archibald, 108, 109.

Age, Montrose's, how ascertained, 1, 2.

Agriculture in Scotland at the close of the sixteenth century, 41, 42, *note*.

Airlie, James, eighth Lord Ogilvy, and first Earl of Airlie, fortifies Airlie Castle against the Covenanters, and joins the King, in 1640, 243. Joins the standard at Dundee, after the battle of Tippermuir, 448. With Montrose at Crathes on the eve of the battle of Aberdeen, 451. His faithful adherence to the standard, 468, 473. His breakfast with Montrose immediately before the onset at Inverlochy, 482. His dangerous illness after that battle separates him from the standard, 493. Rejoins before the battle of Kilsyth, 536. With Montrose at Alloa Castle, 538. His brilliant and decisive charge at the battle of Kilsyth, 542, 545, 546. His safety provided for at Montrose's cessation of arms and treaty with Middleton; but excommunicated by the Kirk, 640, 641.

Airlie, Castle of, taken possession of by Montrose for the Covenant, 243–245. Maliciously destroyed by Argyle, 245–247.

Airth, William Graham, Earl of, 54. See *Graham*.

——— the floating moss beside, 63.

Aithie, the laird of, 159.

Airthrie, Sir John Graham of Braco's house of, burnt by Argyle, 538.

Albin, great glen of, Montrose's march through it before turning upon Inlochy, 480.

Alexander the Great, Montrose's references to, 60, 61.

Alexander, John, of Gartmer, 510, *note*.

Alford, battle of, 527–530.

Alloa, lordship and town of, 537. Castle of, Montrose feasted there before the battle of Kilsyth, 538.

Almond, glen of, Montrose joined by Lord Kilpont there before the battle of Tippermuir, 427, 428. Montrose encamped there after his escape from Philiphaugh, 605.

Almond, Lord, joins in the conservative bond at Cumbernauld, 270, *note*. His evidence before the Committee on the "Incident," *Appendix*, vol. i. p. lxiii. Created Earl of Callendar, 370.—See *Callendar*.

Angus, William Douglas, tenth Earl of, his engagement in support of James VI., 3.

——— Archibald Douglas, Earl of, (eldest son of first Marquis of Douglas), travels with Montrose in their youth, 94.

——— County of, Montrose's following therein, 166, 199.

——— Braes of, Argyle's descent upon, and havoc committed by him, 245–248. His tyrannical commission against, and cruel exercise of it, 251–253.

Annandale, James Murray, Earl of, Montrose complains of him to the King, 407. Joins Montrose after the battle of Kilsyth, 554.

——— James Johnstone, Earl of.—See *Hartfell*.

Antoninus, wall of, called "Graham's Dyke," 2, 387.

Antrim, Earl and Marquis of, his feeble co-operation with Montrose, 379, 386, 409, 416, 654, *note*, 657, *note*.

Appin, Stewarts of, join Montrose before the battle of Inverlochy, 470.

Arbroath, Montrose's brilliant retreat upon, and midnight march, 496, 497.

Arbuthnot, Sir Robert (1st Viscount), 68.

Archers, Scots Guard of France, historical mistake that Montrose commanded it in his youth, 94, 95, *note*, 168.

——— a body of, commanded by Lord Kilpont at the battle of Tippermuir, 429, 430.

Archery, a favourite pastime of Montrose, 10, 44–48, Montrose invited to join in, by the Queen of Bohemia at the Palace of Rhenen, 714, 715.

Ardnamurchan, the Irish under Macdonald land there, 416.

Ardvoirlich, James Stewart of, a familiar retainer of Lord Kilpont's, with whom he joins Montrose on the eve of the battle of Tippermuir; his base assassination of that young nobleman, after having shared his bed with him; the murderer flies to Argyle, who protects and rewards him; the murder justified and applauded by the Reverend Robert Baillie, 446, 447, *note*. The murderer's own version of his crime, and relative exoneration by a Committee of Estates, ratified by the Argyle Parliament, 459, *note; Appendix*, vol. i. No. VI. Notice of the murderer by Montrose, in a letter to Huntly, 624.

Argenis and *Poliarchus*, Barclay's, 58, 59.

Argyle, Marquis of, his first assumption of leadership in the covenanting Assembly; his personal appearance, 157. Severe character of him by Clarendon; his character emphatically impressed upon Charles I. by his own father; the Rev. R. Baillie puzzled as to his intentions, 158, 248, *note*. The Kirk adopts him as their leader, although not a member of Assembly, 159. Overawes the King's Advocate, Sir Thomas Hope, in the General Assembly, 232. Leads the democratic movement in the Parliament of

1640, 234. Meets with opposition from Montrose, who disputes against him, 235, 236, 241. Prefers commanding the general Committee of Estates, and possessing the *entrée*, to being formally nominated a member, 238. Obtains command of an army to "take order," with the loyalists in the shires of Perth, Stirling, and Angus; Baillie's account of his peculiar duty in arms, 243. Terror occasioned by the excesses of his highlanders, 244. His cruel proceedings against the House of Airlie; his threatening letter to Sir John Ogilvy of Inverquharity; destroys "the bonnie house of Airlie;" his inhuman conduct to Lady Ogilvy at Forthar, 246, 247. His murderous aphorisms, 248. Impeaches Montrose before the war committee for his humanity in dealing with the House of Airlie, 249. His commission of fire and sword, 251. His Parliamentary exoneration for his conduct under that commission, and for putting persons to torture and to death, 249–253. His various plans for usurping sovereign power in Scotland, 254–257. His mode of taking order with the loyal Stewarts of Athole, 258. Entraps the Earl of Athole, 259. Treasonable proceedings at Taymouth, or Balloch Castle, 260, 261. His bond for the Dictatorship, rejected with scorn by Montrose, 263, 264. Discovers Montrose's conservative bond signed by nineteen Peers at Cumbernauld; consequent proceedings, 273, 274. Endeavours to bring Montrose under the old statutes of leasing-making; scene between them before a covenanting committee subservient to Argyle, 301–304. His mode of obtaining a recantation from Stewart of Ladywell, 306, 307. Succeeds in having Montrose committed as a State prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh, 324, 325. His merciless conduct to Stewart of Ladywell, 325–330. His insolent speech to the King in the Scotch Parliament of 1641, 353. Triumph of his faction; is made a Marquis, 369, 370. Covets the Seals; opposes the King's election of Morton; appointed a Commissioner of the Treasury; regulates the distribution of offices at this time, 370, 371. Cabals with Hamilton; draft of a marriage-contract between his eldest son and Hamilton's eldest daughter, 373, 374. His attempt to seduce Montrose, 379–382. Accompanies the Scotch army across the border; returns to Scotland upon the rumour of Montrose's commission, 391; instigates the army under Callendar to oppose him, 395. Professes to keep the north of Scotland against Huntly, 397. Correct estimate of his power in Scotland by Sir James Leslie, 401. Obtains a commission to command in chief against MacColl Keitache's invasion of the Western Highlands; seizes the invader's flotilla and follows him at a distance, 417. The first shock to Argyle's nerves administered by Montrose, 423. Commands the army in pursuit of Montrose; his cautious mode of pursuing, 444, 445. Holds out premiums for assassination; instance of the murder of Irvine of Kingcaussie, 446. Occasions the assassination of Lord Kilpont, and harbours and rewards the murderer, 446, 447, *Appendix*, vol. i. No. VI. Offers a reward of twenty thousand pounds Scots for the head of Montrose, 448, 449. Endeavours to bribe Sir William Rollo to assassinate Montrose, 459. Commands an overwhelming force in pursuit of Montrose; his mode of pursuit, 460, 461.

His devastations in the north when following the track of Montrose, 465. Montrose works him; baffled, defeated, and disgraced, along with Lothian, by Montrose at Fyvie, 466–469. Chased from Dunkeld to Perth and Edinburgh by Montrose; obtains an act of approbation from the covenanting Parliament, 469. Hastens from Edinburgh to Inverary, which he deems inapproachable by an enemy; flies in terror from his stronghold on the first intimation of the approach of Montrose, 472, 473. Throws up the command of the army against Montrose, but controls General Baillie, who is compelled to accept the command, 473, 474. Argyle's power in Scotland, and by what means worked, 474, 475. His preparations to be revenged against Montrose for his invasion of the Western Highlands, 475, 476. His peculiar mode of "overtaking the rogues;" catching a Tartar; battle of Inverlochy; cowardly conduct of Argyle, and destruction of his clan, 477–488. His melancholy exhibition thereafter before the Parliament, which thanks and exonerates him, 489. False account of his loss in the battle given to the General Assembly, 490. Meanness of his government in oppressing the family and near relatives of Montrose, including the ladies, 507–516, 558, 559, 616. Cruel execution of the King's messenger, Small of Fotherance, 517. Argyle tampers with Montrose's keeper of the Castle of Blair, 521. Burns the Earl of Stirling's house of Menstrie, and sends an insolent message to the Earl of Mar, 538. Is chief of the joint-stock company of commanders at Kilsyth; his part in that battle, and flight from the field, 539–547. His malicious enmity to the House of Huntly, 567, 568. His cold-blooded cruelties at Dunavertie, in company with Loudon's minister, 603, 604. Presses the Solemn League and Covenant to the extent of insisting for Presbyterian government in England, 663. Remits the cause of the Kirk to Cromwell; takes up arms for him, invites him to Scotland, and receives him in the Castle of Edinburgh with regal honours, 664, 672, 673. Plays the game for Cromwell at the treaty with Charles II. at Breda, 737. Gross falsehoods in his letter to Lothian announcing the execution of Montrose, 763, 764, 765, 766, 789 *note*. Presbyterial pains and penalties for having "spoken rashly of the Marquis of Argyle," 768, *note*. Contemplates Montrose tied to a cart, 781, 782, *note*. Gluts his revenge against Montrose, 797. His Pharisaical assumption of sanctity, and false pretexts of religion and liberty, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. liv.

Arlington, Henry Bennet, Earl of, Cowley's letter to, 771, 772.

Army, of the Covenanters, well organised by Alexander Leslie; its fantastical composition, in connexion with the covenanting clergy; the Reverend Robert Baillie's account of its dissolute character, 193, *note;* 197, *note*, 549, 584, 603, 604.

Armyne, Sir William, 398.

Arnott, Robert, of Benchells, Provost of Perth, his evidence before the committee relative to Montrose's proceedings there, after the battle of Tippermuir, 433–435.

Arnott, James, Lord Burleigh's brother, taken prisoner at Kilsyth, and dismissed on his parole by Montrose, 549.

——— Dr., attends Montrose in his sickness at college, 38, 39.

Arradoul, Gordon of, his indignation at "Traitor Gun," 212.

Articles, the five, of Perth, Episcopal imparity of Church government established thereby in Scotland by King James, with the acquiescence of the people, 139.

Ashburnham, John, groom of the bed-chamber to Charles I., 409, 653.

Assassination, of Lord Kilpont, 446, 447, *Appendix*, vol. i. No. VI.

——————— Historical calumny against Montrose on the subject, 358–363, 366, *Appendix*, vol. i. No. V.

——————— Argyle's promotion of it, 446, 447–449, 459, *Appendix*, vol. i. No. VI.

Assembly, General, of 1638, Hamilton Commissioner, 147. The marked feature and characteristic of that Assembly the contradiction between its professions and its practice, 153, 154. Underhand packing of the Assembly by secret directions from the Tables, 154, 155. Violent scene between Montrose and his father-in-law, Southesk, 155. Dissolved by the Commissioner, 156. Sits nevertheless, under the avowed leadership of Argyle, though not a member of the Assembly, 157, 159. Tyrannical and lawless proceedings against the Bishops; disregard of the first principles of evidence and justice, 160, *note*, 161, 162.

———— General, of 1639, Traquair Commissioner; further impulse to the democratic movement, 221, 222, 223. Pronounces Episcopacy to be generally unlawful and contrary to God's word, 224, 225.

———— General, of 1643, Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, Commissioner; decrees the invading army of 1644, and gives birth to the "Solemn League and Covenant," 382.

———— General, petitions for blood, 490, 593. Emissaries of, haunt Montrose in his last moments, 786, 788 *note*, 790, 796, 803.

———— General, nicknamed "Good wife that wears the breeches," in relation to Argyle's Parliament, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. lxxix.

Assint, M'Leod of, betrays Montrose, his reward, 746.

Athole, John Murray, Earl of, opposes Argyle in arms at the ford of Lyon, 257. Falls into a snare of Argyle's, and is made prisoner, 258, 259. His life threatened at Balloch Castle (Taymouth), where he hears treasonable discourses of Argyle, 260, 261. One of Montrose's informers against Argyle, 275, 330. One of the Peers who signed the conservative bond at Cumbernauld, 270, *note*. His untimely death, 419.

——— the Blair of, and Castle, Montrose meets Allaster Macdonald there, establishes his head-quarters there, and raises the standard, 419, 420; Montrose keeps his prisoners of war and sick soldiers there, and his communication with it open, 462, 463, 522, 530, 535, 605, 606, 611, 616, 625, 626. Sends a sword to be preserved there, 520.

Auchinbreck, Sir Duncan Campbell of, commands Argyle's body-guard in

his raid upon the braes of Athole and Angus, 257. Argyle recalls him from Ireland to command his Highlanders, 475. Commands for Argyle at Inverlochy, 481. Dies sword in hand at the head of Clan-Campbell, 485, *note*.

Auchterarder, Presbytery of, the storm against Montrose arises there, 300, 301.

Auldbar, Lyon of, Kinghorn's brother, 165.

Auldearn, battle of, 500–506.

Bachiltoun, laird of, the Master of Maderty taken prisoner by him before the battle of Tippermuir, 437.

Badenoch, men of, join Montrose, 420.

———— country of, oppressed by Argyle, 250, *note*. Occupied by Montrose, 461. His dangerous illness there, 462. His night march from, upon Dunkeld, 468, 469, 472, *note*.

Baillie, the Reverend Robert, his description of the Marquis of Hamilton's hypocritical demeanour in his progress from Dalkeith to Edinburgh, 99. His characteristics of the "pitiful schism" that gave rise to the Covenant in Scotland, 129, 131, 132, 133. His characteristics of Hamilton, 147. His account of how the "Tables" packed the General Assembly of 1638. 154, 155. His own character, 127, 156. His contradictory characteristics of Argyle, 158, 159, 243, 433, 469. His final condemnation of Argyle, 845. His characteristics of the Lord Advocate, Sir Thomas Hope, 232. His conscience and his conduct at variance in the persecution of the Scotch Bishops and condemnation of Episcopacy, 160, 161, *note*, 225. His contradictory characteristics of Montrose, 188, 189, 198, 200, 205, *note*, 213, 269, 272, 379, 697, *note*. Unfairly accuses Huntly of cowardice, 167, 188, and Aboyne of insolence, 219. His justification of popular violence, 132, 133, 135, 219. His justification of assassination, 447. Expresses admiration of Charles I., 220, *note*. His lamentation after the battle of Tippermuir, and mode of accounting for the victory, 432, 433. His characteristics of the covenanting movement, 223, 225, *note*, 703, *note*, 729. His violence against Montrose's conservative bond, and false characteristic of it, 269, 340, 341, 342, *note*. Takes the field with the Kirk militant; description of himself, under "the holy text of pike and gun," 193, *note*. His account of the camp of "the army of God," 197, *note*. His characteristics of General Alexander Leslie (Leven) 176, 177, 197, *note*, 272. His cordial reception of Lanerick (2d D. of Hamilton) on his joining the covenanting faction, 384. His account of Montrose's carrying fire and sword through the territories of Argyle; and how Argyle "overtook the rogues at Inverlochy," 476, 477. Converses aside with Montrose in the Tolbooth on the eve of his execution; silence of his voluminous manuscripts on the subject of Montrose's capture, sentence, and death, remarkable, 790, *note*, 844.

———— Lieutenant-General William of Letham, constrained to accept the command in chief of the covenanting forces in Scotland, after the disgrace

of Argyle at Fyvie and Dunkeld, 475. Complains of the tyrannical Dictatorship of Argyle, 475. Ordered to occupy Perth, in conjunction with the cavalry under Hurry, 476. Confronts Montrose in the county of Angus, but declines his challenge, 495. Foiled in pursuit of Montrose after the storming of Dundee, 496, 497. Again foiled and repulsed by Montrose in Strathern, 498. Burns the district of Athole up to the castle of the Blair, 500. Again confronts Montrose on the banks of the Spey, after the battle of Auldearn, 515. His own account of his unsuccessful pursuit of Montrose in the north, 523, 524. Turned upon by Montrose at the Kirk of Keith, but again declines his challenge, 526. Follows Montrose to the Don, and is defeated, and his army utterly destroyed by the Marquis at Alford, 527, 528. Throws up his commission, but his resignation refused, and his command placed under a military committee headed by Argyle, 531. Occupies Perth with a new army, to defend the Parliament; again baffled and repulsed by Montrose, 531–534, 536. Encamps at Hollinbush, near Kilsyth, 538. His own account of his defeat, and the destruction of his new army at Kilsyth, 539–542. Makes his escape to Stirling Castle, 546. How his younger son became Lord Forrester, 836.

Bairdrell, Montrose's barony of, 8.

Balcanqual, Dr Walter, Dean of Durham, compiles under the instructions of Charles I. "the King's Large Declaration," 151.

Balcarres, Sir David Lindsay of, his learning and his hospitality; his house a Scottish Bracebridge Hall; Montrose spends his Christmas holidays there, 51, 52. Created Lord Lindsay of Balcarres at the Coronation of Charles I. in Scotland, 74.

——— Alexander Lindsay, second Lord of, and first Earl of, commands the covenanting cavalry at the battle of Alford; his gallant conduct there; defeated by the Gordon cavalry, 527, 528. One of the joint-stock company of command at the battle of Kilsyth, 539. His activity on that occasion, 541, 544. His cavalry defeated by Lord Airlie and the Ogilvy cavaliers, 545, 546. One of the ten Scotch Peers who countenanced by their presence the Chancellor Loudon in pronouncing sentence against Montrose, 836.

Baldovie, Ogilvy of, commands under Airlie the Ogilvy cavaliers at the battle of Kilsyth, 543, 545.

Balfour, Sir James, of Denmylne, Lyon-king-at-arms to Charles I., his note of the death of Lady Dorothea Graham, 36. Notes Montrose as "absent" from the coronation pageant of Charles I. in June 1633, but not as "*infra ætatem*," 72. His remarkable silence on the fate of Lady Katherine Graham, 79. Arranges the pageant of the coronation in Scotland; anecdote of the King's friendly familiarity with him, 120. His remarkable note of his own observation of the commencement of anarchy in 1641, contrasted with his unfair calumnious record of the conservative proceedings of Montrose, 341, *note*. His unfair note of Montrose's speech, and subsequent petition in 1641 to the Parliament, 347, *note*, 351. Omits to note Lord Napier's speech to the Parliament in 1641, in presence of the King, 353. His full

and affecting record of the King's demeanour in the Scotch Parliament when insulted and betrayed by Hamilton in the false rumour of the "Incident," 360, 361, *note*, *Appendix*, vol. i. lxii–lxix, and *notes*. His note of Montrose's pasquil against Hamilton, 377. His note of Argyle's extraordinary assertion in Parliament after the execution of Montrose, 765. His full and graphic account of Montrose's demeanour and appearance before the Parliament when receiving sentence, 791, 792. His record of Montrose's last speech and dying words, 843.

Balfour, Sir Andrew, sends trouts and milk to Montrose's during his illness at College, 39.

——— Michael, of Randerstane, a companion of Montrose at College, 43.

——— the laird of, younger, Argyle's letter to, *Appendix*, vol. i., liv.

Balgowan, Graham of.—See *Graham*.

Balloch, Drummond of.—See *Drummond*.

——— Castle (now Taymouth), Argyle kidnaps Athole there, 259. Oppressive proceedings of Argyle there; treasonable demonstrations of his following there, 260, *note*, 261.

Ballyheukane, Fergusson of, in Athole, Montrose quarters there, 463, 464.

Balmedy, laird of, the Master of Maderty taken prisoner by him before the battle of Tippermuir, 437.

Balmerino, John Elphinston, second Lord, capitally convicted in 1634, of seditious leasing-making against the Sovereign, but pardoned by the King; his ingratitude pointedly referred to by Charles I., in his "Large Declaration," 125, 126. Renews, in 1637, his secret seditious machinations, 130. Curious examples of his and his clique's mode of secretly promoting religion and liberty, 131, 143. Plan of the covenanting movement concocted at his lodgings, 135, 136. An old stalking-horse of sedition and anarchy, 235, *note*. Montrose disputes against him in the Parliament of 1640, on the question of ignoring the King, 236. His secret correspondence in 1641 with Johnston of Warriston, 293, 294, *note*, 348, 349. President of Argyle's secret working committee, 307, 308, 327, 342, *note*. Charles I. constrained to promote him, 371. Prompted by Argyle to inform the General Assembly falsely as to the battle of Inverlochy, 490.

Balmoral, Montrose there in pursuit of Sir John Hurry, before the battle of Auldearn, 500.

Balneaves, the Rev. Alexander, minister of Tippermuir; arraigned by his Presbytery for having conversed with Montrose on the day of the battle; his defence; his contemptuous and *unrecordable* reply to his Presbytery, 443, 444.

Balveny, mentioned by Spalding as the birth-place of General Alexander Leslie (Leven); Spalding corrected by James Man, 173, *note*. Montrose there with his army, 524.

Balwhidder, braes of, Montrose there with his army, 499, 500.

Balwholly, Mowat of, killed at the battle of Alford, 530.

Bara, Macneill of, 654, *note*.

Bass, isle of, Lord Ogilvy incarcerated there by the Argyle government, 557.

Batten, Admiral, his brutal attack on the Queen, 375.

Beaton, Cardinal, the example of his murder inculcated by the Trullas of the Covenant, 133.

Bell, the Rev. John, creates a riot in Glasgow, 132.

Bellasis, Colonel, Montrose urges an exchange for him, 404, 409.

Berwick, treaty of, 215. Not the occasion of Montrose's loyalty, 220–226.

Beverwert, Governor of Bergen, Queen of Bohemia disputes with him against granting the covenanting commissioners' demands, 711, 712, *note*.

Birsay, palace and castle of in Orkney, occupied for Montrose by Kinnoul, 724, *note*. Sudden deaths there of Kinnoul and Morton, 726, 727, and *notes*.

Birkenbog, laird of, 502, 505.

Bishops, Scotch, disgraceful means by which their destruction was effected, 128, 129, 131, 133, 160, *note*.

——— Montrose always opposed to their predominance in the State, and to Episcopacy in Scotland, 787.

——— their estimation of Montrose, 56.

Bishopton, Brisbane of, 53.

Blackhall, Sir Archibald Stewart of, one of the four conservative "plotters," 295, 297, *note*, 317, 319, 351, 353, 367.

Blackness, Castle of, Montrose's relatives imprisoned there, 511.

Blackwood, Harry, head of the stables at Kincardine Castle, 8, 9, 10, 31.

Blair, the Rev. Robert, his merciless doctrine from the pulpit, 592. Petitions for blood, 490. Attends Cromwell in Scotland, 673, *note*.

—— Castle of the, in Athole; Montrose's rendezvous; raises the standard there; the depot of his sick soldiers and prisoners, 419, 420, 462, 463, 520, 521, 606, 611, 616.

—— Kirk of, Lord Napier buried there, 615.

Blebo, Sir William Murray of, taken prisoner by Montrose at the battle of Kilsyth, and dismissed on his parole, 549.

Blythwood, Sir George Elphinstone of, his house in Glasgow occupied by Montrose when Lord Graham, 18.

Bohemia, Queen of, 708.—See *Elizabeth*.

Bog, of Gicht, the, (Gordon Castle), 182, 460, 492, 506. Death of John Lord Graham there, 492. Montrose surprises Huntly there, 619.

Bond, Montrose's conservative, signed at Cumbernauld, 269, *note*, 270. Discovered by Argyle, and burnt by his committee, 273, 274, 277. The ghost of it raised again; violent and calumnious characterising of its tenor by Sir James Balfour and the Rev. Robert Baillie, 269, 341, *note*. Balmerino remonstrates with his own clique in support of the truth of Montrose's defence of it, 342, *note*. A contemporary copy of the Bond itself only recently recovered, and now produced, 269, *note*.

—— the Kilcummin, 478, 479, 492.

Borderers, their degenerate condition and conduct at the rout of Philiphaugh, 570, 571, 576.

Boswell, the younger, in Edinburgh, referred to by the Queen of Bohemia, 719.

Bothwell, Montrose encamped there after the battle of Kilsyth, 554–569.

Bow, and bowstrings, 9, 10, 21, 430, 479.—See *Archery*.

Bowdenhill, battle of, between Newcastle and Leven; Montrose there on his way to Scotland; pronounces Newcastle "slow" upon that momentous occasion; strange spectacle there of a female captain at the head of a troop of Newcastle's horse, 392, 393, *note*, 394, 395.

Bowhopple, Napier of.—See *Napier*.

Boyd, Lord, eulogized by William Lithgow, 74. Discloses the Cumbernauld Bond to Argyle; his death, 272, 273.

Boyne, laird of, 502, 505.

Braco, Graham of.—See *Graham*.

Braemar, the Farquharsons of, 470.—See *Farquharson*.

Breadalbane, Montrose burns the district of, 472.

Brechin, Bishop of, secret letter to Johnston of Warriston recommending a riot and assault upon his person if he appeared on the street, 131. Scene between him and the Lord-Advocate, 161.

——— Town of, 7, 495.

Breda, treaty of, Charles II.'s vicious and double policy in the conduct of; Hume and Brodie's historical mistake corrected, 740, *note*, 757, *note*, 759–762. The King's disingenuous conduct in his private instructions regarding Montrose's continuing in arms, dated after the treaty of Breda had been signed, but before the King had learnt that Montrose was defeated and captured, 761, 762.

Brentford, Earl of Forth and, 391, 687, 718, 721, *note*.

Brethern, Queen of Bohemia's playful and sarcastic allusions to the name assumed by the covenanting zealots, 711, 712, *note*, 718.

Broachly, the baron of, 258, *note*.

Brodie, George, Esq. Advocate (Historiographer Royal for Scotland), his account of the Covenant in Scotland; his admiration of it; his exceptions to it, 141, 142. His prejudiced and violent misapprehension of the history, character, and capacities of Montrose, 359, 748, *note; Appendix*, vol. i. pp. lix. lx. His statement that the news of Montrose's final defeat caused Charles II. to agree to the treaty of Breda, refuted by documents under the King's own hand, 757, *note*, 759, *note*, 760, 761, 762.

Bruce, of Carnock, 36.

——— Captain, taken prisoner by Montrose at the rout of Philiphaugh, 577.

Brunswick, Duke of, his reception of Montrose, 728.

Buchanan, George, strangely characterised by Mr Macaulay, 39. Significantly quoted by Sir Thomas Hope of Kerse, 267.

Buckie, the Goodman of (Gordon), note from Montrose to, after the battle of Auldearn, 506. Holds Gordon Castle for Montrose, 526.

Burnet, Bishop, his characteristics of Montrose as playing the "part of a hero too much," and as taking "too much care of himself," 93, 519, *note*, 748, *note*. A foul scandal against Montrose, and Queen Henrietta Maria,

founded on a false passage in Burnet's history of his own time, refuted by the Queen's letters, of date both before and after the scandal alleged, 656, 657, 697, 698, 699, 707. Mr Macaulay's emphatic *imprimatur* on Burnet's honesty, 698.

Burnet, Sir Thomas of Leys, 170, 451, 464, 465.

Burns, James, a Glasgow bailie, his contemporary MS. chronicle, 553, *note*. His record of the death and funeral of the Marchioness of Montrose, 615.

Caithness, county of, Montrose lands there with foreign troops, under the commission and injunctions of Charles II., 742, 743. The gentlemen and heritors of, withhold their aid; Montrose's letter to them, 743, 744.

——— Earl of, one of the fourteen Earls who carried the coffin with the remains of Montrose to the tomb at his public funeral, 834.

Calder, Sir James Sandilands of, 4, 5.

Callendar, Lord Almond, created Earl of, 370. A fast and loose loyalist, 388. Accepts of the command of an army against Montrose, 395, 397, 398. His patriotism characterised by Montrose, as being "only for saving of his estate," 400, 410. Positively refuses the military command resigned by Argyle, 469. One of the fourteen Earls who carried the coffin with the remains of Montrose to the tomb at his public funeral, 834.

Cambo, the laird of, killed at the battle of Kilsyth, 551.

Cameron, the Tutor of Lochiel, signs the Kilcummin Bond, and heads the sept at the battle of Inverlochy, 479, *note*.

Camerons, at the gathering for the invasion of Argyle's country, 470. Their pibroch or war song addressed to the beasts and birds of prey, 483, *note*.

Camerarius, Joachim, his Living Library, enumerated among Montrose's books in his boyhood, 22, 23.

Campbell, Archibald, Marquis of Argyle.—See *Argyle*.

——— Sir Archibald, brother to Sir James Campbell of Lawers, and uncle to Loudon, 255, 256, *note*, 260, 336, 518.

——— Mungo, younger of Lawers, with Argyle at Taymouth, 257. Killed at the battle of Auldearn, 505.

——— Sir Duncan, of Auchinbreck, with Argyle at Taymouth, 257. Killed at the battle of Inverlochy, 481, 485, *note*.

——— of Crinan, a hint from Montrose to, 515, 518.

——— Colin, brother to Crinan, 515.

——— Lady Mary, a sister of Argyle, 381.

——— Castle, burned by the Macleans under Montrose, 253, 537.

Cannon, portable, invented by Colonel Alexander Hamilton, and called "dear Sandie's stoups," 152, 174, 180, 210.

Canongate, of Edinburgh, scene there between Montrose and Argyle, 779, 781, 782, *note*.

Cant, the Rev. Andrew, one of the "three Apostles of the Covenant," who accompanied Montrose in his first imposition of the Covenant upon Aberdeen, 136, 148, 149. His report of Hamilton's double dealing, corroborative of Montrose's report of the same, 97. His cruelty, 490.

Capercailzie, price of in Scotland, at the time of the funeral of Montrose's father, 26.

Car, Robin, the bearer of the letters from Charles I. to Montrose, requiring him to lay down his arms in support of the Monarchy, 634, 636, 637, 642.

Carlippis, the German valet of Montrose's brother-in-law, Colquhoun of Luss; reputed to be "ane necromancer;" his part in the diabolical seduction, and abduction, of Montrose's sister Lady Katherine Graham, 77, 79, 80, 83, 84, 85, 89.

Carlisle, town of, Montrose retreats upon it from Dumfries, on the failure of his first attempt to raise the standard in Scotland; condemns his own move as a false one, 397, 409. Montrose rides from thence in disguise to the Perthshire highlands in four days, and takes Perth within ten days thereafter, 413, 418, 428.

——— Lady, her imprisonment: referred to in a letter from the Queen of Bohemia to Montrose, 721.

Carmichael, the Rev. Frederick, a covenanting zealot, blesses the army of Perth, and prophecies victory for it before joining battle on Tippermuir, 429. Taken prisoner at the battle of Kilsyth, 551, *note*.

Carnegie, Lord, Montrose's brother-in-law, his election at the General Assembly of 1638, in Glasgow, violently opposed by Montrose, 154, 155. Joins Montrose in his first armed expedition to enforce the Covenant at Aberdeen, 180.—See *Southesk*.

——— Lady Magdalene, Marchioness of Montrose; her early marriage to Montrose, 65–71. Has four sons, John, James, Robert, and David, 65, 513, *corrected* by *note* in Appendix to vol. ii. p. 827. Evidence of her being submissive to the Argyle government, and not devoted to her husband, 512, 513, 514. Her death; buried at Montrose; the Marquis attends her funeral, 614, 615.

——— Lady Marjory, sister to the Marchioness of Montrose, 68.

——— David, Master of Lour (2d Earl of Northesk), subscribes the Cumbernauld Bond, 270, *note*.

Carnwath, Robert, 2d Earl of, with the royal army in the north of England, under the Marquis of Newcastle; his reputed daughter commands a troop of horse there; and is commissioned under the name of "Captain Francis Dalzell," 393. His jealous and disloyal rejection of a commission to be Lord-Lieutenant of Clydesdale, brought to him by Montrose from the King, 394, *note*.

Cassilis, John, 6th Earl of, a creature of Argyle's, 220, 513, *note*, 542, 553. One of the Commissioners to the Hague; his virulent abuse of Montrose to Charles II., 696, 699.

Castleton of Braemar, Montrose there with troops, 610, 611.

Cavaliers, the English, their high pretensions at the Court at Oxford; never victorious, 387, 578.

Chambers, Robert, his History of the Civil War under Montrose, 535, *note*, 611, *note*. His assertion that Montrose, while a close prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, "proposed to Charles I., in a letter, a plan for having

Argyle, Hamilton, and Lanerick, assassinated," examined, traced to its source, and refuted, 358–363, *Appendix*, to vol. i. pp. lx–lxix.

Charles the First, his precept for installing Montrose in his father's baronies; remits the feudal casualties of ward and marriage to Montrose, 24, 25. His mandates relative to the trial of Colquhoun of Luss for the seduction of Montrose's sister, 75, 76. His coronation in Scotland, 72, 119, 120. Commencement of his troubles there, 121–126. Influenced by Hamilton to receive young Montrose ungraciously at Court, 94, 95. The factious humour and dishonesty of his Scottish courtiers and counsellors the foundation of his troubles and ruin, 102–105. Graphic scenes between and Lord Napier, illustrative of Scottish factionists, 106–111. Gross fraud and forgery committed by some of the Scottish nobles; even to stealing the King's superscription, and falsifying his hand, and the royal precepts, 115, 116. Lord Napier's character of him, 103, 106, 117, 118, 119. His progress to Scotland in 1633, and factious reception, 119–126. His just indignation at the factious disloyalty of Argyle and other covenanting noblemen, after the treaty of Berwick, 220. His first interview with Montrose as a statesman; not the occasion of gaining him over, 224, 226, 227, 228, 229, 236. Summons Montrose to Court, who writes his reasons for declining, 228. Induced by the advice of Montrose and Napier to come to Scotland in 1641, to settle the kingdom in person, and to "satisfy the people in point of Religion and Liberties in a loving and free manner," instead of sending a Commissioner; his letter to Montrose announcing his advent, and his speech to the Scotch Parliament, both an echo of that advice, 311–313, 316, 350. His letter to Argyle, disclaiming intentions factiously and calumniously imputed to him, 314. His arrival in Scotland, 348. Finds himself powerless in the hands of an unscrupulous faction, and his best friends in prison; Argyle's jesuitical and insolent reception of him, 349–353. Extraordinary scene before the King and Parliament, upon "the stage appointed for delinquents;" the King's kindly and melancholy recognition of an old and faithful servant, 353–355. His anxiety to save the lives of his friends in prison, 357. His forlorn and miserable condition in the hands of the Argyle faction; his agitation and grief at being deserted and insulted by Hamilton, 355, *note*, 356, 360, 361, *note*, 363, *Appendix* to vol. i. pp. lxvii., lxviii., lxxv., lxxvi. His progress to Scotland ends in the complete triumph of the Argyle faction, 357, 369–371. His letters to Montrose from England after his return; his high estimation of his conduct and character conclusive against the modern calumny that Montrose had insulted him when in Scotland with a proposition to assassinate the leaders of the disloyal faction, 366, 372. Raises the standard at Nottingham, 372. His infatuated trust in Will Murray of the Bed-chamber, and reliance upon Hamilton, 373, 376, 377, 379. Ruinous result, 382, 383. Orders a Court of Inquiry, composed of the highest English functionaries, to sit upon the conduct of Hamilton and Lanerick; overwhelming evidence of the highest minded of the Scotch nobles against them; the English Commission decides accordingly; Hamilton disgraced, and sent to Pen-

dennis; Lanerick placed under arrest, but escapes, and immediately joins the Argyle faction, and becomes Secretary of State under that government, 383, 384. The King's military court at Oxford; he sends for Montrose and commissions him to raise the standard in Scotland, 385–387. Ruined by the defeat at Marston-moor, and deserted by his General, Newcastle, 402, 403. Receives dispatches from Montrose, informing him of the extraordinary success of his arms in Scotland, 458, 459, 484–488, *note*. Sends messengers to Montrose, with the higher commission to him of Captain-General, and Lieutenant Governor of Scotland, 565. Fails to meet his victorious General at the Border, or to send him auxiliary forces from England, 571, 572, 575. His melancholy letter to Montrose from Ragland, 573. His distress and indignation at the surrendering of Bristol by Prince Rupert, 574. Opens a letter from Montrose to Digby (absent), and is made aware of the disaster at Philiphaugh; his melancholy and affecting letter from Newark to Montrose on that occasion, 613, 614. His own invariable disasters render Montrose's victories fruitless, 387, 575, 578. Seeks a refuge in the covenanting army; his delusion as to Montrose being allowed to join forces with that faction; his letter to Montrose under that delusion, 631, 632, 633. His reply to the insolent manner in which Lothian undeceived him, 633. Is compelled to order Montrose to lay down arms and go abroad; correspondence between them to that effect, 634–643. Is strangely reminded that he has still a Lord Advocate in Scotland, 649, 650. Heartlessly neglected by his Queen, 653–655. His commissions and affecting letters to Montrose abroad; thanks Montrose for sending him a sword, 656, 660, 651. Argyle binds him and sells him for money, 655, 703, 704, 738, 807. Cromwell cuts his throat, and takes his crown, 686, 691–694, 704, 705, 738.

Charles the Second, his correspondence, as Prince of Wales, with Montrose; a gross perversion, or blunder, of Clarendon's on the subject detected, 684–690. Receives petitions as King, from the covenanting Commissioners at the Hague, 695, 696, 697, *note*. Disgusted with their outrageous abuse of Montrose, whom he consults notwithstanding, and commands his answer and his advice in writing, 699–705. Rejects the violent counsels of the Commissioners, and invests Montrose with a new commission as Governor of Scotland, and Commander-in-chief; proceeds to join the Queen-Mother at St Germains, accompanied by Montrose; his letter to Montrose, along with his commissions and instructions, pledging himself to be counselled by him in the affairs of Scotland, 705, 706. His treaty with the Argyle and Lauderdale factions at Breda; his disreputable and ruinous double-dealing with those Commissioners, 737, 739, 740, 747. His bye-play with Montrose closely examined, and illustrated by his own written instructions and autograph letters, now first fully produced, 748–762. His mean compromise of the interest and safety of the Commander-in-chief, whom he had so peremptorily instructed to make his descent on Scotland, 760, 761. His latest instructions, even after the treaty of Breda, and when (unknown to him) Montrose was a prisoner, and about to be exe-

cuted, that, in a certain event, he was *not* to lay down his arms, but to augment his forces, 761, 762. Said to have written a letter to the Argyle Parliament, after the murder of Montrose, directly contrary to the fact, 764. Reported by Argyle to that Parliament as having expressed to Lothian at Breda his satisfaction at the fate of Montrose, and as having emphatically disowned and repudiated his invasion of Scotland, all directly contrary to the fact, as proved by his own autograph letters, and official instructions, public and private, 765. His meagre letter of condolence to the son of the murdered Montrose, 766. Compelled by Argyle to swallow both the Covenants; his progress from the Spey to Edinburgh; greeted at Aberdeen with the sight of a mangled limb of Montrose, and at Edinburgh with his gory head, 767, 768, 845.

Chiesly, Sir John, his report to England of the disasters attending Montrose's last expedition to Scotland, 741, 742.

Christmas and New-year 1629, Montrose spends a merry one at Balcarres, 51. His Christmas ploy and party twelve years afterwards, 295, 318, 319.

Clans, the loyal, estimate of their various contingents in arms, 654, *note*.

Clarendon, his character of Argyle; his account of the estimation in which Argyle was held by his own father, 157, 158. False anecdote found in his manuscripts, and published by his original editors for history, that Montrose, in 1641, made an offer to Charles the First to assassinate Hamilton and Argyle with his own hand, 359, 360. Not aware at the time that Montrose at that crisis was Argyle's state prisoner, and closely confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, 361. Confusion in Clarendon's manuscripts of the subject, 362. His own subsequent correction, of the false and calumnious anecdote, overlooked by his editors, and suppressed in the publication of his history, 362. He himself ascertains the truth from conversing with Montrose and Charles the First, and characterises the cloudy rumours of the period as "senseless fears," 363. The false anecdote, published in the original print of his manuscripts, still retained in the text by his modern editors as history, and the truth hid in the appendix, 362, 363. His admiration for, and character of Montrose, utterly at variance with the calumnious anecdote, 362, *note*, 688, 690, 691, *note*. His pique against Montrose, 690. Character of Hamilton, 101.

Cluny, Mr Robert Gordon of, son to Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun, the youth appointed by Montrose's friends to sit near him on the scaffold, and note his last words in *Brachography*, 806, *note*.

Cochrane, Colonel John, his loyal nerves severely tried by Montrose, 276, 277, *note*. His interview with Charles the First, in 1641, described by the King himself; conclusive against the modern historical calumny founded thereon by Malcolm Laing against Montrose, *Appendix* to vol. i., pp. lviii, *note*, lxii, lxiii, lxiv, *note*.

Colepepper, Lord, the Queen of Bohemia's arch allusion to him, in a letter to Montrose, 718, *note*.

Coll, Keitache (the ambi-dexter, or left-handed,), the father of Montrose's Major-General, oppressed by Argyle, 416, 504, *note*.

Colquhoun, laird of Luss, murdered in 1592, by his brother, 14.
——— John, beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh in 1592, for the murder of his brother the laird of Luss, 14, 15.
——— Sir Alexander of Luss, father of the infamous Sir John, 14.
——— Sir John of Luss, married to Lady Lilias Graham, Montrose's eldest sister, 14. Narrative of the criminal process against him for his villanous seduction and abduction of his wife's young sister, Lady Katherine Graham, while under his guardianship, 75–84. Outlawed, along with his necromantic valet *Carlippis*, for not appearing, 85. Reappears in Scotland sixteen years thereafter, humbly acknowledges the purity and supremacy of the Kirk militant, and is tenderly dealt with by the Argyle government, 85–87. Remarkable silence of the contemporary journalists as to his crime, 79. Lost sight of by genealogical historians, who confound him with his son, 80. Doubts as to the period of his death, 88, *note*.
——— Sir John of Luss (son of the former), recorded as the nephew of Montrose, at the pageant of his public funeral, 827, *note*, 834, *note*.
——— of Balvie, brother to Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, 86.
——— of Glens, brother to Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, 86.
——— Robert, of Balernich, 87.
Colvill, Lord, of Culross, recommends a falconer to Montrose at College, 48.
Committees, the vicious government of Scotland by means of secret and packed, 137, 138, 237, 238, 308, 322, *note*, 325, 333–338, 367, 474, 481, 778, *note*, *Appendix*, to vol. i. pp. lxvii, lxviii.
Compton, Sir William, his estimate of Argyle as a patriot; his death and character, 846, 847.
Cook, Dr., the historian of the Church of Scotland; his severe comment upon the liturgy riots in Scotland destroys his apology for them, 131. His severe condemnation of the disingenuous composition of the Covenant destroys his apology for it, 140, 141.
Couper, Lord, accompanies Montrose in his expedition against Huntly; signs along with him a relaxation in favour of Papists, in the matter of subscribing the Covenant, 182–184.
Covenant, Scotch, its scheme; its dishonest pretensions and mob imposition, 138–145.
——— Solemn League and, its birth and parentage, 381, 382. Determined opposition to it by Montrose, who draws the distinction between that and the first Covenant, 383, 702, 787, 795, *Appendix* to vol. i. p. l.
Covenanting Government and zealots.—See *Cruelty*.
Cowley, Abraham, the poet, his letter expressing horror at the murder of Montrose, 771, 772.
Craig, Elspet, the mother of Johnston of Warriston, her epitaph, 130.
Craighall, Lord, the Advocate's eldest son, 232, 509, 515, 650.
——— the Lord Advocate ordered to confine himself to his own house of, 232.
Craigievar, Sir William Forbes of, his desperate charge upon the Redshanks,

at the battle of Aberdeen; taken prisoner, 456. Breaks his parole and absconds, 463, 468.

Craigston, in Buchan, Montrose there, 531, *note*.

Cranston, John, second Lord, reported by Hamilton to Charles I., as one of the first and keenest agitators of the Covenant, 99.

Crathes, the castle of, Montrose there with his staff on the eve of the battle of Aberdeen, 451, *note*, 452. Again visited by Montrose, 464, 465.

Crawford, Ludovick, "the loyal Earl of;" sometimes forgot his loyalty, 407, *note*, 389. With Montrose at the siege of Morpeth Castle, 399, 401. Defends Newcastle; taken prisoner there; his treatment by the covenanting faction in Edinburgh; released from the Tolbooth, and his life saved by Montrose, 410, 411, 561. A flaw detected in Lord Lindsay's life of him, *Appendix* to vol. i. p. lxii.

Cromwell, his advent prophesied by Montrose, 288. Graphic portrait of him by Sir Philip Warwick, 290. His reception in Edinburgh by Argyle, 673, *note*. His game played for him in Scotland by Argyle, 737.

Cruelty, in Montrose's conduct and character, a vulgar error, and myth in history; founded upon factious abuse and calumny; contradiction of it elicited from one of his most abusive enemies, 285, 313, 581, 582, 696, 697, 769. The reverse of it proved by the testimony of the Kirk militant, 200, 201, 206, 207, 213, 214, 215. And by authentic records of his boyhood, 43, 55, 61, 62, 63, *Appendix* to vol. i. p. lviii. And of his conduct when in arms for the King, 432, 436, 441, 452, 463, 468, 485, 549, 582, 599, 600. His own indignant and dying defence against the calumny, 795, 807. The calumny inconsiderately and loosely adopted by modern historical writers; magniloquently asserted by Laing, 583, *Appendix* to vol. i. p. lviii. Emphatically echoed by Hallam, 583. Hurriedly adopted by Lord Mahon, 58. Evaded by Sir Walter Scott, 582, *Appendix* to vol. i. p. lxxi. Aptly illustrated by an old woman at Inverness, 774.

——— in Argyle's conduct and character, not a myth in history, but a fact substantially proved, 158, 244, 246, 247, 248, 250, 252, 253, 260, 327, 330, 447, *note*, 449, *note*, 511, 512, 514, 556, 557, 559, 563, 589, 598, 603, *note*, 763, 769, 781, 789, *note*, 797, 847, *Appendix* to vol. i. p. lxxviii.

——— of the zealots among the covenanting clergy, under the leadership of Johnston of Warriston, and the headship of Argyle, 200, 214, 215, 274, 294, *note*, 348, 349, 444, 447, 490, 582, 584, 585, *note*, 586–590, 592–604, 769–775, 783–785, 791, 800, 801, *note*, 803.

Cumbernauld, Montrose's Conservative Bond signed at, 269, *note*, 270, 795.

Dalhousie, William, first Earl of, appointed by the Argyle government, before the battle of Kilsyth, to take charge of, and educate, the young Lord Graham, whom they had seized and imprisoned, 563.

Dalzell, Captain Francis, "one Mrs Piersons who had the charge of a troop, whom Carnwath called his daughter," 393, *note*.

——— Sir John, brother to the Earl of Carnwath, with Montrose at Philip-

haugh, 578. His unsuccessful mission to Huntly, 617, 618.—See *Carnwath.*

Darly, Mr, a prisoner offered by Montrose in exchange for Colonel Bellasis, 404, 409.

Darsy, the seat of Archbishop Spottiswoode, Montrose's visits there from College, 51, 56.

Davidson, of Ardnacross, brother-in-law to MacColl Keitache, killed at the battle of Auldearn, 503.

De Retz, Cardinal, his admiration for Montrose, and eulogy of him, 61, 662. Interposes, through the French Regency, to save the life of Montrose, 770, 771.

Declaration, issued by Montrose, upon raising the standard in Scotland against the Solemn League and Covenant, 424, 425. His Declaration upon landing in Scotland under the instructions and commands of Charles II., 738.

Dee, battle of the bridge of, gained by Montrose for the Covenant, 207–215.

Delinquents, a prejudicial term applied by the Argyle faction to all who were processed for their loyalty; a stage in the Parliament House on which they were ordered to stand while examined; Montrose and his friends treated as such, 338, 348, 354, 451, 457.

Denbigh, Basil Fielding, Earl of, Burnet's account of his having travelled with Montrose, 93, 94.

Denholm, Baron of, one of the "gentlemen appointed for relieving" the fourteen Earls who carried the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.

Denmark, Montrose's distinguished reception at the Court of, 671, 723.

Dennistoun, James, Esq. of Dennistoun, 758, *note*, 780, *note*.

Dickson, the Rev. David, one of the "three Apostles of the Covenant," 96, 130, 148. Petitions for blood, 490. Attends Cromwell in Scotland, 673, *note*. One of Montrose's tormentors in prison, 788.

Dictator, cabal to create Argyle, over Scotland; detected and opposed by Montrose, 263, 264, *note*, 265–269, *note*, 303, 305, 306.

Digby, George, Lord, Secretary of State to Charles I. at Oxford: Montrose arranges with him the plan of carrying the war into Scotland, 408, *note*. Fails in his engagement to send auxiliaries from England to Montrose, or to be of the slightest use to him in the greatest straights; Sir Robert Spottiswoode's letter of remonstrance to him, 572. His feeble and unsuccessful attempt when too late, 573, 574, *note*, 575, 612, 613, 614.

D'Israeli, examination of his treatment of the *assassination* calumny against Montrose, *Appendix* to vol. i. p. lxx.

Dobson, William, Sergeant-painter to Charles I.; his portrait of Montrose at Oxford, 279, *note*.—See *Portraits*.

Donaldson, Margaret, Montrose's landlady in the town of Perth; he holds his head-quarters in her house after the battle of Tippermuir, 435, *note*.

Donavourd (the hill of the bard), in Athole, Montrose there with his army, 463, 464, 465.

Douglas, William, first Marquis of, joins Montrose after the battle of Kilsyth, 554. Montrose's letter to, 566. Escapes with Montrose from Philiphaugh, 577, 578.

——— James, second Marquis of, enumerated among the "nine of the nearest in blood" who followed the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.

——— Sir William, of Cavers, Sheriff of Teviotdale, had eleven sisters-sons killed at the battle of Auldearn, 505, *note*.

——— Marian, the Lady of Drum, her spirited defiance of the atrocious tyranny of Argyle, 247, 248.

Drum.—See *Irvine*.

Drumfad, Montrose's pic-nic there with his sisters, 53.

Drumlanrig, Lord, one of the twelve noblemen supporting the pall at Montrose's public funeral, 834.

Drumminor (Castle Forbes), Aboyne rejoins Montrose there for the first time after "deserting him in the nick," 608.

Drummond, Lord (3d Earl of Perth), one of Montrose's council of nobles in his covenanting raid against Aberdeen, 199. Montrose's bed-fellow; complains with him of the vicious and exclusive cabal of the Argyle clique, 272, 337. Nevertheless commands the covenanting horse at Tippermuir against Montrose, where he does little but run away, 430, 431. Nevertheless joins Montrose after the battle of Kilsyth, 554. Fined £30,000 by the Argyle government, and now decidedly opposed to Argyle, 567, 568. Enumerated among the "nine of the nearest of blood" who followed the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.

——— David, the Master of and 3d Lord Maderty; married to Montrose's sister, "the bairn Beatrix," 89, 90. Joins Montrose from Perth, before the battle of Tippermuir, 428. Sent with a flag of truce to Lord Elcho before the battle; made prisoner; his narrow escape, 430, 437, 442. Enumerated among the "nine of the nearest of blood" who followed the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.

——— Sir John, of Logiealmond (4th son of the 2d Earl of Perth), joins Montrose at the hill of Buchanty before the battle of Tippermuir, 427, 428.

——— Sir Patrick, 66.

——— of Balloch, nephew of Archibald 1st Lord Napier, 396, *note*. With Montrose in his escape from Philiphaugh, 578. Sent as a special messenger to reclaim Huntly, 608. Along with Graham of Inchbrakie, defeats the remnant of Argyle's highland army quartered on Lord Napier's lands in Menteith, 625. Along with his cousin, Archibald, 2d Lord Napier, fortifies and holds Montrose's castle of Kincardine against Middleton, until reduced from want of water; their adventurous escape, and fate of the castle, 629, 630. Escapes to Norway with other attendants on Montrose, 642.

——— William, of Hawthornden, the poet, surmise that Montrose's

essay on Sovereign Power was probably addressed to him, 290 *note*. Protected after the battle of Kilsyth by Montrose, who proposes to print his loyal pieces; their correspondence on the subject, 564, 565, *note*.

Drummond, John, of Belliclone, attending Montrose in Perth, 436, 439.

——— of Machanie, in Strathearn, 37, 51.

Dudhope, Sir John Scrymgeour of, Constable of Dundee (1st Viscount Dudhope), a loyalist opposed to Montrose when a covenanter, 165. His house of Dudhope frequented by Montrose when at College, 51. 63.

Dumbarton, Presbytery of, its compromise with necromancy, seduction, and incest, 86, 87.

Dumfries, entered by Montrose in his first attempt to raise the standard in Scotland, 395, 396, *note*. Its cruel Synod petitions Parliament for blood, 593, 595, *note*.

Dun, Donald, confidential messenger of the lady of Keir, 510.

Dunavertie, fort of, murderous proceedings there of Argyle and his chaplain, 603, *note*.

Dunbarro, laird of, killed at Kilsyth, 551, *note*.

Duncan, James, factor at Mugdock, letter to from Montrose's valet, 31, 32.

Duncruib, Sir Andrew Rollo of (Lord Rollo), 35.—See *Rollo*.

Dundaff, Montrose's barony of, 8.

Dundee, John Scrymgeour, 1st Earl of, and 3d Viscount Dudhope, one of the fourteen Earls who carried the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.—See *Dudhope*.

——— town of, Montrose furnished therefrom with butt arrows and wine for the archers at St Andrews College, 47, 48. Summoned by Montrose without success, 448. His second summons of it, 495, *note*. Stormed by him; his celebrated retreat therefrom, 495–497. Humane and honourable conduct of, to Montrose in his last extremity, 775, 776.

Dundonald, William Cochrane, 1st Earl of, 278, *note*.

Dunfermline, Earl of, 219, 596.

Dunglas, house of, frequented by Montrose in his College days, 51.

Dunkeld, town of, Argyle chased from by Montrose, 468, 469.

——— Little, Montrose encamped there, 535.

Dunkenny, L'Amy of, 32.

Dunnottar, castle of, sixteen covenanting ministers witness a bonfire therefrom, 494.

Dunse, the bond of Argyle's Dictatorship offered to Montrose for signature there, 263, 264.

Duplin, Viscount (1st Earl of Kinnoul), 74.

——— Viscount (3d Earl of Kinnoul), with Montrose at Crathes before the battle of Aberdeen, 451, *note*, 468.

Durham, town of, Montrose's interview with the Marquis of Newcastle there, 391.

——— the Rev. James, one of Montrose's tormentors in prison, 785.

Durie, Gibson of, elder ("Auld Durie"), urges Lord Napier to accept of a dishonourable indemnity, 336.

Durie, Gibson of, younger, 338. Competes successfully against Johnston of Warriston for the place of Lord Register, 370, 371.

Edinburgh, town of, Montrose's youthful appearance there as a carpet knight, 53–55. At the feet of Montrose, 561. Montrose in the fangs of, 781, 797. Combat at the *Salt Trone* of, between Montrose's father and Sir James Sandilands, and cause thereof, 4, 5.

Eglinton, Hugh Montgomery, 7th Earl of, his merciful votes in an unmerciful Parliament, 596. One of the eleven Peers present at the reading of Montrose's sentence, 836, *note*. One of the fourteen Earls who carried his remains at his public funeral, 834.

Elcho, Lord (1st Earl of Wemyss), defeated by Montrose at the battle of Tippermuir, 427–431. Again defeated by him at the battle of Kilsyth, 539.

Elgin, town of, Montrose scatters Seaforth and his committee there, and takes it without resistance, 491.

Elphinstone, Sir George, of Blythwood, 18.

Episcopacy, fanatical and irrational condemnation of the principle, 221, 224, 225.

Erskine, Lord (9th Earl of Mar), fanatical and characteristic scene in the General Assembly of 1638, upon his joining the Covenanters, 270, *note*. Subscribes Montrose's conservative bond at Cumbernauld, 270. Pays homage to Montrose after the battle of Kilsyth, 554. Offers good counsel to Montrose, 570. Escapes with Montrose from Philiphaugh, 578. Recruits for him thereafter, 609. One of the fourteen Earls who carried the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.

——— of Dun, Montrose supports his commission in the General Assembly of 1638; violent scene upon that occasion, 154, 155.

——— Master William, his funeral attended by Montrose, 56.

——— Lady Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John 8th Earl of Mar; married to the Master of Napier; imprisoned by the Argyle government, 490, 509, *note*, 511, 512. Cruel treatment of her, 558, 559. Released by her husband after the battle of Kilsyth, 559, 560. Letter to her from her husband in exile, 665. Her bereft condition at the time of Montrose's execution; most probably the purveyor of his dress for the scaffold, 810, 811. Obtains his heart after his death, and has it embalmed, 812, 813, 814, 815.

Faction, petty, Charles I. a prey to, from the commencement of his reign, in regard to the affairs of Scotland, 103, 105, 117. Dishonest and criminal conduct of Scotch counsellors of the highest rank and position; extraordinary scene at the Scotch Council-board, 112–116. Growth of the tithe agitation, and of the factious opposition to Charles I. at his coronation in Scotland, arising from the petty and interested faction of needy Scotch nobles, 118–124. Origin of the covenanting faction in the same source, 125, 126. Grossly exemplified in the criminal processes got up against the Scotch Bishops, 131, 132, 136, 141, 143, 144, 153,160, 161, *note*. The

vicious system detected and protested against by Montrose, 156, 262–266, 269, *note*, 272, 337. His eloquent reference to it in his letter on Sovereign Power, 286–289; and in his letter of advice to the King, 313; and in his remonstrance to the country after the battle of Kilsyth, *Appendix* to vol. i. pp. xlviii, xlix. Results in the cruel and unprincipled domination of Argyle, 248, 253, 256, 260, 330, 336, 352, 355, 373, 673, *note*, 768, *note*, 797, 847.

Fanaticism, 134, *note*, 141, 270, *note*, 300, 429, 433, 549, 593, 650, 775, 787, 788, *note*.

Farquarson, Donald, "the pride of Braemar," joins Montrose; his death, 470, 493, 505.

Findlater, James Ogilvy, 1st Earl of, 167, 497. Defeated at Auldearn, 505.

Flodden, death there of the first Earl of Montrose, 3.

Fleming, Lord (3d Earl of Wigton), one of the twelve noblemen who carried the pall at Montrose's public funeral, 834.

——— Malcolm, brother to 2d Earl of Wigton, and cousin-german to Montrose, 53.

——— Sir William, second son to 2d Earl of Wigton, 408. Carries dispatches from Charles II. at Breda to the Argyle government; disreputable character of his instructions, 757, 758, *note*, 761, 762, *note*, 764, 765.

——— Sir Robert, son of 3d Earl of Wigton.

Forbes, Lord, 74, 450, 451. Defeated by Montrose at Aberdeen, 458.

——— Sir William, of Craigievar, his gallant charge of the Irish musketeers at the battle of Aberdeen; his troop annihilated, and himself made prisoner, 456. Handsomely treated by Montrose; takes advantage of it, and makes his escape, 463, 468. His deposition before a Committee of Estates, 457, *note*.

——— of Largie, brother to the tutor of Pitsligo; made prisoner along with Craigievar; disdains to make his escape, and is dismissed by Montrose on his parole, 456, 468, 521.

——— a natural son of Forbes of Lesly; murders Irvine of Kingcaussie at the instigation of Argyle; hanged therefor, 446, *note*.

——— House of, 835.

Forrester, Lord, 835, 836, *note*.

Forrett, Master William, Montrose's first pedagogue; his careful attention to his pupil's affairs, 18, 19, 21, 22, 29. Touching evidence of Montrose's enduring affection for him, in sending for him to Perth after his victory at Tippermuir; acts as purse-master to Montrose there, and takes charge of his children, when brought to Perth, 434, 435, *note*, 438, 440, 443, 445, 452. Accompanies Montrose in his "strange coursing," and severe campaign round and round the north of Scotland; undergoes the desperate night march from Badenoch to Athole; parts with Montrose and young Lord Graham there, 469, 470, 471. Imprisoned by the Estates; his deposition before the committee, 471, 472, *note*. His death, his parentage, his will, 809, *note*.

Fosswell, a barony of Montrose, 8.

Fotheringhame, of Powrie, one of the twenty-one Earls sons, and lesser barons, appointed to assist the fourteen Earls who carried the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.

Foveran, Turing of, one of the loyal northern barons, 197.

Fraser, Andrew, 2d Lord, joins Montrose, 176, 181, for the covenant, 176. Defeated by him at Aberdeen, 421, 450, 451, 455, 458. Attends the public funeral of Montrose and Hay of Dalgetty, 835.

——— Rev. James, chaplain to Lord Lovat, his manuscript history of the Troubles; his account as an eye-witness, of Montrose's treatment and bearing when carried prisoner from the north of Scotland to his execution in Edinburgh, 772–777. His record of Montrose's last words and dying speech, 806–808, 843. An eye-witness to the removal, in 1661, of Montrose's head from the Tolbooth, and of the replacing it with the head of Argyle, 809.

Frendraught, 1st Viscount, opposed to Montrose in the north, and defeated by him at Aberdeen, 455. Subsequently joins Montrose, and is with him at the scene of his last defeat; severely wounded there; his generous conduct, 745. Laing's history corrected as to Frendraught's having "died a Roman death" in prison, 841.

Fullarton, an honest man, among the Scotch courtiers of Charles I., 114.

Fullerton, one of the Montrose baronies, 8.

Galloway, Synod of, petitions Parliament for blood, 594.

Garscube, house of, in Dumbartonshire, a seat of Montrose's, 16, 28, 31, *note*.

Garter, order of, conferred upon Montrose by Charles II.; found concealed under a tree in the line of his flight, 753, 754, *note*.

Gartmer, John Alexander of, a son of the Earl of Stirling, 510.

Gask, Lord Murray of (4th Earl of Tullibardine), routed with Lord Elcho by Montrose at Tippermuir, 427, 429, 431.—See *Tullibardine*.

—— Lord, one of the twelve noblemen who sustained the pall at Montrose's public funeral, 834.

—— Oliphant of, a prisoner to Montrose in the Castle of Blair; Argyle promises to get him exchanged for Montrose's chaplain, the Rev. George Wishart, 521.

Geddes, Jenny, the genius and proper type of the Scottish Covenant, 134, 141. Her recantation, 840.

Glammis, Lord (2d Earl of Kinghorn) his letter to his brother, a prisoner of Montrose's in the Castle of Blair, 521.—See *Kinghorn*.

———— Castle in Forfarshire, frequented by Montrose in his college days, 47, *note*, 450.

Glasgow, Montrose under private tuition there preparatory for college, 18–21. Four hundred merks for building the College there and the Library subscribed by Montrose, 71. Protected by Montrose after the battle of Kilsyth, 552, 553. Occupied by General David Leslie and the Argyle government after the route of Philiphaugh; cruel proceedings there, and execu-

tion of distinguished loyalists, interrupted by the approach of Montrose with recruited forces, 589, 590, 611, 612.

Glenalmond, Montrose's march through, before the battle of Tippermuir, 423, 427. Montrose encamped there immediately after the rout of Philiphaugh, 605.

Glencairn, William, 9th Earl of, a waverer, deserts Aboyne and the royal cause in the nick, 202, *note*. Escapes to Ireland after the battle of Kilsyth, 553.

Glengarry, younger of, joins Montrose before the battle of Inverlochy, 470, 479, *note*. Commands the main body of Montrose's army at the battle of Alford, 527. His constant and efficient support of the royal standard, 532. References to him by Montrose in his correspondence with Huntly, 622, 623, 624, 630. His force in the field, 532, 654, *note*.

Glenorquie, Campbell of, contributes a great hynd to the feast at the funeral of Montrose's father, 26.

Glorat, baron of, attends the public funeral of Montrose, 834.

Gordon, George, Lord, distinguished with his father Huntly in the service of France, 168. Compelled to witness the devastation of his father's domains by his uncle Argyle, 460, 461. Breaks away from Argyle, and joins Montrose after the battle of Inverlochy, 492. Commands the cavaliers at the battle of Auldearn; his gallant and successful charge at the signal of Montrose, 501, 504. His death at the battle of Alford; Montrose's grief; their love for each other, 528, 529, 530.

——— Lord Lewis, 191, 199, 202, 450, 455, 456, 494, 610, 733, *note*.

——— Sir Robert, of Gordonstoun, his son placed on the scaffold to take short-hand notes of Montrose's last speech, 806.

——— Robert, 4th Viscount Kenmure, 828, *note*.

——— of Haddo, 201, 203. Mercilessly executed at the fiat of Argyle, 408, *note*.

——— Colonel Nathaniel, his gallant support of and constant adherence to Montrose, 450, 455, 460, 468, 493. Distinguishes himself particularly at the battle of Auldearn, 505; and of Alford, where he is wounded, 527, 528, 530. Adheres to Montrose when Aboyne deserts him, 567. Taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, 589. Beheaded at St Andrews with other distinguished loyalists taken at Philiphaugh, 596.

——— Robert, one of the gentlemen appointed to relieve the pall-bearers at Montrose's public funeral, 834.

——— James, parson of Rothiemay, his contemporary manuscript history of the Troubles quoted, 166, 168, 183, 185, 194, 199. His testimony to the humane proceedings of Montrose when in arms for the Covenant, 187, 204, 205, 214, 215. His account of the constitution of the Argyle committee government of Scotland, 237. His account of Argyle's oppressive and cruel proceedings at the castles of Airlie and Forthar, 247, 248, 250, *note*.

——— Patrick, of Ruthven, his contemporary manuscript history of the Troubles, entitled, "Britain's Distemper," quoted in reference to "Traitor Gun," 196, 204, 212; and in reference to the battle of Aberdeen, 457,

note. Account of the death of Lord Gordon, and of his admiration for Montrose, 529, 530; of the cruelties perpetrated by the covenanting commander after the rout of Philiphaugh, 585, *note*, 586, *note*, 587.

Gordon, Sir George, of Gight, one of the loyal barons of the north, 197. His castle besieged by Montrose, and successfully defended, 201.

——— James of Struders, son to George Gordon of Rynie, the cruel murder of him excites the Gordons to revenge, at the battle of Auldearn, 505, 506.

——— of Buckie, letter to him from Montrose, after the battle of Auldearn, 506.

——— Mr Robert, Cluny, son to Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun, attends Montrose on the scaffold, to note his last speech, 806, 843.

——— Castle, called the Bog of Gicht, proceedings of Argyle there, 460, 461. Occupied by Montrose after the battle of Inverlochy; Lord Gordon with him there, 492. Death of Lord Graham there, 493.

Gowrie, William, 1st Earl of, Montrose's maternal grandfather; his head exposed on the pinnacle of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, 5, 6.

——— 2d Earl of, Montrose's maternal uncle, the hero of the Gowrie conspiracy, 5, 6.

Graham, origin of the name, 2, 3. Earls and Marquises of.—See *Montrose*.

——— Lady Lilias, Montrose's eldest sister, married to Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, 7, 14, 31, 35, 53, 76.

——— Lady Margaret, Montrose's second sister, married to Archibald, first Lord Napier, 7, 11, 29, 30, 35. Her character by her husband, 13.

——— Lady Dorothea, Montrose's third sister, married to Sir James Rollo of Duncruib, 7, 30, 35, 53. Her death, 35.

——— Lady Katherine, Montrose's fourth sister, her melancholy fate, 7, 15, 19, 53, 75–89.

——— Lady Beatrix, Montrose's youngest sister, called "Bairn Beatrix," 7, 8, 11, 89, 90.

——— John, Lord, Montrose's eldest son, joins his father at Perth after the battle of Tippermuir, 438, *note*. With his father through all his campaign, including the battle of Inverlochy, 452, 468, 471, 473, 478. His death at Gordon Castle, and burial in the kirk of Bellie, 493.

——— Lord James, Montrose's second son (2d Marquis of Montrose), joins his father at Perth, 438, *note*. Left at School in Montrose before the battle of Aberdeen; carried off from thence with his tutor, by General Hurry, after the death of his eldest brother Lord Graham, 452, 493. A prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh at the time of the battle of Kilsyth; petitions to be removed from the infection of the pestilence; but refuses to be exchanged, 562, 563. Special charge of his education undertaken by the General Assembly of the Kirk, 643, 644. In Flanders before the death of his father, whose heart embalmed, and in a rich box of gold, is sent to him there by Lady Napier, 814, 821, *note*, 836. Entertains the Lord Commissioner and the nobility, at a sumptuous supper and banquet, after the

public funeral of his father, 814, 836. Letter of condolence on the murder of his father from Charles II., 766.

Graham, Lord Robert, Montrose's third son; his grandfather the Earl of Southesk ordained to produce him before a Committee of Estates; thereafter ordained to deliver him into the custody of his mother the Marchioness, 513, *note*. Attends the public funeral of his father, 827, *note*.

——— Lord David, Montrose's fourth and youngest son, recent discovery of his existence, 827, *note*, 834.

——— William, Earl of Strathern, Airth and Monteith.—See *Monteith*.

——— John of Hallyards, a Lord of Session; his tragic fate; revenge attempted by Montrose's father, 4, 5.

——— Sir William of Braco, Montrose's paternal uncle and curator, 25, 28.

——— Sir John of Braco, his deposition after the battle of Tippermuir, 438, *note*.

——— John of Orchill, Montrose's curator, 25, 39, 51. Joins him at Perth after the battle of Tippermuir; his deposition, 434, 439, *note*. One of those who took down the head of Montrose from the Tolbooth, 828. Facsimile of his signature to Montrose's domestic accounts, 64.

——— James of Orchill, 833.

——— Sir Robert of Morphie, Montrose's curator, 25, 53. Montrose staying with him on the eve of his marriage; pays for Montrose's portrait by Jameson, 67, 68. Facsimile of his signature, 64. Assists to bear the pall at Montrose's public funeral, 834.

——— Sir Robert, younger of Morphie, carries the Marquis's crown at the public funeral, 833.

——— Sir William of Claverhouse (great-grandfather of Dundee), Montrose's curator, 25, 29, 30, 53. Facsimile of his signature, 64.

——— David, of Fintry, Montrose's curator, 25. Sends a hawk to Montrose at College, 43, 48, 51. Carries the purse at Montrose's public funeral, 833.

——— John, younger of Fintry, with Montrose at Perth after the battle of Tippermuir, 439, 442.

——— James, of Bucklevy (Fintry's son), carries Montrose's arms at his public funeral, 833.

——— Patrick, of Inchbrakie, elder, Montrose's curator, 21, 22, 25.

——— the younger, called "Black Pate," Montrose's companion in joining the highlanders before raising the standard in Athole, 414. At the head of the Athole men at the battle of Tippermuir, 428, 430. With Montrose in Perth "in highland weed," 437. Defeats the remnant of Argyle's army in Menteith, 625. Carries the Order of the Garter at Montrose's public funeral, 833.

——— George, of Inchbrakie, the younger, carries the great mourning banner at Montrose's public funeral, 831.

——— John, of Balgowan, Montrose's curator, 25, 26, 51. Presents a hawk to Montrose at College, 48.

——— John, younger of Balgowan, with Montrose in Perth after the

battle of Tippermuir, 437, 442. Carries a mourning banner at Montrose's public funeral, 832.

Graham, David, of Gorthie, with Montrose in Perth after the battle o. Tippermuir; compels the Sheriff-clerk, for fear of his life, to write in the name of Montrose, "a general protection for the inhabitants of the town of Perth, and lands about the same," 436. Lifts the head of Montrose from off the pinnacle of the Tolbooth, at the ceremony of taking it down, kisses it and dies that night, 828, *note*.

——— Mungo, of Gorthie (son of the former), his archer's medal attached to the silver arrow at St Andrews, and displaying a crest relative to the above incident, 46. Carries the head-piece at Montrose's public funeral, 832.

——— Sir Harry, Montrose's natural brother, 521, *note*, 562, 642. Carries the colours of the House at Montrose's public funeral, 831, *note*.

——— Walter, elder of Duntroon, carries the Spurs at Montrose's public funeral, 831, 832.

——— William, younger of Duntroon, carries the Great Gumpheon at Montrose's public funeral, 831.

——— John, of Douchrie, "a renowned highland Hector," carries the great Pincel at Montrose's public funeral, 831.

——— Robert, elder of Carnie, carries the General's baton at Montrose's public funeral, 833.

——— George, younger of Carnie, carries the great Pincel of mourning at Montrose's public funeral, 831.

——— George, of Drums, carries the Gauntlets at Montrose's public funeral, 832.

——— George, of Monzie, carries the Corslet at Montrose's public funeral, 832.

——— Thomas, of Potento, carries the Great Standard in Colours at Montrose's public funeral, 831.

——— James, of Killearn, carries the Robes at Montrose's public funeral, 833.

——— John, of Craigie, a companion of Montrose in his youthful travels, and assists to carry his Coffin at his public funeral, 834.

——— "The ingenious baron of Minorgan," assists to carry Montrose's Coffin at Montrose's public funeral, 834.

——— Willy and Mungo, pages to Montrose in his youth, 19.

——— Mr James, Montrose's "domestic servitour," 10. His letter to the factor at Mugdock about Montrose's boots, shoes, and gloves, 31, 342.

——— Rev. John, minister of Auchterarder, storm raised by him, 300, 301.

——— James, messenger-at-arms, puts Sir John Colquhoun of Luss and his necromantic valet *Carlippis* to the horn, 84, 85.

Grant, the clan opposed to the royal standard in the north, 421. The chief of, and some of his men, join Montrose subsequent to the disaster at Philiphaugh, 623, 624.

Grant, Castle, called Ballacastle, Montrose there, 621, 622.

Graymond, M. de, the French resident in Edinburgh, his official report to Cardinal Mazarine of the circumstances of Montrose's execution, 781, 782, *note*, 838, 839.

Greek, a grammar, purchased for Montrose, 29.

Gregorian, the new style or correction of the Kalendar, ten days in advance of the old or Julian style; necessary to attend to in the reading of old dates, 714, *note*, 754, *note*.

Growder, John, in Glassinserd, one of Stewart of Ardvoirlich's accomplices in the murder of Lord Kilpont, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. lxxviii.

Guizot, M., his valuable contribution to the Memoirs of Montrose from the Archives of France, 780, 782, *note*, 837, 838, 839.

Gun, called "Traitor Gun," a creature of Hamilton's; his conduct under Aboyne; his good fortune, 196, 204, *note*, 212, 215, 216.

Guthrie, Captain Andrew, son to the Bishop of Moray, taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, his death, 589, 596, 598.

——— Rev. James, petitions the Parliament for blood, as Moderator of the Southern Synod; very justly hanged himself, 593, 594. Attends Cromwell in Edinburgh, 673, *note*. One of Montrose's tormentors in prison; his categorical accusations categorically answered by Montrose; his unchristian announcement to Montrose on leaving him in possession of the argument, 785, 786, 787, 788, *note*.

——— Rev. Henry, his precise evidence as to the duplicity and double-dealing of Hamilton; misunderstood by D'Israeli, 97, *note*, 98. His account of Montrose's first opposition to the covenanting government; and of the vulgar misapprehensions of it, 221, 222, 224. Mistaken correction of his contemporary authority by Lord Mahon, 222, *note*. His account of the renewed agitation in Edinburgh after the pacification of Berwick, 218. Of the cruel conduct of the covenanting leaders after their success at Philiphaugh, 585. Of the cordial reception of Cromwell in Edinburgh by Argyle and his clerical staff, 673, *note*.

Gwynne, Captain John, his memoirs edited by Sir Walter Scott; accompanies Kinnoul to Orkney, and records his death there, 727, *note*. Calls loyalty his mistress, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. xxxii.

Hague, the, Montrose there after the murder of the King; the various political parties there, 695, 710. His portrait painted there, 710, 711.

Hailes, Lord, his very inaccurate and defective print from Warriston's letters, 229, *note*, 236, *note*, 294, 309.

Haldane of Gleneagles, 53.

Halkerton, Falconer of, Sir Alexander, 68, 827.

Hamilton, James, Marquis of (1st Duke), portrait and character of by Sir Philip Warwick, 98, 191. By the Rev. Robert Baillie, 99, 147. By Clarendon and Charles I., 101. His duplicity and political double-dealing minutely examined and fully illustrated, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 147, 156, 157, 169, 170, 171, 175, 176, *note*, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 215, 216, 272,

288, 373, 376, 382. Montrose's opinion of and contempt for him, 97, 286, 288, 377, 401, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. xlvi. His ungrateful conduct to Charles I., in 1641, at the settlement of Scotland, 356, 360, 361, *note*. English commission of inquiry into his conduct as Prime Minister for Scotland; reluctantly but deservedly disgraced, and put under restraint, by Charles I., who never recals that sentence, 383, 384. Released from his confinement by the deadly enemies of the King; Bishop Burnet's account of his presentation to the King, when in the hands of those who sold him, and his "unexampled and sublime" conduct to Montrose on that occasion, 638, 639. His renewed conjuction with Argyle, 652. Competes with him for the honour of attempting to save the King whom they had both sold for money, 655, 663. Miserable result of the malign conjunction, and of Hamilton's "Engagement," 671, 672. His death, 713, *note*. His *sobriquet*, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. lxxix.

Hamilton, 2d Duke of, 695.—See *Lanerick*.

——— Marchioness of, commands the godly matrons and serving-maids militant, 100, 194, *note*.

——— Alexander, General of Artillery to the Covenanters; "Dear Sandie's stoups," 152, *note*, 174.

Hanover, Elector of, his reception of Montrose, 728.

Hartfell, Earl of, taken prisoner at Philiphaugh; marked for doom, 589, 590, Saved by Argyle.—See *Johnstone*.

Hay, Kinnoul's brother, 580, 668.—See *Kinnoul*.

—— Sir William of Dalgetty, his public funeral attended by many of the name, 830, 835.

Henderson, Rev. Alexander, his unsuccessful attempt to seduce Montrose, 381, 382, *note*.

Herbert, Sir Edward, 711.

Highlanders, their support of the royal cause roused by Montrose, 415, 416, 420, 421, 423, 440, 450, 451, 470, 479, *note*, 654, *note*. Their predatory and independent habits ruinous to the cause in which they were victorious, 449, 572. Their alarm for "the musket's mother," 204, 205, *note*.

Holbourn, the covenanting General, 542, 546, 745.

Home, James, 3d Earl of, signs the conservative bond at Cumbernauld, 270, *note*. Induces Montrose, by promising co-operation, to linger on the border, and then sells him to David Leslie, 566, 571, 572. One of the fourteen Earls who carry the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.

Hope, Sir Thomas, of Craighall, Lord Advocate, Montrose's early acquaintance with him, 29, 30, 50. His extraordinary character; worships God and mammon; his strange superstitions, 80, 81, 82. His prosecution of Colquhoun of Luss for seduction, incest, and necromancy, 83, 84. Rebuked by the Bishop of Brechin, 161, 162. Hamilton, in a letter from Scotland, advises the King to remove him from his office, 171, *note*, 370. Pharisaical scene with Rothes, 230, 231. The King warned against him by the Earl of Airth, 233. Ordered to confine himself to Craighall, 232. Received into favour again, and ordered to attend the prorogation of the Scotch

Parliament, 234. Commissioner at the General Assembly which gave birth to the Solemn League and Covenant, 382, 383. A puppet in the hands of his own sons and Argyle, 232. His ruling passion strong in death, 649, 650, 651, *note*.

Hope, Sir John, of Craighall, the Lord Advocate's eldest son, extraordinary committee scene under his presidency, 333–336. Commands his father, 232. His account of his father's death, 650.

—— Sir Thomas, of Kerse, the Lord Advocate's second son, a violent and underhand agitator against the monarchy, 130, 266, 267, 309, *note*, 320, 321, 327, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. lxvii, lxviii. Commands the College of Justice troop and his father, 232, 266. Made Justice-General in 1641, "to the indignation of the nobility," 371.

—— Sir Alexander, the younger son of the Lord Advocate, royal carver extraordinary, 266, *note*, 649.

Houbraken, his engraving of Montrose.—See *Portraits*.

Humbie, Sir Adam, Hepburn of, clerk to the covenanting committees, 236, *note*, 256, *note*, 320, 322, *note*, 334, 371.

Hume, Colonel, 541.

—— Cornet, 551, *note*.

Hungarian, poet, makes verses to Montrose at College, 38.

Huntly, George Gordon, Earl of, his pure and negative loyalty, 145, 168, 169, 177, 183–187, *note*. His jealousy of Montrose, impractibility, and worse than uselessness to the royal cause, 388, 404, 450, 460, 572, 607, 608, 610, 617, 618, 619, 620–628. His death, 648, 705, *note*.

Hunter, Mr William, of Balgayes, 439.

Hurry, Sir John, 405, *note*. Turns from the royal cause to the covenanting rebels, and commands their cavalry, 476. Carries off James Lord Graham and his tutor from Montrose, 493. His unsuccessful pursuit of Montrose after the storming of Dundee, 496. Combines with Seaforth to destroy Montrose, 497, 501. Defeated by Montrose at Auldearn, and his army destroyed, 502–506. Joins General Baillie with about an hundred horse, 523; but soon quits him, 523. Eventually joins Montrose, and becomes attached and faithful to him, 641, 642, 679. Acts as his Major-General on his last landing in Scotland; his orders from Montrose, 742, 743. Taken prisoner at Corbiesdale, 745. Graphic description of his appearance as a prisoner along with Montrose by the Rev. James Fraser, 774, *note*. Beheaded, 799, *note*.

Inchbrakie.—See *Graham*.

Inglis, Alexander, Dean of Guild of Perth, his two-handed sword fails to save Perth, 437.

Innes, Colonel, 405, *note*.

—— laird of, 502, 505.

Innerchannoquhan, John Stewart of, 434, 443, 606.

Inver, John Robertson of, Montrose's Captain of the Castle of Blair of Athole, 463. Various official orders to him from Montrose about the ex-

change of prisoners, the keeping them safe, &c., 515, 520, 522, 530, 535, 606, 611. Montrose dissatisfied with his conduct, 525, 626. A sword consigned to his keeping by Montrose, 520.

Inverary, Montrose marches up to the door of it in search of Argyle, and not finding him at home carries fire and sword through his possessions, 472, 473, 484.

Inverleith, Towers of, joins Montrose after the battle of Kilsyth, 554, 622, 627.

Inverlochy, the battle of, and its antecedents, 470–488.

Inverquharity.—See *Ogilvy*.

Irene, Drummond of Hawthornden's, Montrose proposes to publish, 564.

Irish, under Alexander Macdonald of Colonsay, land on the west coast of Scotland, 416. Montrose places himself at their head, and unites them with the men of Athole, 420. Their gallantry and gaiety, 431, 456, 466, 467, 584. Cruel, indiscriminate, and cold-blooded massacre of them, under the regime of the kirk-militant, 534, 585, 586, 587, 588, 596. Stragglers from the army, Montrose's anxiety to save the country from the excesses of, 520, 605.

—— wanderers, Montrose's charity to when at College, 62.

Irvine of Drum, cruel oppression of the family for their loyalty, 415, 556, 562.

James, Sixth of Scotland, effect of his death, 103. His establishment of the Church in Scotland overturned, 221.

Jameson, George, portrait of Montrose painted by.—See *Portraits*.

Jermyn, Lord, the minion of Queen Henrietta Maria, 390, 653, 658, 664, 674, 771.

Johnston, James, Lord (1st Earl of Hartfell), letter to him from Johnston of Warriston, 229, *note*. Montrose complains of him to the King, 407, *note*. Attends Montrose after the battle of Kilsyth, with his son Lord Johnston, 554. Taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, 589. His narrow escape from the shambles of the covenant, 590, 596, 597.

——— James, 2d Earl of Hartfell (created Earl of Annandale), one of five Earls who carried the body of Montrose from his grave under the gallows to lie in state, 827 (where called *John* by mistake).

——— Archibald, of Warriston, the minion of the covenanting kirk, and prime minister of Argyle, in all their cruel and oppressive ways, 130, 131, 139, 162, 218, 300, 337. His excitement and delight at the prospect of Strafford's death, and getting "money for us," 294, *note*. Congenial letter to him from Sir Thomas Hope of Kerse, 307, 308, 309, *note*. The Lord Advocate's hand in preparing the nefarious mock process against Montrose, 345, 348, 349, 368. His reward at the King's settlement of Scotland in 1641, 370, 371, *note*. His address to the Parliament at St Andrews in 1645, urging the indiscriminate execution of all the loyalists who had fallen into their hands, and a tyrannical "scrutiny into the sentiments of the members of that House," 592. Obtains the office of Lord Advocate on the death of Sir Thomas Hope, 651 Becomes Lord Register, 371, *note*, 791. Surveys Montrose tied to the cart from Lord Moray's

balcony along with Argyle, 779, *note*, 781. One of the committee appointed to examine Montrose in the Tolbooth, 783. Reads Montrose's sentence to him in the Parliament, 791. His interview with Montrose on the morning of the Marquis's execution, 800. His offer to Charles II. when pleading abjectly for his own life, 371, *note*. His connection with Cromwell detected, 703, *note*.

Johnston, Sir Alexander of Carnsalloch, his letter to his daughters, being a sequel to the story of Montrose's heart, 819–825.

——— Colonel, son of the Provost of Aberdeen, his gallant defence of the bridge of Dee, 208, 209, 211. Denounces Colonel Gun as a traitor before the King, 215.

——— Lieutenant, taken prisoner at Kilsyth, 551, *note*.

Kalendar, Gregorian correction of, 714, *note*, 754, *note*.

Keir, house of, Montrose there, 381.—See *Stirling*.

Keitache, Coll, Macdonald of Colonsay, 416.—See *Macdonald*.

Keith, Alexander, brother to Earl Marischal, killed at Fyvie, 467.

Keppoch.—See *Macdonald*.

Kilmahog, Montrose there, 616.

Kilcummin (Fort Augustus), Montrose's clan-gathering there, and bond of loyalty before the battle of Inverlochy, 478, 479, *note*, 492.

Killearn, house of, frequented by Montrose when at College, 51.—See *Graham*.

Killiecrankie, pass of, Montrose leads his army through it, 463.

Kilmaurs, Lord, supports the pall at the public funeral of Montrose, 834.

Kilpont, Lord, joins Montrose before the battle of Tippermuir, 427, 428. Commands the bowmen, 429. Actively assisting Montrose in Perth, 436, 442. Assassinated by Stewart of Ardvoirlich at the Kirk of Collace, 446, 447, *note*, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. lxxvii, lxxviii. Reference to the murder in a letter from Montrose to Huntly, 624.

Kilsyth, battle of, 538–547. Note of prisoners taken there, 551.

Kinanmond, the Rev. William, his brutality to Montrose, 775.

Kincardine, Montrose's castle of in Strathearn, 15, 16. Gathering of the Grahams there, at the funeral of Montrose's father, which is "accomplished" in one month and nineteen days, 25–27, 28. Besieged and destroyed by Middleton, 629, 630.

King, General, Montrose pronounces him "slow," 394.

Kingcausie, Irvine of, murdered at the instigation of Argyle, 446.

Kinghorn, John, 2d Earl of, a companion of Montrose at College, 47, *note*, 49. With Montrose in the north supporting the covenant, 165, 180, 184, 243. Signs Montrose's conservative bond at Cumbernauld, 270, *note*.

Kingston, Viscount, supports the pall at the public funeral of Montrose, 834.

Kininvie, laird of, said to be the father of the first Earl of Leven, 173, *note*.

Kinnaird Castle, Montrose's courtship and honey-moon there, 65, 66, 69, 70. His youthful portrait recently discovered there, 68. — See *Portraits*. Charles II. there, 767.—See *Southesk*.

Kinnermony, on the Spey, Montrose there, 620.

Kinnoul, George, 1st Earl of (Lord Chancellor Hay), 54, 74, 112, 113, 114, 115, 119, 120, *note*.

——— George, 2d Earl of, 451, *note*.

——— George, 3d Earl of, 451, *note*, 468. His archery with the Queen of Bohemia and Montrose, 714. His letter to Montrose reporting his successful landing in Orkney, 723, 724, *note*. His sudden death there, 726, *note*, 727, *note*.

——— 4th Earl of, travels with Lord Napier from France to Brussels to join Montrose, 668. Succeeds his brother, and lands in Orkney, 735, 736. Accompanies Montrose in his flight from Corbiesdale, and perishes in the wilderness, 745, 746. Probably the bearer of Montrose's dispatch from Inverlochy to the King, 486, *note*.

Kintail.—See *Mackenzie*.

Kylochy, Montrose there, 623, 624, 625.

Lachlin, Major, a distinguished leader of the Irish under Montrose; his cruel execution, 588.

Laing, Malcolm, the historian, controverted, 359, 533, *note*, 537, *note*, 548, 563, 583, 585, 587, 588, *note*, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. lvii–lix, lxiv. *note*.

Lamby, Mr John, Montrose's purse master at College, 32, 340.

Lanerick, William, Earl of (2d Duke of Hamilton), Sir Philip Warwick's favourable character of him contrasted with that of his brother the Marquis of Hamilton; Montrose's opinion to the same effect, 98, 99. Charles I. compliments him at the expense of his brother, 101. His factious and ungrateful conduct to the King, in his connexion with the Argyle government; makes his escape from Court, immediately joins the Covenanters, acts as their Secretary of State, and is active upon their oppressive committees, 383, 384, 513, *note*, 515, 552, 553, 638. Calumnious rumour that Montrose proposed to assassinate him not hinted at by Lanerick himself in his version of the "Incident," 360, 361, *note*, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. lxi, *note*, lxxii, *note*. Lanerick's equivocal message to the King relative to his brother the Marquis of Hamilton, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. lxxvi, *note*. President Spottiswoode brought to him a prisoner from the field of Philiphaugh, where he had obtained quarter; Lanerick "ratified the same by his humane and courteous carriage;" nevertheless makes no stand to save his life, but merely expresses himself, in his vote in Parliament, as "*not clear* anent the point of quarter," and does not join the minority (Eglinton, Cassilis, Dumfermline, and Carnwath), in their vote for mercy, 591, 596. Joins Lindsay in furthering the escape of Ogilvy, 597. His feeble resumption of loyalty, and miserable failure in the demonstration of it, 672, 674. Declares his willingness to serve under Montrose even in the rank of a serjeant, but wishes the sentiment to be concealed from Lauderdale, 681, 682. Succeeds to the Dukedom on the death of his brother; allusion to him in a letter from the Queen of Bohemia to Montrose, 713, *note*. His position among the factionists at the Hague; Lauderdale "haunts him

like a fury," 695, 730, 740. See also 782, 783, *note.* His *sobriquet*, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. lxxix.

Langhaline, Castle of, in the western highlands, taken by Allaster Macdonald on his first landing with the Irish, 462.

Laud, Archbishop, 104, 321.

Lauderdale, Earl of (1st Duke), originally a keen and virulent covenanter, 161, *note.* His contest with Montrose for supreme power after the murder of Charles I., 695, 696, 730, 740. His unwilling testimony against the truth of the abuse of Montrose as a "butcher" and a "murderer," 581.

Law, Rev. Mungo, a zealot of the covenant, and one of Argyle's staff, 481. One of Montrose's tormentors in prison, 786, 790.

Lawers, laird of, his present of game at the funeral of Montrose's father, 26.

Lennox, the, Montrose's earliest and happiest associations connected therewith, 415.

Leslie, Alexander, Field-Marshal (1st Earl of Leven), brought from Germany by Rothes to command the Kirk-militant in Scotland; his foreign reputation as a mercenary; his extraction, 173, *note.* His activity and ability in his new service, 174. His portrait drawn by the Rev. Robert Baillie, 176, 177. Accompanies Montrose to Aberdeen, 176, 179. His successful operations against the monarchy, 267, 270, 272. How rewarded by the monarch; his maudlin gratitude, 370. His rampant ingratitude, 382, 392. Repulses Newcastle at Bowdenhill, 394, 395. Loses cast at the battle of Marston-moor, 177. Takes Newcastle in conjunction with Callendar after the recal of Montrose, 402, 410. Letter to him from Lord Fairfax, enclosing intercepted dispatches from Montrose to the King, 405, 406.

——— David (1st Lord Newark), surprises Montrose at Philiphaugh, and destroys the remnant of his army, 576, 577. Disgraces himself by his cruelty, 584–589, 603, *note.* His conduct to Montrose a captive, 773–775. His *sobriquet*, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. lxxix.

——— Sir James, his expression of opinion at the siege of Morpeth, 40.

——— Patrick, Provost of Aberdeen, 148, *note.*

Leven, Earl of.—See *Leslie.*

Lindsay, Lord of the Byres, a College companion of Montrose, 49, 50. A prime covenanter, and devoted to Argyle, 264–266, *note*, 304–306, *note.* His rewards, 370, 410. Opposed to Montrose in arms, 525, 526. And with what success, 539.

———— Sir David of Balcarres, his hospitable house visited by Montrose from College; the New-year's morning drink, 51.—See *Balcarres.*

———— Lord, his Lives sf the Lindsays, 51, *note.* His mistaken idea, that the factious pretence of a plot, "the Incident," was really "the joint concoction of Montrose and Crawford," *Appendix*, vol. i. p. lxxii.

Linlithgow, George, 3d Earl of, 511, 827, *note.*

———— bridge, horrible cruelties committed there by the covenanting leaders after the rout at Philiphaugh; Wishart's true statement of that incident misrepresented and confused by bad translators, and careless historians, 586, 587, 588, *note.*

Lithgow, William, the traveller and poet, Montrose's patronage of his works, 57, 58. Lauds Montrose in verse to Charles I., 74.

Lochaber mountains, Montrose's greatest difficulty in his forced march upon Inverlochy, 485.

Lockhart, Major, taken prisoner at Kilsyth, 551, *note.*

Lorn, Archibald, Lord (Marquis of Argyle), his personal appearance, 157.—See *Argyle* and *Portraits.*

—— Archibald Lord (Earl of Argyle, and son of the Marquis), conspicuous with his bride in Lord Moray's balcony, enjoying the spectacle of Montrose tied to the cart, 779, *note.*

Lothian, William, 3d Earl of, commands the cavalry of Argyle's army opposed to Montrose, 445. Baffled, repulsed, and tired out by Montrose, 465, 466, 467, 469. Retires into winter quarters, throws up his commission, and refuses to resume the command; thanked for doing nothing, 469. Severely reproved by Charles I., 633. Extraordinary report to Argyle after the execution of Montrose, 765.

Loudon, the covenanting Chancellor, his first factious position, 123. A prime covenanter, 135, 136, 137, 219, 673, *note.* His reward, 370. His rabid abuse of Montrose when pronouncing sentence, 791, 794, 796.

Lour, Lord (1st Earl of Northesk), signs Montrose's conservative bond at Cumbernauld, 270, *note.*

—— Master of.—See *Carnegie.*

Ludwharne, baron of, one of the supporters of the pall at Montrose's public funeral, 834.

Lundy, Captain, taken prisoner at Kilsyth, 551, *note.*

Luss.—See *Colquhoun.*

Lyon, King-at-arms.—See *Balfour.*

—— of Auldbar, 165.

—— the Rev. C. J., his history of St Andrews, 45, *note.* His Personal History of King Charles the Second, 767, *note.*

Maal, Doctor, attends Montrose during his illness at College, 38, 39.

MacAilen Duibh, of Glencoe, his report to Montrose of the state of Argyle's country, 471.

Macaulay, Mr, his History of England; his revolting account of the landed youth of England "who witnessed the Revolution," contrasted with the education and youthful habits of Montrose at an earlier period in Scotland, 33, 35. His extraordinary theory, that "the dwellings and food," of Scotsmen of the greatest fame and genius, "were as wretched as those of the Icelanders of our time," as specially instanced by the examples of Buchanan and Napier, compared with the actual facts, 39–42, *note.*

Macculloch, Captain John, his conference with Montrose at the rendering of Morpeth Castle, 399, 400, 401, *note.*

Macdonald, Coll, of Colonsay, 416.

———— MacColl Keitache, son of the former, his landing in Scotland to join Montrose; his flotilla destroyed by Argyle; his proceedings in Scot-

land before his junction with Montrose, who joins him in Athole, and presents him with his commission as Major-General from the King, 416–420. Commands the brigade of Irish at the battle of Tippermuir, 429–431. Fifty pounds sterling exacted for his special use from the Magistrates of Perth by Montrose, 435. In Perth with Montrose, 437, 442. Annihilates Craigievar's troop in their charge of the Irish brigade, 456. Recruits successfully for Montrose before the battle of Inverlochy, 462, 470. His gilly, carrying his hat, cloak, and gloves, taken prisoner on the retreat from Dundee, 497, *note*. His extraordinary personal prowess at the battle of Auldearn, 502–505. Again recruits successfully for Montrose, 532. Knighted by Montrose under the royal banner after the battle of Kilsyth; his shameful desertion of Montrose immediately thereafter; his miserable end, 566, 568, 569, 572, 603, 611.

Macdonald of Glengarry.—See *Glengarry*.

———— Sir James, of the Isles, 621, 624, 626, 630, 654, *note*.

———— of Keppoch, joins Montrose before the battle of Inverlochy, 470. Signs the bond at Kilcummin, 479, *note*.

———— Ian Lom, the bard of Keppoch, brings intelligence to Montrose of Argyle's movements before the battle of Inverlochy; celebrates the victory in a gaelic poem; free translation of some of the verses, 480, 482, 483.

Macgregor, the, at the battle of Inverlochy, 479, *note*, 482. Strength of the clan, 654, *note*.

Mackenzie, chief of Kintail.—See *Seaforth*.

M'Lauchlane, the Rev. Archibald, his trouble about the family of Luss, 87, 88.

Maclean, Sir Lachlan, of Duart at the battle of Inverlochy, 479, *note*, 482. With seven hundred of his clan at the battle of Kilsyth; their rivalry there with the clan Ranald, 543, 544. Strength of the clan, 654, *note*.

———— of Lochbuy, at the battle of Inverlochy, 479, *note*.

———— of Treshnish, at the battle of Kilsyth, 544.

Macleod of Harris, strength of the clan, 654, *note*.

Macneill of Bara, strength of the clan, 654, *note*.

Macranald, strength of the clan, 654, *note*.

Macpherson, the, at the battle of Inverlochy, 479, *note*, 482.

Maderty, David, the Master of (3d Lord Maderty), Montrose's brother-in-law, 34, 90, 427, 428, 430, 437, 828, *note*, 834.

Magistrates of Aberdeen, Montrose's correspondence with them before the battle of Aberdeen, 452, 453.

———— of Edinburgh, their complete and abject submission to Montrose after the battle of Kilsyth, 561, 562. Their ample revenge soon after, 776, 797, 800.

———— of Inverness, their reception of Montrose as a prisoner; his reply when "in the first crisis of a high fever," to the Provost Duncan Forbes, 774.

Mahon, Lord (Earl Stanhope), his mistaken correction of Bishop Guthrie, 222, *note*. His doubt as to the integrity and loyalty of Montrose, after

having offered his services to the King and Queen; value of that doubt tested by the same sentence in which it occurs; further tested by the Queen's letter to Montrose, and by his active exertions in support of the royal cause at the very time, 380, 381, 384. His rash reliance on Laing, and adoption of the calumny that cruelty was a characteristic of Montrose, 583, 585. His objection to the theory that Montrose's ballad to an imaginary mistress is imbued with covert allusions to his devoted loyalty, considered, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. xxxi–xxxiii. His novel and derogatory theory, that Montrose's last words and dying speech were an *ex post facto* fabrication of "the loyalist party," critically examined and disproved of, 806, *note*, 842–844.

Makondochy, of the Reau, mentioned by Montrose in a letter to Huntly, as "Argyle's great champion," 624.

Man, James, his collections for a history of Scotch affairs, 173, *note*.

Mar, John, seventh Earl of, 12, 109, *note*.—See *Erskine*.

—— —— eighth Earl of, 256, 262, 270, 304, 509.

Maria, Jean de, instructive letters of, relative to the nationality of the liturgy riots in Scotland, 143, 144.

Marischal, Earl, joined with Montrose in imposing the covenant on loyal Aberdeen, 149, 179, 198, 199, 202, 203, 213. Urges Montrose to burn Aberdeen who declines, temporises, and eventually saves the town, 214, 215. His loyal co-operation courted by Montrose; his feeble and capricious conduct and character, 381. Joins Argyle with fourteen troops of horse against Montrose at Fyvie, 465, 467. Treats with disrespect a summons in the name of the King from Montrose at Dunnotar, and brings destruction upon his possessions and his people, whom he makes no effort to save, 494.

Marston-moor, battle of, 402, 403.

Matula, a classical name for the crowning disgrace of Argyle at Fyvie, 467.

Maurice, Prince, appointed Commander-in-Chief in Scotland for the King, at the express desire of Montrose in preference to himself, 387, 388.

Maxwell, Lord, 410.—See *Nithsdale*.

———— Patrick, Sheriff-clerk of Perth, comes to grief, 435–438.

———— Marmaduke Constable, Esq. of Terregles, 845.

Mazarine, Cardinal, his brilliant offers to Montrose at Paris, and why declined, 665, 666. Letter to him from the French Resident in Edinburgh, describing the procession of Montrose as a prisoner through Edinburgh to the Tolbooth, 781, 782.

Merchiston, John Napier of, the inventor of the Logarithms, Mr Macaulay's idea of his dwelling and his food, 39-42.

Middleton, Major (1st Earl of), an officer under Montrose at the battle of the Dee; his extrordinary fortunes, 211, 216, 217. Major-General under David Leslie, 609, 612, 615. Destroys Montrose's castle of Kincardine; cruelty to the brave garrison, 630. His capitulation with Montrose, 639, 640. The dawn of his useless and discreditable loyalty, 735, 736. Becomes Viceroy of Scotland, and presides over the pageant of the public funeral of Montrose, 834, 836, 840.

Moncrieff of Kindullo, taken prisoner at Kilsyth, 551, *note*.

——— Major John, taken prisoner at the battle of Kilsyth, 551, *note*.

Moncur, Thomas of Shilhill, 63.

Monteith (or Menteith), William Graham, 7th Earl of, a scion of Montrose; also served heir to the Earldom of Strathern, and created Earl of Airth in compensation for the King's reduction of the latter title; Justice-General of Scotland, President of the Privy Council, and an Extraordinary Lord of Session; Montrose goes in state to visit him from College, 54, 55. Letter to him from Charles I., ordering a criminal prosecution against the laird of Luss, for seduction, incest, and necromancy, 75, 76. Severe character of him found in the manuscript of Archibald first Lord Napier; brought to shame at the Council-board in Scotland, for a falsehood and a forgery, 114, 115. Falls under the displeasure of the King, and is deprived of his high offices; restored to the royal favour, and in correspondence with the King; his report of Montrose to Charles I. after the treaty of Berwick, 226, 227.

Montrose, 1st Earl of, death at Flodden, 3.

——— 2d Earl of, death at Pinkie, 3.

——— 3d Earl of, substantial evidence of his loyalty, 3.

——— 4th Earl of, exploit of his youth, 4. State of his family; his domestic life; his death and burial, 6–11, 14–17, 24–27.

——— James, 1st Marquis of, his birth, genealogy, and parentage, 1–11. Early in the saddle, and initiated in the cunning of fence, 9, 10. False anecdote of his infancy refuted, 6. Death of his mother, and marriage of his two eldest sisters during his childhood, 6, 11, 14. The haunts and habitations of his boyhood, 15–17. The history of his boyhood and education now first discovered, 18–64. His private tuition in Glasgow; details of his domestic establishment there, 18–21. His first sword, 21. His first pedagogue, 18, 19. His library; his early attachment to Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, 21–23. First notice of him by Charles the First, 24. Death of his father, 25. One month and nineteen days occupied in accomplishing the burial of his father, 25.[1] Congregation of his friends, and the funeral feast at Kincardine upon that occasion, 25–27. His entry at St Andrews College, 28, 29. Entry to his family possessions, 29, 30. His valet's solicitude about his boots and shoes, 31. His new purse-master and pedagogue at College, 32. Minute details of his College life and boyish habits, 33–64. His dangerous illness at College, and its successful treatment, 38, 39, 43. His devotion to archery; his archer's medal, 43–45, 47. His other sports at College, 48. His hunting, hawking, and treatment of his horse; his hunting and College companions, 48, 49, 50. Frequents Cupar races, 50. His early acquaintance with the Lord Advocate of the Troubles, 29, 50. His early patronage of the muses, 37, 38, 57, 58. His liberality to a poor foreign scholar, 61. To a boy with a sore head, 43. To a dwarf begging from him at his chamber door,

[1] At p. 25, for "nineteen days," read "one month and nineteen days."

55. To the poor wandering Irish; to a poor old man and his wife begging from him at his chamber; to a dumb woman; to some poor soldiers begging from him on the road, 62, *Appendix*, to vol. i. p. lviii. His never failing charities while at College, 61, 62. The country mansions where he spent his holidays; his New-year's morning drink at Balcarres, 51. His Christmas ploys, and *fêtes champetres* with his sisters and friends, 52, 53. He dights him in array, and pays his respects to the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Justice-General, 54, 55. His visits to the Archbishop, 56. His contributions to the relief of gentlemen damaged by the flowing of their moss in Stirlingshire, 63. His love of flowers, 62, 63. His early acquaintance with Dr Wishart, 70.

Montrose, his books and his studies, 22, 23, 56, 57, 58. Introduced to the ancient languages through the works of Xenophon, Seneca, Buchanan, and Barclay; his study of Plutarch's Lives, and emulation of those heroes; verses written by him upon his copies of Lucan, Cæsar's Commentaries, and Quintus Curtius, 60, 61. His contributions in aid of the building and library of the College of Glasgow, 71.

——— his early marriage while at College; Kinnaird Castle; "Mrs Magdalene Carnegie;" the courtship, 65, 66. Interrupts his studies but not his sports; his portrait painted at Aberdeen by Jameson; enthusiastic reception of the young Benedict there; is made a burgess on the occasion, 67, 68. The marriage-contract; the bride's father undertakes to sustain the young couple at Kinnaird for three years, 70, 71. The marriage, the minstrels, and the honey-moon, 69, 70. Birth of his sons, 71, 513, *note*, compare with, and correct by, p. 827, *note*.

——— Attains majority about the time of the coronation of Charles I. in Scotland; not presented, nor present at the pageant, 71, 72. Pointed notice of him by the laureate of the Coronation, 73, 74. About to travel, 74, 75. Why absent from the coronation; particulars of the diabolical seduction of his young sister by Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, and the criminal process against him, 75–90.

——— abroad on his travels, 91–94. His return and cold reception at the Court of Charles I., occasioned by the jealous and artful double-dealing of the favourite, 94, 95, *note*. The anecdote illustrated and verified, 94–101. Not engaged in the secret organizing of the riots and the Covenant, 126. How brought in to the turbulent party, 127, 128, 135–139. His first activity in the cause against Huntly and Aberdeen; his expedition and proceedings there, attended by the three apostles of the Covenant; amount of his success in that mission, 147–153. Violent scene in the General Assembly of 1638, between Montrose and his father-in-law Southesk; the Assembly terrified; Montrose too honest for their councils, 154–156. Not connected with the secret machinery of the faction, but careless as to the fate of the Bishops, and opposed to their preponderance in the State, 162, 163, 787. Another political collision with his father-in-law, 164, 165. The first raid of Turreff, 166–168. His first expedition against the loyalty of the north with an army; in the leading-strings of Alexander Leslie as

his adjutant, 172–176. His " whimsie" of the blue ribbon, 177, 178. Occupies Aberdeen with his army, 178, 179. His humanity to the town, 180. His forbearance with the papists, 183, 184. Leads Huntly captive to Edinburgh, and by what means, 185–189.

Montrose, his second campaign in arms against Aberdeen; the second raid, or trot of Turreff; the Barons reign, 197, 198. His campaign in the north against Aboyne, resulting in the final subjugation of Aberdeen after the battle of the Bridge of Dee, 199–212. Saves the town from destruction; being his first offence against the Covenant, 213–215. Retires to his own home on the announcement of the treaty of Berwick.

——— his position immediately after the pacification; one of the few covenanting nobles who obey the King's summons to a conference, 219, 220. Opposed to the extreme measures of the ultra Covenanters in the Parliament of 1639, and argues against them; the vulgar idea, that this was in consequence of his having been gained over by the King at Berwick, expressed by a writing affixed to his chamber door, 221–223. Private report of his political position to the King from the Earl of Monteith, 226. Summoned to Court, declines, and states his reasons in a letter to the King, 227, 228. Again argues against Argyle, and the leading demagogues in the Parliament of 1640; scene there and result, 234–237.

——— his first conservative stand in opposition to the ultra covenanters; necessarily in a false position, 240–243. His temperate proceedings against Airlie Castle, counteracted by the tyrannical and cruel proceedings of Argyle, 244–253. His conservative principles thoroughly roused and alarmed, in a conversation with Lord Lindsay of the Byres. His conservative bond at Cumbernauld, 254–270. Writes a letter to the King, assuring him of his loyalty; discovered by the Argyle faction; owns the letter, maintains his right to correspond with the Sovereign, and silences the faction for the time, 272, *note*, 273. His bond at Cumbernauld discovered by Argyle; produced and avowed by Montrose; burnt by the Argyle committee, 273, 274.

——— his political position and projects after the burning of his bond; open and rash promulgation of his opposition to Argyle, and intention to impeach him and Hamilton, 274–279, 299. His letter to a friend at this time, being an essay on Sovereign Power, and arguments against the " far designs" of the leaders of the movement; does not maintain the divine right of hereditary monarchy to do wrong, 280–292. His conservative plot for the settlement of Scotland; meetings of the family party of plotters; Stewart of Ladywell his accidental emissary; his letter of advice, urging the King to come to Scotland; the conservative plot countermined by Argyle, who puts Stewart of Ladywell to death, and arrests Montrose and his family party; confined as a state prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, 293–330.

——— his condition and that of the conservative party, on the King's arrival in Edinburgh; the King by consequence in the hands of the Argyle faction; firm and dignified demeanour of Montrose when interrogated by

the Parliament as a delinquent; refuses to criminate himself, and declines all concession, 331, 332. Petitions in vain for a public trial by his peers, 345, 348. Again the Parliament attempts to intimidate him; his stately appearance, dauntless bearing, and noble speech; declares his resolution to carry along with him "fidelity and honour to the grave;" repeatedly declines all concession, and demands a trial, 345, 346–348. Mean attempts to obtain materials for a process against him by breaking open his private repositories; the ghost of the "damnable band;" only result a *brutum fulmen*, and cry of shame from the public, 338–343, *notes*. The King's anxiety for his fate, and exertions to save him, 357. Modern calumny, that he proposed to the King the assassination of Argyle, Hamilton, and Lanerick, thoroughly refuted; by the silence of all his contemporary enemies; by the absence of any such charge in the voluminous libel prepared at the time against him; by the absence of all allusions to it in Lanerick's own account of the "Incident;" by the ignorance of Argyle and Hamilton that any such accusation existed against Montrose; and by the letters of the King to him, immediately after the alleged diabolical proposal, extolling him for his generosity and pre-eminent honour, 358–368, and *Appendix* to Vol. I. pp. lv.–lxxvi. Inconsistent frivolities of the libel against him, 363–365. Termination of his imprisonment, through the concessions of the King; impotent conclusion of the process; his indignant and classical protest, 367, 368.

Montrose, his retirement at home for a season, after the settlement of Scotland in 1641; interrupted by a letter from the King claiming his advice and assistance, on raising the standard at Nottingham, 372. Crossed and foiled by Hamilton, in his energetic counsels to the Queen at Burlington, and Oxford, 373–376. His contempt for Hamilton expressed in a pasquil written at Oxford, 377. Argyle endeavours to gain him over, by repeated offers of high command, and payment of his debts; Montrose neither deceived nor seduced thereby, 374, 379. The Queen's letter to him, expressing undiminished confidence in his loyalty, 380. Exerts himself to form a loyal coalition in arms with Huntly, Airlie, and Marischal; failure of his scheme through the caprice of the last, 381. The Moderator of the Kirk commissioned to seduce him; Montrose improves the opportunity to elicit the fact, which had been denied by Hamilton, that the new army of the Covenant was to aid the rebellion in England; bows off the emissaries of Argyle, 381, 382. Watches the convention in Scotland which decreed the auxiliary army, and gave birth to the Solemn League and Covenant; impeaches the Hamiltons to the King, and gives evidence, along with other loyal Scotch nobles, before the English commission of Inquiry, which results in the disgrace and restraint of the favourite and his brother, 383, 384.

——— Prime Minister for Scotland; his scheme, to do battle with the Solemn League and Covenant there, acceded to by the King; rational grounds for the undertaking, 385, 386. Commissioned as Lieutenant-Governor, and Captain-General in Scotland; declines that highest com-

mission, and suggests the less invidious one of Lieutenant-General under Prince Maurice, who is invested with the former; ruinous jealousy of the *soi-disant* loyal peers of Scotland notwithstanding; he attempts to strengthen his position by a new conservative bond at Oxford, 388, 389. Sets out on his expedition to Scotland; dispatches from him to Sir Robert Spottiswoode; disappointed in his expectations of assistance from the Marquis of Newcastle, commanding for the King in the north of England, 390, 391. Urges that General to take the initiative against Leven at Bowdenhill; Newcastle is worsted, and Montrose pronounces him to be "slow," 393, 394. Fails in his attempt to enter Scotland with an army, and retires from Dumfries to Carlisle; causes of the failure, 395, 396, *note*. His brilliant successes in the north of England; saves Newcastle for the time; lays siege to and takes Morpeth castle; his conference there with Captain M'Culloch, 397–401. His humane and hospitable conduct to the garrison; takes another fortress at the mouth of the Tyne, 402. Summoned from his successful career by Prince Rupert, who is defeated at Marston-moor before Montrose reaches him, 402, 403. His correspondence with Sir Robert Spottiswoode and Lord Fairfax, 403, 404. Sends particular dispatches to the King, with special complaints against the Scotch nobles professing loyalty, who were bound to have aided the expedition; his dispatches intercepted, and Lord Ogilvy made prisoner; expresses his own determination to persevere unaided in a desperate attempt to carry the war into Scotland; suddenly quits the remnant of his English forces, and disappears, 405–411.

Montrose escapes in disguise to Scotland; his adventures on the road; reaches the highlands of Perthshire, and conceals himself at Tullibeltane; ascertains the hopeless subjugation of Scotland, 412–415. Obtains tidings of the landing of MacColl Keitache, and his Irish; immediately joins him at Blair Athole, unites the Athole men, and raises the royal standard, 416–420. Imperfect condition of his little army, 421, 422. Addresses a cartel to Argyle, issues a loyal proclamation, and instantly rushes at the army of Perth, to prevent its junction with that of Argyle, 423–425. His first victory at Tippermuir; takes Perth, 426–433. Refuses to allow the captured cannon to be turned against the mass of fugitives, 432. New and authentic particulars of his proceedings in the town of Perth; his protection of the town; sends for his young sons, and his old pedagogue; his feast after the fray; compels a covenanting minister to pronounce a blessing; characteristic anecdote of a very free minister of the period, 439–444. His triumph turned into mourning by the assassination of Lord Kilpont, 446, 447.

——— antecedents of his second victory, at Aberdeen; his *symposium* at Crathes with the laird of Leys, on the eve of the battle, 448–451, *note*. His correspondence with the Magistrates of Aberdeen before the fight; offers terms of surrender, or otherwise, that "all old persons, women, and children," quit the town, and those who remain expect no quarter; the Magistrates' rejection of the terms, 452, 453. His flag of truce fired on when

quitting the town, and the drummer killed; Montrose exasperated; his preparations for battle, 454. The battle, and victory; Aberdeen taken by storm; excesses of the soldiers, 455, 456, 457, *note*. Does his best to save the town; sends a dispatch to the King by Sir William Rollo, who falls into the hands of Argyle; attempt to engage Rollo to assassinate Montrose, 458, 459, *note*.

Montrose, antecedents of his success at Fyvie in repulsing the superior forces of Argyle and Lothian, 460–466. Account of that success, and the complete discomfiture of the army of the Estates under Argyle, 466–469.

——— antecedents of his victory at Inverlochy; invades Argyle's country up to the door of Inverary, and desolates his hostile dominions, 470–477. His highland gathering at Kilcummin, and bond uniting the clans, 478, 479. Battle of Inverlochy; Montrose's dispatches to the King, 480–488, *note*. His progress through the north of Scotland after the destruction of clan Campbell; joined by Lord Gordon; death of Lord Graham, and capture of Lord James, 490–493. Burns the barn-yards of Dunnottar, and the Earl Marischal's possessions, for his disregard of the royal summons, 494. Storms Dundee; and escapes from the united forces of Baillie and Hurry, by a wonderful exertion, 495–497. Antecedents of his victory at Auldearn; the battle; discomfits Hurry, and destroys his army, 499–506. His anxiety about the safety of his friends, and the exchange of prisoners, 514–518. His anxiety to protect the country from the stragglers of his army; sends a sword to be carefully kept in the castle of Blair, 520. Leads General Baillie a dance through the north of Scotland; shakes him off at the Spey, and recrosses the Grampians in search of Lord Lindsay of the Byres; baffled in this plan by the capricious defection of the Gordon horse, 523–526. Returns northward to Huntly's country, reclaims the Gordons, and commences his pursuit of Baillie; they meet at Alford on the Don; the battle; discomfits Baillie, and destroys his army; death of Lord Gordon; how Montrose mourned for him, 527–531. His proceedings in the north after the victory; again retarded by the caprice of the Gordons, 521, 532; crosses the Tay at Dunkeld, and shews a bold front to the great army of the covenant now assembled at Perth, 533, 534. His attention to the commissariat, 535. Succeeds in again recruiting his forces, and determines to carry the war to the capital; burns Castle Campbell on his way to the Forth; dines with the Earl of Mar at Alloa; and prepares to sup on the covenanters at Kilsyth, 535–538. The battle; again discomfits Argyle and his joint stock company of commanders, and destroys the greatest and the last army of the covenant in Scotland, 539–551.

——— his proceedings in the south after the battle of Kilsyth; his humane and conservative conduct at the culminating point of his victorious career; protects Glasgow, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh; takes measures for the immediate release from their prisons of his loyal relatives and friends; Scotland at his feet, 552–563. Protects Drummond of Hawthornden, and proposes to publish his loyal works, 564, 565. Receives dispatches from

the King by Sir Robert Spottiswoode, with a new commission as Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General of Scotland, and orders to form a junction with Home, Roxburgh, and Traquair, and march to the Tweed, 565, 566. Confers knighthood on his Major-General, who thereafter immediately deserts him with the highlanders, and a chosen band of the Irish, 569, 570. Deserted by Aboyne, who carries off the cavalry, 567, 568, 572. His exertions to recruit on the border; degeneracy of the borderers, 566, 567, 570, 571. Disgracefully sold by the border nobles, Home, Roxburgh, and Traquair, 571, 572. Late and fruitless efforts of the King and Lord Digby to join forces with him, 573–575, 612–614. His rash proceedings when thus left destitute of forces; caught napping; Philiphaugh, 575–580.

Montrose, his energetic and unremitting exertions to restore the royal cause, immediately after the disaster at Philiphaugh; his anxious but fruitless endeavours to rescue his gallant friends, 605–616. Buries his wife, and his guardian Lord Napier, 615. Writes a severe letter to Huntly, for not aiding him to save the loyal, 617. Surprises Huntly into a personal conference at Gordon castle; his long and forbearing correspondence with Huntly, to obtain his effectual co-operation, 618–624. The last gleam of success upon his arms, 625. Incoherent message from Aboyne; Montrose's reply to him, expressing his "passion" to "fight the enemy," 627, 628. His castle of Kincardine destroyed by Middleton; narrow escape of his nephew Lord Napier, 629, 630.

——— his loyal efforts rendered abortive by the King placing himself in the hands of the Kirk-militant; his correspondence with the King; sheaths his sword as commanded, capitulates with Middleton, and closes the case for the Crown, 631–643. His noble and self-devoted letter to the King, recently recovered from the Hamilton archives, 634, 635, *note*. Not indebted to the Duke of Hamilton for his safety, as alleged by Burnet, 638, 639. Compelled to escape to Norway in disguise, notwithstanding the capitulation, 642–643. Unhappy state of his family circle at this crisis, 643–648.

——— his exertions abroad to restore the King; commissioned by the King to treat for him abroad, and ordered to confide in the Queen at Paris; his best exertions rendered abortive by the heartless Queen's devotion to Jermyn, 652–660. Receives an affecting letter, and probably the last, from Charles, who thanks Montrose for a sword he had sent him, 660, 661. His melancholy and affectionate letter to Sir George Stirling of Keir, 661, *note*, 662. Again crossed in his counsels to the Queen by Jermyn and Hamilton; retires in disgust to Germany, where the Emperor confers upon him a Field-Marshal's baton, 664. Brilliant offers to him from Cardinal Mazarine; his reasons for declining them, and retiring to Germany; parting instructions to his nephew Lord Napier, in Paris; presents his picture to him at parting "in the breadth of a sixpence," 665–670. His progress through the northern courts; rejoins his nephew at Brussels, 674, 675. His correspondence with the young Duke of York,

and Prince Rupert, 676–683. Letter to him from the Prince of Wales; his explanatory and loyal letter in reply, 684, 685. Letters between Montrose and the Prince's Chancellor, Hyde, affording a direct contradiction to the history of that correspondence, as published from his manuscripts by the editors of Clarendon's history, 685–690. Receives the intelligence of the murder of Charles the First, when about to meet the Chancellor; alarming effect of the shock upon his system; his beautiful letter on the occasion to the Chancellor, 691–692, *note*. His metrical vow, 693. Answer from the Queen to his letter of condolence, and renewed offer of his loyal services, 694.

Montrose at the Hague, with various leaders of different factions, contending for ascendancy in the counsels of Charles the Second, 695. Letters to him from Henrietta Maria at this crisis, completely refuting a gross calumny recorded for history by Bishop Burnet, 696–699, 707. His energetic and noble letter of counsel to Charles II., written at the King's command; Charles assents to his counsel, and renews all his highest commissions, as a negotiator abroad, and Commander-in-chief in Scotland, 700–707.

——— his proceedings under his commissions from Charles the Second; intimacy with the Queen of Bohemia; her letters to him, 708–722. Proceeds to Hamburgh with Lord Napier, having instructed Lord Kinnoul to effect a landing in Orkney; Kinnoul reports progress to him, 723–726. Urged from all quarters to hasten his expedition to Scotland, in the midst of adverse fortune, 727–731. His correspondence with Seaforth at this crisis, 732, 733, 734. Letter to him from Orkney, from Ogilvy of Powrie, 735, 736.

——— sets sail for Scotland, under the pressure of the King's urgent instructions, and the public impatience, bad fortune still attending him, 737–741. His orders to Sir John Hurry; his address to the gentlemen and heritors of the sheriffdom of Caithness, 742–744. His defeat and capture, 744–747.

——— his reiterated and peremptory instructions from the King, to land in Scotland with the foreign troops, fully displayed and illustrated, 748–768.

——— his last days and doom, illustrated from various minute accounts by ear and eye-witnesses, friends and foes, 769–793. His impressive speech to the Parliament before receiving sentence; his metrical prayer thereafter, 794–796.

——— particulars of his execution; the butcher's bill, 797–809. Theft of his heart, for Lady Napier, who causes it to be embalmed, and sends it in a gold box to his son, the 2d Marquis, in Flanders, 810–814. Sequel to the story of his heart, 816, 819–825. Epitaph, 817, 818.

——— particulars of the public funeral decreed to his remains, at the Restoration, 825–837.

——— the humanity of his character and conduct as a victorious General proved, and contrasted with the proofs of the inhumanity, and barbarous conduct of those who calumniated him as a "bloody murderer," 581–604.

——— his poetry; critical examination and authentication of, 60, 377, 464, 693, 796, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. xxvii.–xliv.

Montrose, his portraits, critical examination and authentication of.—See *Portraits*.

——— James, 2d Marquis. See *Graham*.

——— Marchioness of.—See *Carnegie*.

——— Old, the place of, 16, 63, 64, 89, 340.

Moray, Earl of, scene with Montrose as a prisoner, in front of his house in the Canongate, 779, *note*, 781.

Morpeth, castle of, taken by Montrose, 399–402.

Morrice-dancers, violers, minstrels, and jugglers, patronized by Montrose in his youth, 52, 69.

Morton, William, 7th Earl of, High Treasurer of Scotland; curious detection of him in a gross fraud and forgery against the King, along with the Earl of Monteith, 112, 113, 114, 115. Named Chancellor by the King at the settlement of Scotland in 1641; the appointment violently opposed, and frustrated by his son-in-law Argyle, 370. His death in Orkney, 724, *note*.

——— Robert, 8th Earl of, induced by his nephew Kinnoul to join Montrose in his last effort for the monarchy, 724, *note*. His sudden death in Orkney, at this crisis, a few months after the death of his father, and a few days before that of his nephew Kinnoul, 726, 727, and *notes*.

——— William, 9th Earl of, one of the fourteen Earls appointed to carry the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.

Mugdock, Montrose's castle of, 8, 16.

Muirtown, Montrose a prisoner there, calls for a draught of water, being "in the first crisis of a high fever," 774.

Murray, William, brother to the Earl of Tullibardine, taken prisoner at Philiphaugh; his cruel execution and heroic conduct, 589, 597, 598.

——— William (1st Earl of Dysart), son of the minister of Dysart in Fife, and Groom of the Bed-chamber to Charles I.; a traitor to his master, a creature of Hamilton's, and a secret agent of the Kirk, 136, 272, *note*, 372, 373, 695, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. lxii–lxvii, and *notes*.

——— the Rev. Robert, minister of Methven in Perth, uncle to William Murray of the bed-chamber, a clerical agitator for the Covenant, and an instrument in persuading Montrose to join the agitation, 136, 262, 263, 264, *note*, 298–302.

Napier, of Merchiston, the inventor of Logarithms, strange idea of Mr Macaulay's about his dwelling and his food, corrected, 39–42.

——— Archibald, 1st Lord, Montrose's brother-in-law, guardian, and counsellor, 11–14, 25. Adopts into his family Montrose's sister Lady Dorothea; her marriage from thence, 35, 36. His manuscripts illustrative of the political state of Scotland at the commencement of the reign of Charles the First, 102–104. Traces the rise of the Troubles in Scotland from the dishonesty and deceptive proceedings and counsels of those Scotchmen of the greatest trust and credit about the young King in regard to the affairs of Scotland, 105, 106. Particular examples afforded by him; details of his

conversations with the King, in reference to the false and factious proceedings of Scottish counsellors scrambling for place and power, 106–111, 116, 117. An extraordinary plot of falsehood and forgery perpetrated by the Earl of Monteith, President of the Council and Lord Justice-General, the Earl of Morton, Lord High Treasurer, and Sir George Hay (1st Earl of Kinnoul), Lord Chancellor, detected by Lord Napier, and exposed by him at the Council-Board, 112–115. His opinion as to the policy of the King in the revocation of Tithes, 118. Heylin's history of the same, in his Life of Laud, derived from conversations with Lord Napier, 95, *note*, 119. Deputed by the King to act as Commissioner at the Scotch Parliament in 1640, in the absence and upon the order of the Commissioner Traquair; refuses to take the throne to prorogue Parliament, except in precise terms of his commission, 233, 234. His narrative of the precise nature and object of his conservative plot with Montrose, Keir, and Blackhall, 295–297, *note*. Joins Montrose in writing a letter of advice to the King about the settlement of Scotland, 314. Arrested, and sent as a state prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh, along with Montrose, Keir, and Blackhall, by the Argyle government, 325. His own account of his examination by a Committee of the Estates, and of their urgent desire that he would accept of an acquittal from them upon dishonourable terms, 333, 336, *note*. His account of the scene in the Parliament of Scotland after the arrival of the King in 1641, when ordered before Parliament, and made to stand upon "the stage appointed for delinquents;" his speech upon that occasion; affecting incident of the King's recognition of him, 353, 355. Deprived by the Argyle government of his seat at the Council Board, which he had filled for twenty-six years, 12, 270, 271. His release from prison without a trial; his remonstrance against the tyrannical injustice of the proceedings, 367, 368. Accompanies Montrose in his conference with the Moderator of the Kirk on the banks of the Forth near Keir, 381. Ordered by the Committee of Estates to confine himself and his family as state prisoners in his own house, within the precincts of Holyroodhouse, under heavy penalties; incurs the penalty by the escape of his son the Master to join his uncle Montrose, 499, 500, 510. His affecting letter of complaint to Lord Balmerino, on the subject of the tyrannical proceedings against him; his anxiety for his family and his oppressed tenants, 507, 508. Again confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, and separated from his family, 512. Removed to the Castle of Blackness; released by his son the Master, under the orders of Montrose, after the battle of Kilsyth, 560, *note*, 561. Escapes with Montrose from the field of Philiphaugh, 578. Reaches Fincastle on the Garry, where he dies, and is buried by Montrose in the Kirk of Blair, 615, 616. His character by Wishart; Montrose's love for him, 14. Montrose's "Remonstrance," or justification of his whole proceedings to the country recently discovered in Lord Napier's handwriting, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. xliv–liii. Note in his handwriting of prisoners taken at the battle of Kilsyth, 551, *note*. His bones threatened by the Argyle government to extort money, 615, *note*.

Napier, Archibald, 2d Lord (as Master of Napier), married at the age of seventeen to Lady Elizabeth Erskine, 499. Breaks away from the confinement ordered by the Committee of Estates, and joins his uncle Montrose, 499, 508, 509, *note*, 510, 511. Signally distinguished at the battle of Auldearn, 508. Commands the reserve of Montrose's army at the battle of Alford, 527, 528. Commands the cavalry under the orders of Montrose to take in Linlithgow and Edinburgh after the battle of Kilsyth; releases his father, his wife, his sisters, his brother-in-law, and other friends, from the various prisons into which they had been cast by the Argyle government, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562. Escapes with Montrose from the field of Philiphaugh, 578. (As Lord Napier), fortifies Montrose's castle of Kincardine, and defends it with a garrison of fifty men against the army of General Middleton for fourteen days; his adventurous escape with Drummond of Balloch, when the garrison were reduced to extremity, 629, 630. Included in Middleton's capitulation with Montrose when ordered by the King to disband his army; his loyal letter to Charles the First upon that occasion; restrictions by the Committee of Estates upon his conversing with Montrose abroad, 644, 645, 646. Interesting letter from him to Lady Napier, giving an account of Montrose's estimation and proceedings abroad, 665–670. With Montrose at Brussels, 675. At the Hague, 695. The Queen of Bohemia's affectionate notice of him in a letter to Montrose, 717. Placed at Hamburgh by Montrose to superintend the negotiations there, 723. Letter to him from Montrose's chaplain, Wishart, 730, 732. Applies to Charles the Second for leave to join Montrose in the descent upon Scotland; the King's letter to him in reply; remains abroad in consequence of the sudden destruction of his uncle, 756. Notices of his subsequent condition in exile, and his death, 809, 810, *note*, 815.

——— Archibald, 3d Lord Napier, assists in taking down the head of his granduncle Montrose from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh; attends his public funeral, 828, *note*, 834.

——— Francis, 5th Lord Napier, recovers the heart of Montrose, 816, *note*, 819.

——— Francis, 9th Lord Napier, his historical Essay on Montrose, 710, 711, *note*, *Appendix*, vol. i. xix.

——— Robert, of Bowhopple, Culcreuch, and Drumquhannie, brother of Archibald, 1st Lord Napier; a puritanical covenanter; earnestly endeavours to persuade his nephew Lord Napier to forsake Montrose, 509, *note*, 644, 645.

——— John, of Easter-Torrie, brother of Archibald, 1st Lord Napier, seized with papers for Montrose; anxiety to effect the exchange of a prisoner for him, and to save his life, 515, 516, *note*.

——— Lady, wife of 1st Lord.—See *Graham*.

——— Lady, wife of 2d Lord.—See *Erskine*.

——— Margaret, Lady Stirling of Keir, eldest daughter of 1st Lord, her devotion to her uncle Montrose; sends a "well known token to him," 396, *note*. Imprisoned on account of her brother's escape to join Mon-

trose; called before a Committee of Estates to answer for keeping intelligence and correspondence with Montrose; her examination and declaration, 509, 510. Harshly treated as a state prisoner, 511, 512, 559. Released by her brother after the battle of Kilsyth, 560. With her father Lord Napier in the north at the time of his death; ordered home by the Committee of Estates, 616. In exile in Holland, 647, 810.

Napier, Lilias, youngest daughter of 1st Lord, cruel treatment of her by the Argyle government, for her adherence to, and correspondence with her uncle Montrose, 509, *note*, 512, 515, 646. Affecting letter from her to her brother-in-law Keir, 647. In exile in Holland, 810, *note*.

——— Hester, daughter of Francis, 5th Lord, obtains from her father the embalmed heart of Montrose, inclosed in a steel case and gold box; strange adventures of the relic, narrated in a letter by her son, Sir Alexander Johnston, 819–825.

Nevoy, Rev. Mr John, one of Argyle's cardinals; his red stockings, 603, *note*.

Newcastle, Marquis of, fails to aid Montrose, or to be of any service to the King; a mere tapestry commander; declared by Montrose to be "slow;" loses the battle of Marston-moor, and *exit*, 390, *note*, 391, 392, 394, 395, 402, 403.

——— town of, taken by the Covenanters; treatment of the noble defenders, 410, 411.

Nisbet, Sir Philip, captured at Philiphaugh; executed, 589.

——— Captain Thomas, brings dispatches from the King to Montrose, 612. Sent by Montrose to Huntly, 617.

Nithsdale, Robert, 1st Earl of, one of the witnesses against Hamilton at the English Court of Inquiry, 383. Joins Montrose in his first adventure against the Solemn League and Covenant, 389, 394. Complained of to the King by Montrose, 407, *note*.

——— Robert, 2d Earl of, letter to him from Sir William Compton, 845, 846.—See *Maxwell*.

Norway, Montrose constrained to make his escape in disguise to, notwithstanding the capitulation, 643, 656.

Nugent, Lord, his Life of Hampden, contains a slavish adoption, without knowledge or investigation, of the most outrageous calumnies against Montrose, 362, *note*, *Appendix* to vol. i. p. lx, *note*.

Ogilvy, James, Lord, his untoward courtship (when Master of Airlie) of Montrose's future bride, 66. How dealt with by Montrose for the rendering the castle of Airlie to the covenanting government, 243, 244, 245. Montrose's companion in his first attempts to save the Monarchy, 375, 381, 383, 389, 394. Taken prisoner when carrying dispatches from Montrose to the King, 405–411. His sufferings in prison, 556, 557. Released by the Master of Napier after the battle of Kilsyth; rejoins Montrose, 559. Orders to him from Montrose, 566. His letter of remonstrance to reclaim Aboyne, 567. Taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, 589. His narrow escape from the shambles of the Covenant, 590, 593, 596, 597. A thousand

pounds *sterling* offered by the Argyle government for his apprehension, "dead or alive," 623, *note*. Included in Montrose's capitulation with Middleton by desire of the King, 636, 640.

Ogilvy, Sir Thomas, second son of 1st Earl of Airlie, joins Montrose, 448. At the battle of Aberdeen, 454, 457. Killed at the battle of Inverlochy; Montrose's character of him, 486, *note*.

——— Sir David, third son of 1st Earl of Airlie, joins Montrose, 448. At the battle of Aberdeen, 454, 457. At the battle of Kilsyth, 536, 542, 545. At Montrose's public funeral, 834.

——— Sir John, first Baronet of Innerquharity, significant letter to him from Argyle, 246, *note*.

——— Alexander of Innerquharity, eldest son of the first Baronet, joins Montrose from College, 454. Severely wounded at the battle of Aberdeen, 457, *note*. Rejoins Montrose when cured; at the battle of Kilsyth, 536, 545. Taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, and sacrificed on the shambles of the covenant, 589, *note*.

——— of Banff (1st Lord Banff), one of the loyal Barons of the north, 166, 167, 197, 198, 201, 556.

——— of Powrie, Colonel Thomas, released from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh after the battle of Kilsyth, 562. Carries dispatches from the King to Montrose, 612. His mission from Montrose to Huntly, 617. His letter to Montrose from Orkney, 735. Killed at Corbiesdale by the side of Montrose, 745.

——— Helen, Lady, inhuman treatment of her by Argyle at Forthar, 247. Her pathetic petition in behalf of Lord Ogilvy, a prisoner, 557. Assists in affecting his escape from the Tolbooth on the night before the day appointed for his execution, 597.

——— Sir John, of Craig, his house destroyed by Argyle; cruel conduct and murderous aphorisms of Argyle upon that occasion, 248.

——— Sir Patrick, of Inchmartin, 258, 275.

——— of Milton, killed at the battle of Alford, 530.

O'Kyan, Colonel, a distinguished leader of the Irish under Montrose, his exploit at Fyvie; his cruel execution, 466, 588.

Oldmixon, a "vile writer," his History of the Stuarts; his slovenly calumny against Montrose, 359, *Appendix* to vol. i. pp. lvi. lvii.

Orange, Prince of, brother-in-law to Charles II., his support of the covenanting Commissioners at the Hague, referred to by the Queen of Bohemia in a letter to Montrose, 711, 721. Referred to by Baillie's correspondent, Spang, 712, *note*.

——— Princess of, referred to by the Queen of Bohemia, as being in the interests of Montrose, 718, 720.

Order of the Garter, sent by Charles II. to Montrose; its fate, 753, 754, *note*.

Orkney, dispatches from, to Montrose, 724, *note*, 735. Sudden death there of Montrose's chief supports at this crisis, the Earls of Morton and Kinnoul, within a few days of each other, 726, 727, and *notes*. Disastrous expedition there of the 4th Earl of Kinnoul, 741. Montrose urged to

land there, and hurried to his ruin, 725, 729, 736. He lands there, and hastens from thence to the mainland, 742, 743.

Ormond, Marquis of, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, report to him of the proceedings of Montrose, and the battle of Tippermuir, from an eye-witness, 429. Report to him of the proceedings of Montrose before his last expedition to Scotland, and of the feeling of the people towards him, 728, 729.

Parliament, Scots, its servile submission to the Kirk, 221, 253, 337, 338, 370, 447, *note*, 593, 595, 596. Exhibition of it in a different humour, 825–837.

Peers of Scotland, counsellors of Charles the First, their dishonest factions ruinous to the King from the commencement of his reign, 102, 103, 105, 106–117.

—— their degraded state under the regime of Argyle, 270, *note*, 273, 278, 340, 370, 379, 395, 400, 401, 426, 451, 467, 474, 489, 492, 494, 513, 546, 554, 559, 570, 579, 580, 796.

—— the professedly loyal ruin the King from their jealousy of the elevation of Montrose, 388, 389, 402, 407, 567, 572, 610, 617, 618, 620, 622, 627, 648.

Perth, Earl of, 259.—See *Drummond*.

—— town of, taken by Montrose; his humane conduct there, 426–444.

Peterborough, Lord, 846.

Pitcurr, baron of, at Montrose's public funeral, 834.

Pitsligo, the Lady of, her zealous reception of the covenanting Montrose at Aberdeen, 149.

Pluscardin, Mackenzie of, 716, 744, 775.

Plutarch, Montrose's early study of, 60, 61.

Poetry, Montrose's tendency to express his most agitated feelings in, 372, 464, 692, 693, 796. Verses written by him on his copies of the classic authors, 37, 60.—See also *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. xxvii–xliv.

Porter, Endymion, 391, *note*, 409.

Portraits and prints of Montrose, critically examined, authenticated, and redeemed from the blunder of Houbraken, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. i–xxii.

—— of some of Montrose's family circle, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. xxii–xxv.

—— of the Marquis of Argyle, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. xxiv.

Power, Sovereign, Montrose's doctrine of, 280–289, 291, 312.

—— Churchmen's in state affairs, Montrose strongly and continually opposed to, 126, 162, 163, 787, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. xlv, xlvi, xlvii, xlix.

Protection, to Drummond of Hawthornden, from Montrose, 564, 565. To the town of Edinburgh, 563. To the town of Glasgow, 552, 553. To the town of Perth, 436.

—— Montrose's book of, 601.

Quarter granted to captives in battle, cruel breach of, by the covenanting commanders and the Argyle government, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 591, 592, 596. Never broken by Montrose, 463, 485, 581, 582, 606, 611, 795.

Queen of England, Henrietta Maria, her lodgings on the quay at Burlington bombarded by Admiral Batten, and herself driven into the fields, 375. Montrose's first and fruitless interview with her; the counsels of Hamilton preferred, 375–378. Writes to Montrose still bespeaking his counsel and loyal aid, 380. Montrose referred to her instructions by the King when in the hands of the covenanters, 656. Montrose's energetic counsel and proposals to her coolly received and disregarded, owing to her devotion to Jermyn, 654, 655, 656, *note*, 657, 658. Montrose's fruitless interview with her in Paris, 659, 660, 661, *note*, 662, 664. A foul scandal of Burnet's respecting the Queen and Montrose, refuted by her own letters to him.—See *Burnet*. Her letter to Montrose after the murder of the King, 694.

——— of Bohemia, Elizabeth Stuart, called "the Queen of Hearts," her interesting correspondence with and strong affection for Montrose, 708-722.

——— of Sweden, Christina, aids Montrose in his last expedition to Scotland, 719, 723, 728.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, his History of the World, the earliest study of Montrose, 21, 22, 23. Coincidence between his verses written on his own death and those by Montrose, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. xxx.

Remonstrance of the Kirk to the Parliament, against showing mercy to prisoners of war, 593.

———— of Montrose to his country, written after the battle of Kilsyth, in defence of his whole proceedings, *Appendix*, vol. i. pp. xliv–liii.

Rhenen, the Queen of Bohemia's palace on the Rhine, Montrose invited to join her in archery there with Lord Kinnoul, 714, 715, 717, 723.

Robertson, the clan join Montrose in Athole, 420.

———— Donald, tutor of Strowan, graphic description of him in Perth, 438, *note*. Letter from Montrose to him, 636.

———— Rev. John of Perth, his lamentations over the battle of Tippermuir, 432, 433, 445.

———— of Inver.—See *Inver*.

Robisone, Allan, the hangman who officiated at the execution of Montrose, 779, 780, 781, 798, 803, 809.

Rollo, Sir Andrew, of Duncruib, 1st Lord Rollo, 35.

——— Sir James, married first to Montrose's sister, Lady Dorothea Graham, 35, 36. Married second to Lady Mary Campbell, the sister of Argyle, of whom he becomes an adherent and emissary, 381, 382. With Argyle in his boat during the battle of Inverlochy, 481.

——— Sir William, the faithful adherent of Montrose, 413. Sent by Montrose with dispatches to the King after the battle of Aberdeen, 458, 484. Falls into the hands of Argyle, who labours to engage him to assassinate Montrose, 459, *note*. Taken prisoner at Philiphaugh and sacrificed on the shambles of the Covenant, 589, *note*.

Rupert, his summons to Montrose before the battle of Marston-moor, 402. Renders no assistance to Montrose, but deprives him of his troops, 409.

Correspondence between, and Montrose, 676–683. Referred to in his mother the Queen of Bohemia's letters to Montrose, 712, 713, 718, 719, 720, 721. Called "Robert le Diable," 720. Falls under the displeasure of the King his uncle, 574, 613.

Saint Andrews, Archbishop of, visited by Montrose from College, 56.

———— College, Montrose educated there.—See *Montrose*.

———— Parliament meets there; triumph of faction and fanaticism over justice and mercy, 592–599.

Saintserf, Thomas, son of the Bishop of Galloway, his account of Montrose on his travels in his youth; his description of Montrose's personal appearance, 91, 92, *note*, 837. His devotion to him, 516. His character of him, 34, 35, *note*, 562, 563.

Sandilands, Sir James, of Calder, 4, 5.

Scone Abbey, Montrose with a party of conservative friends there; watched by some of the covenanting ministers, 298, 299, 300. Charles II. crowned there by Argyle, 845.

Seaforth, George, 2d Earl of, signs Montrose's conservative bond at Cumbernauld, 270. Falls off from his loyalty, and commands the covenanting forces in the north against Montrose, 476, 477. Declines facing Montrose after the battle of Inverlochy, 491. Comes into Montrose at Elgin, submits to his authority, and signs the Kilcummin bond in support of the monarchy; allowed to depart by Montrose, 492. Again falls off from his loyalty, breaks his bond, and joins forces with Sir John Hurry against Montrose, 500, 501. Defeated at the battle of Auldearn, and narrowly escapes, 505. Equivocal condition of his returning loyalty speculated upon by Montrose, 620, 621, *note*, 622, 623, 624, 630, 636, *note*. At the Hague after the murder of Charles I., forming a "faction apart" with Callendar, 695. Probably referred to by the Queen of Bohemia in her correspondence with Montrose, as "my Highlander," 713, *note*. At length joins Montrose in loyalty, but not in peril; Montrose compliments and encourages him, 716. Urges Montrose upon his fate, which he neither exerts himself to avert, nor proposes to share. Montrose continues to encourage and compliment him to the last in vain, 732, 733, 734. His *sobriquet*, *Appendix*, vol. i. p. lxxx.

Seton of Pitmedden, a loyal northern baron, 197. His death at the battle of the bridge of Dee, 211.

Simson, the Rev. Patrick, his account of the besetting of Montrose in prison by the cruel zealots of the Covenant, 785–789.

Sinclair, John, 6th Lord, a college companion of Montrose, 49, 50. Executes a disreputable commission for the Argyle government, of which he lives to be ashamed, 339, 340. Would be loyal if he dared, 396, *note*, 397. Decidedly loyal after the murder of the King, and when of no use, 695. Does not join Montrose in his last expedition, but lives to support the pall at his public funeral, thereby proving his unquestionable loyalty at the Restoration, 834.

Small, James, of Fotherance, a messenger from the King to Montrose, cruelly executed by the Argyle government, 517, 518.

Southesk, David Carnegie, 1st Earl of, Montrose's father-in-law, 65, 66. Engages to maintain the young couple with himself in Kinnaird Castle for the first three years of their marriage, 70, 71. Violent political contest between Southesk and Montrose in the General Assembly of 1638, which "grew so hot that it terrified the whole Assembly," 155. Opposed as a feeble loyalist to Montrose when an energetic covenanter, 164, 165. Bows to the storm, and becomes subservient to the Argyle government, 512, 513, 775.

Spottiswoode, Sir Robert, President of the Court of Session, and second son of the Archbishop of St Andrews, 56. Letter to him from John Macbrayre, reporting the progress of Montrose's first expedition as Commander-in-Chief for the King in Scotland, 389, 390. Letter to him from Montrose upon the same occasion, 390, 391. Arrives at the camp of Montrose after the battle of Kilsyth, bearing a commission to him as Governor of Scotland, 565. His letter of remonstrance to Lord Digby, detailing the difficulties with which Montrose was contending, 572, 573. Taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, on quarter asked and given; brought as a prisoner before the Earl of Lanerick (2d Duke of Hamilton), who seems to ratify the same; his scriptural argument against the perversion of scripture on which he was condemned to die, 591, 592. The inhumane and blasphemous cry for his blood from the Assembly of the Kirk, under the leadership of Johnston of Warriston, 592, 593–596. His last letter to Montrose; his death, 598, 599.

———— younger of Darsy, brought to Edinburgh along with Montrose for execution, 779, *note*, 799, *note*.

———— three sons of Sir Robert, a bequest to them by Master William Forrett, Montrose's first pedagogne, 809, *note*.

Standard, royal, the raising of it by Montrose on the *Truidh* of Athole, 420.

Stewart, Sir Archibald, of Blackhall and Ardgowan, a Lord of Council and Session, one of Montrose's family party of conservative plotters, 295, 317, 333, 336. Sent as a state prisoner to the Castle by the Argyle government, 325. Appears on "the stage appointed for delinquents," before the King and Parliament, 352, 354. Remonstrates against the injustice of the proceedings, 367.

——— Sir Thomas, of Grandtully, 258, 260, *note*.

——— John, younger of Ladywell, Commissary of Dunkeld, the first sacrifice on the shambles of the Covenant; history of his fate, 258, 260, *note*, 275, 303, 304, 306–309, 325–330.

——— Lieutenant-Colonel Walter, history of his connexion with Montrose's family party of conservative plotters; his character and perjuries, 260, *note*, 266, 267, 296, 297, 307–309, 317, 318, 320, 321, 322, *note*, 324, 335, 364, 365, 366.

——— Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, mentioned by Montrose in his last orders, 742.

Stewart, James, the assassin of Lord Kilpont.—See *Ardvoirlich*.

Stirling, Sir James, of Keir, 11.

——— Sir George of Keir, one of Montrose's family party of conservative plotters, 295, 307, 317, 319, 320, 321. Sent as a state prisoner to the Castle, 325, 336. Appears on "the stage appointed for delinquents" before the King and Parliament, 353, 354, 357. Indignant remonstrance at the injustice of the proceedings, 367 368. Again imprisoned on account of the escape of the Master of Napier to join Montrose, 509, 511. Released by the Master of Napier after the battle of Kilsyth, 560, *note*. Again imprisoned after Montrose's disaster at Philiphaugh; ordained to "bring his wife from the rebels, in whose company she now is, unto St Andrews," 616, *note*. Allowed to retire to Holland; Montrose's affectionate letter to him there, 661, 662, 810.

——— Lady of Keir.—See *Napier*.

——— Younger of Keir, son of Sir George, mentioned by Spalding, probably a mistake, 499, 810.

Stormont, David Murray, 1st Viscount, his contribution of game at the funeral of Montrose's father, 26.

——— Mungo, 2d Viscount, signs Montrose's conservative bond at Cumbernauld, 270. Montrose visits him at Scone, 298.

——— David, 3d Viscount, supports the pall at Montrose's public funeral, 834.

Sutherland, John, 13th Earl of, entered at the College of St Andrews the same day with Montrose; one of his companions there, 43, 49. Upon a different footing with him in after life, 332. The chief instrument of Montrose's ruin upon the occasion of his defeat and capture in Sutherland, 740, 744, 745.

Traquair, John Stewart, 1st Earl of, 110. Commissioner to the General Assembly of 1639; his proceedings there not satisfactory to the King, 221, 223, 225, 227. Violent denunciation of him by Rothes, 231. Falsely accused of plotting with Montrose against the State, 308, 314. His own defence against the accusation, 317, 318, 323, 324, 335. His loyalty falls into abeyance, 388, 404. Montrose complains of him to the King, 407. His disgraceful desertion of the royal cause on the eve of the disaster at Philiphaugh, 572, 576, *note*, 579. His abject submission to the Covenant, 580, *note*.

Tullibardine, James Murray, 4th Earl of, commands under Elcho for the covenant at the battle of Tippermuir; defeated by Montrose, 427, 429, 431. One of the joint-stock commanders under Argyle at the battle of Kilsyth; again defeated by Montrose, 539, 546. Sacrifices his only brother and heir on the shambles of the Covenant for his loyalty, 590, 597, 598. Proves his own unquestionable loyalty at the Restoration, by being one of the fourteen Earls who carried the remains of Montrose at his public funeral, 834.

Udny of Udny, a loyal northern baron, 197.

Urquharts of Cromarty, Crombie, and Craigston, 197, 531, *note*.

Uxbridge, treaty of, not broken off by the King in consequence of the success of Montrose, 488, *note*.

Vandyke, portraits of Montrose erroneously attributed to him.—See *Portraits*.

Veracity, the total disregard of, on the part of the Scots nobility, and others counselling Charles the First in the affairs of Scotland, ruinous to him throughout his reign, 96–98, *note*, 99, 102, 105, 107, 108, 111, 115, 116, 191, 193, 194, 322, *note*, 373, 374, *note*, 383, 763, 765.

Warburton, Eliot, his "Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," 677, *note*.

Weem Castle (Castle Menzies), and laird thereof, 427, 428, 472.

Weldon, Colonel, 398, 400, 806.

Wigton, John, 2d Earl of, one of Montrose's curators, 25, 26. Montrose's conservative bond subscribed at his house of Cumbernauld, 270, *note*.—See *Fleming*.

——— original papers edited by Mr Dennistoun for the Maitland Club, 758, *note*, 780, *note*.

Wishart, Dr George (Bishop of Edinburgh), originally one of the ministers of St Andrews; Montrose's early acquaintance with him there, 70. Taken prisoner in Newcastle, and consigned by the Argyle government to a squalid incarceration in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, 410. Released in consequence of the submission of Edinburgh after the battle of Kilsyth, 562. Escapes to Norway with Montrose, after the capitulation with Middleton, 642, 643. Becomes chaplain to a Scotch regiment in the service of Holland; his letter to Lord Napier, 730–732. His *Commentarius* on the public life and military achievements of Montrose, accused of want of veracity by Malcolm Laing founding upon blunders of his own; the false estimate of Wishart's great and truthful work rashly and vaguely adopted by Lord Mahon, 533, *note*, 537, *note*, 585, *note*, 586, 587, 588, *note*. Notice of him in exile, after the death of Montrose, in family with Lord Napier and his sisters, and acting as minister of the Scots congregation at Shiedam in Holland, 810, *note*. His tomb in Holyrood, as Bishop of Edinburgh; reference to his classic *Commentarius* inscribed thereon, 70.

Wynram of Liberton, a zealous covenanting commissioner; humourous references to him by the Queen of Bohemia, in her letters to Montrose, 720, *note*, 721.

Xenophon, his History in Latin, an early study of Montrose's, 22, 60.

York, James Duke of, 718. His letters to Montrose, 676, 706, 707, 754.

ADDENDA.

[Since the preceding sheets went to press, the following original document, under Montrose's hand, has been discovered among the Southesk Papers, in addition to the promissory-note of the same date, already referred to, vol. i. p. 71. It seems worthy of being added to his biography, as a coincidence of his affection for the locality of his earliest tuition, although his College life was at St Andrews and not at Glasgow] :—

John Graham, Chamberlain of our Barony of Mugdoc, you shall give and deliver to the Moderators of the College of Glasgow, the sum of four hundred merks Scots money, which we out of favour have gifted to the help of the new fabrick of the said College, and the same shall be allowed to you in the account of our rent for the Martinmas term 1632, upon sight of these presents, and ticket of their receipt thereof: These subscribed at Edinburgh, 19th October 1632.

MONTROIS.

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